

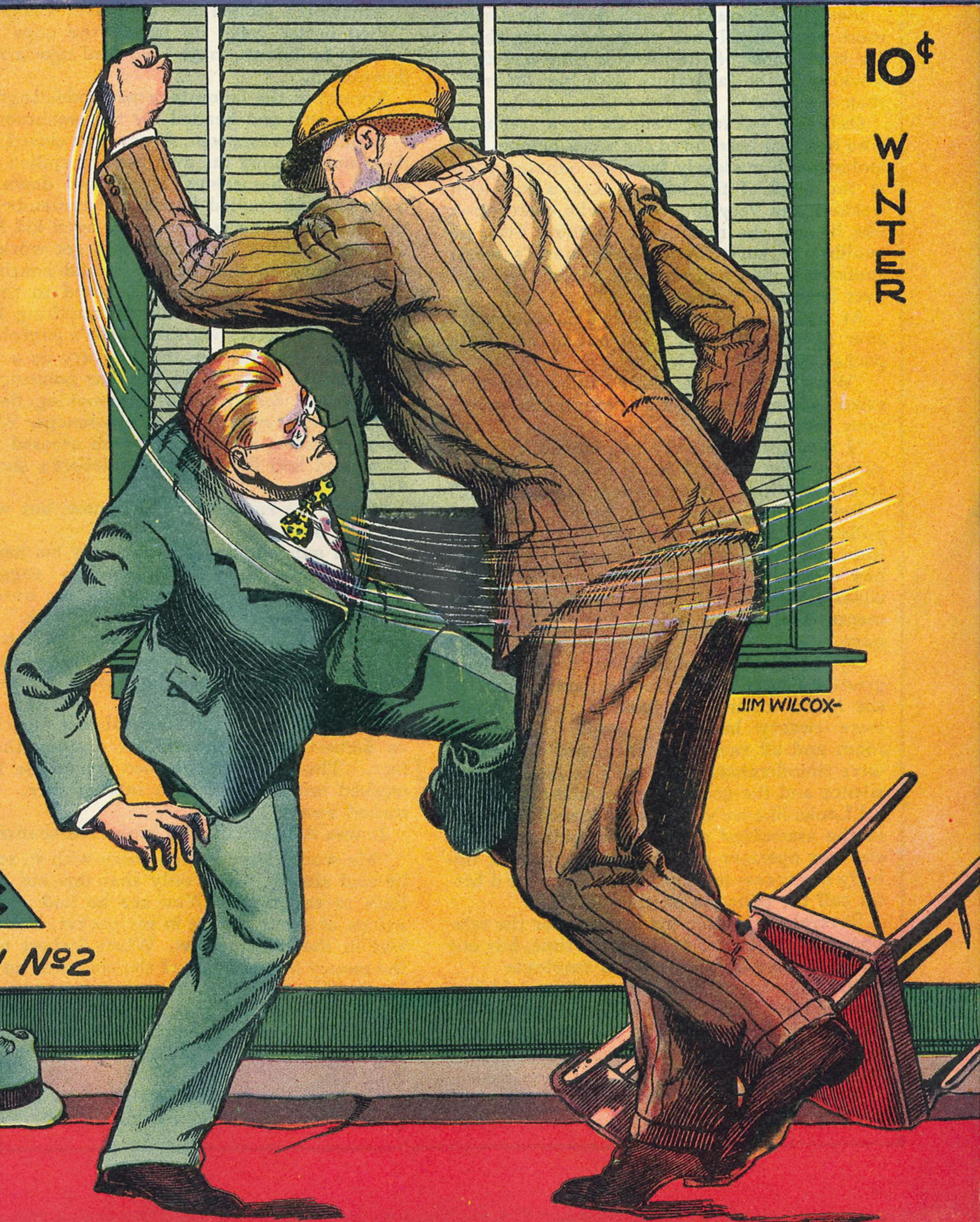
Young King Cole

DETECTIVE TALES

10¢

W-Z-10

YKC



JIM WILCOX



VOL. 1 No 2



WEB COMIC
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BLACKHANDED

By Lee Fredricks 

BILL ARNSWORTH shook his head as though to clear the cobwebs out of it and put his hand in his pocket again. The envelope was gone and with it a whole week's pay for his work as chief of the laboratory.

Slowly he looked up and down the locker room and gauged each person dressing there. He knew most of the men, as they had been working in the laboratory with him for more than a year.

Only one was new, Tom Reilly, a green kid who had just been hired the week before. Bill, looking at him closely from his vantage point at the head of the lockers, saw a kid with freckles and very blue eyes, who didn't look like he had the makings of a thief. Still, he couldn't be sure. Some of the world's worst confidence men had cherubic faces. He eased over in the kid's direction.

At Bill's approach, Reilly's face clouded over as he pulled his hand out of his pants pocket.

"What's the matter, kid?" Bill asked, in a casual voice. "You look as though you've lost your best friend."

"I was sure I put my pay envelope in my pants pocket when I hung it in the locker," Reilly told him. "It isn't there now, though."

Reilly put his hand in his pocket again and pulled out an envelope from which leaked a little of a white crystalline powder. "I put my pay envelope in my pocket along with this silver nitrate that I bought for some experiments. The nitrate is here but the dough is gone."

By the time he had finished speaking, loud grumbles were heard from different parts of the locker room. Bill looked around, there were twenty laboratory employees in the room and all twenty of them had faces that were thunderclouds. Bill held up his hand for silence and the grumbling became a murmur.

"Looks like we've all been cleaned," he said to the assembled group, "yet aside from the elevator operator that brings us up here, nobody has access to this room. Maybe we'd better call the police in on this deal."

Several of the men made a line for the telephone in the corner at the same time, but one stood looking at the new kid employee.

"Call the cops if you want to," he said in a vicious tone, "but there's only one guy in this lab who is new, and he is the only guy here who runs errands so that he could hide money outside."

Reilly blanched. Several of the men stood looking at him.

"My money's gone, too," he said. "I was hired here to help in the laboratory. Why you sent me out once yourself, Mr. Siebert."

The man who had spoken looked at Reilly as though he were a worm.

"My sending you out for coffee doesn't make me a criminal," he said hotly. "Nobody missed money here before you came to work. That's what I'm talking about."

"Hold it, Siebert," Arnsworth said to the man. "We don't accuse anyone of this until we find out more than we know now."

Arnsworth looked the men over casually. "We'd better wash up before the cops get here. Who knows, maybe we'll all take a ride downtown."

Several of the laboratory men nodded agreement to this and headed for the washroom.

Inside the washroom, Arnsworth closed the door and watched the men as they spilled the water over themselves. He looked down at his own acid-stained hands and remembered the time when he was an eager-eyed kid like this one, waiting for a chance to get work in a laboratory so that he, too, could continue his studies in chemistry. He hated to think that a kid so young would do anything like trying to get away with the week's payroll.

He was brought out of his reverie by a tug at his sleeve. The Reilly kid was pointing at the puzzled Siebert who was looking down at his hands in puzzled astonishment. With quick, decisive steps, Arnsworth crossed the room and laid his hands on Siebert's shoulders.

"Okay, we know who did it now, but why did you do it?"

For a moment Siebert looked at his hands stupidly and then his shoulders sagged. "Poker," he said, "the game got me until I took all of our savings out of the bank." He smiled ruefully. "The money is at the bottom of the waste paper container where I planned to get it tonight. I thought I could get away with blaming the kid."

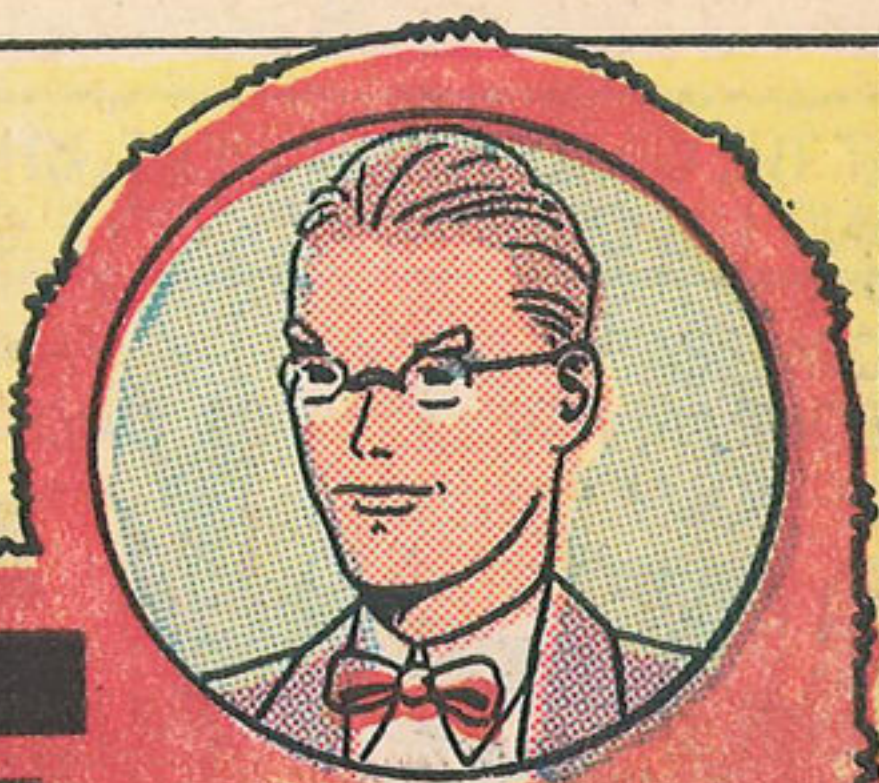
The stillness of the room almost shrieked as Siebert looked around for a sympathetic face. The faces of the men whom he had worked with were frozen into granite. He turned away.

It was Arnsworth who broke the silence.

"He would have gotten away with it, too," he said slowly. "It is only that this kid here likes to experiment. You see he had an envelope of silver nitrate in his pocket. His pay was in the same pocket. When Siebert took the money he got some of the chemical on his hands. You all know that when water comes in contact with that chemical and human flesh it makes a black burn in the skin that nothing can erase but wear." He paused while he let it sink in.

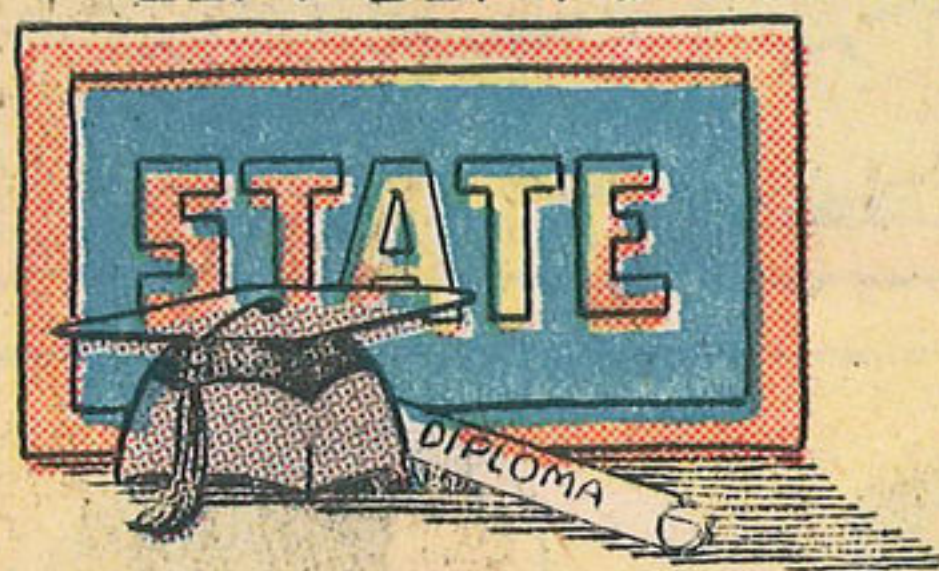
"Siebert was caught all right," he finished grimly. "caught blackhanded."

YOUNG King Cole



DETECTIVE AGENCY
MASTER MIND

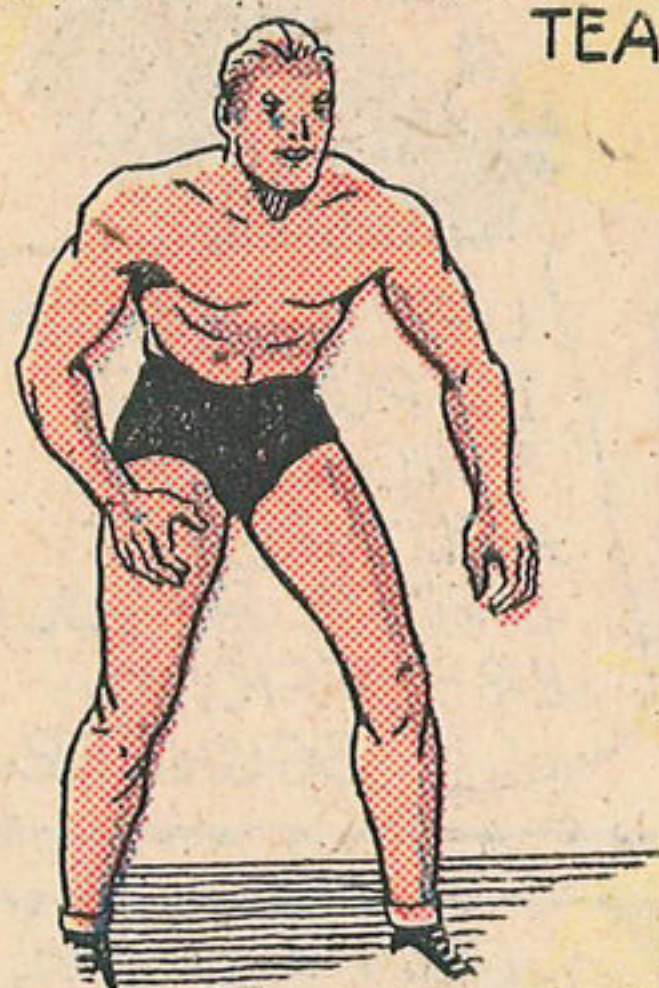
WHEN KING COLE, JR., WAS GRADUATED FROM STATE COLLEGE, HE LEFT BEHIND HIM AN ENVIABLE RECORD, FOR —



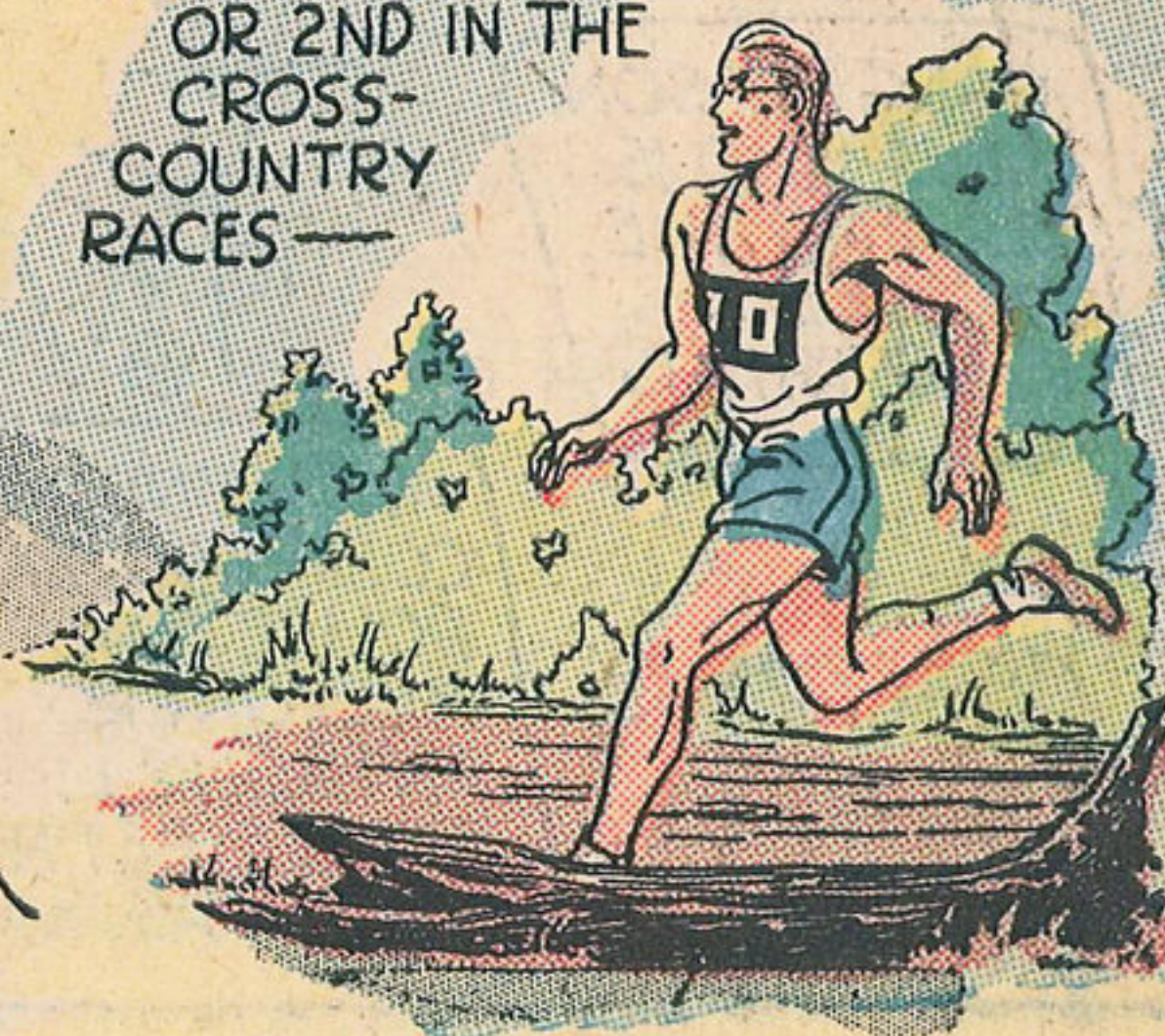
1. NOT ONLY WAS HE THE YOUNGEST GRADUATE IN THE HISTORY OF STATE, BUT, HE ATTAINED HIGHEST SCHOLASTIC HONORS — WON THE INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATING CUP —



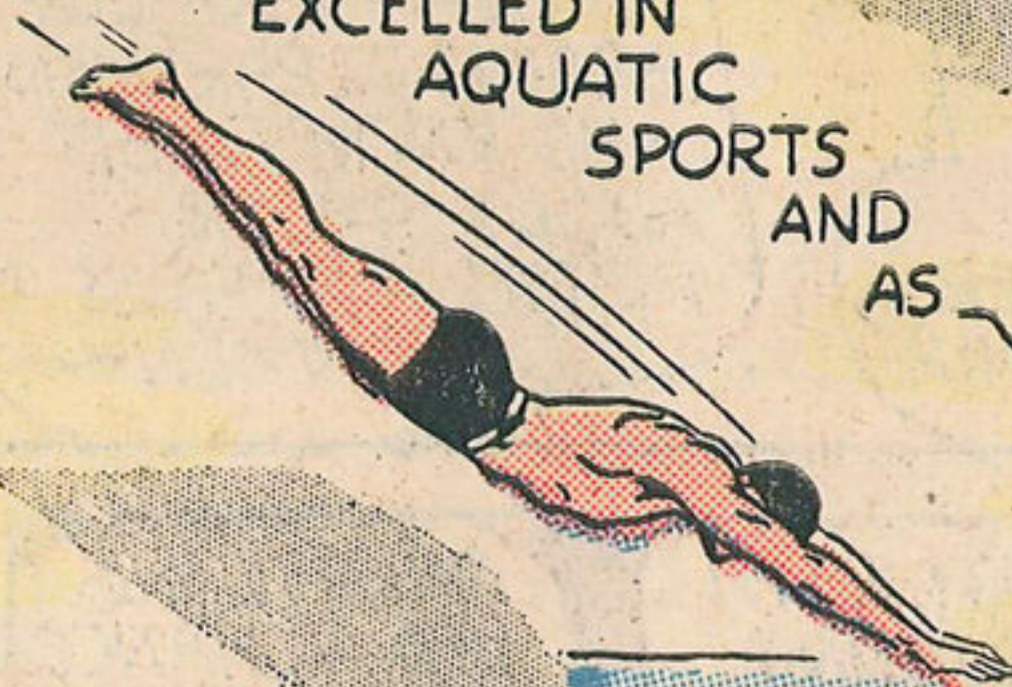
3. CAPTAINED THE VARSITY WRESTLING TEAM —



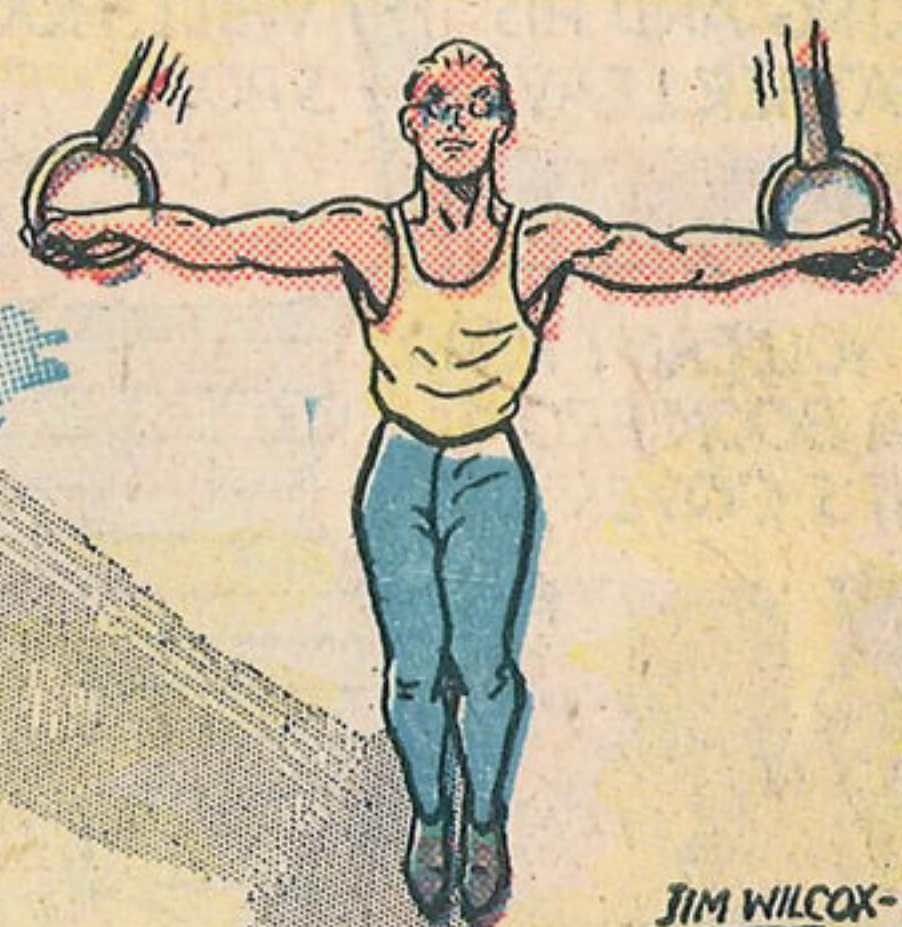
2. CONSISTENTLY PLACED 1ST OR 2ND IN THE CROSS-COUNTRY RACES —



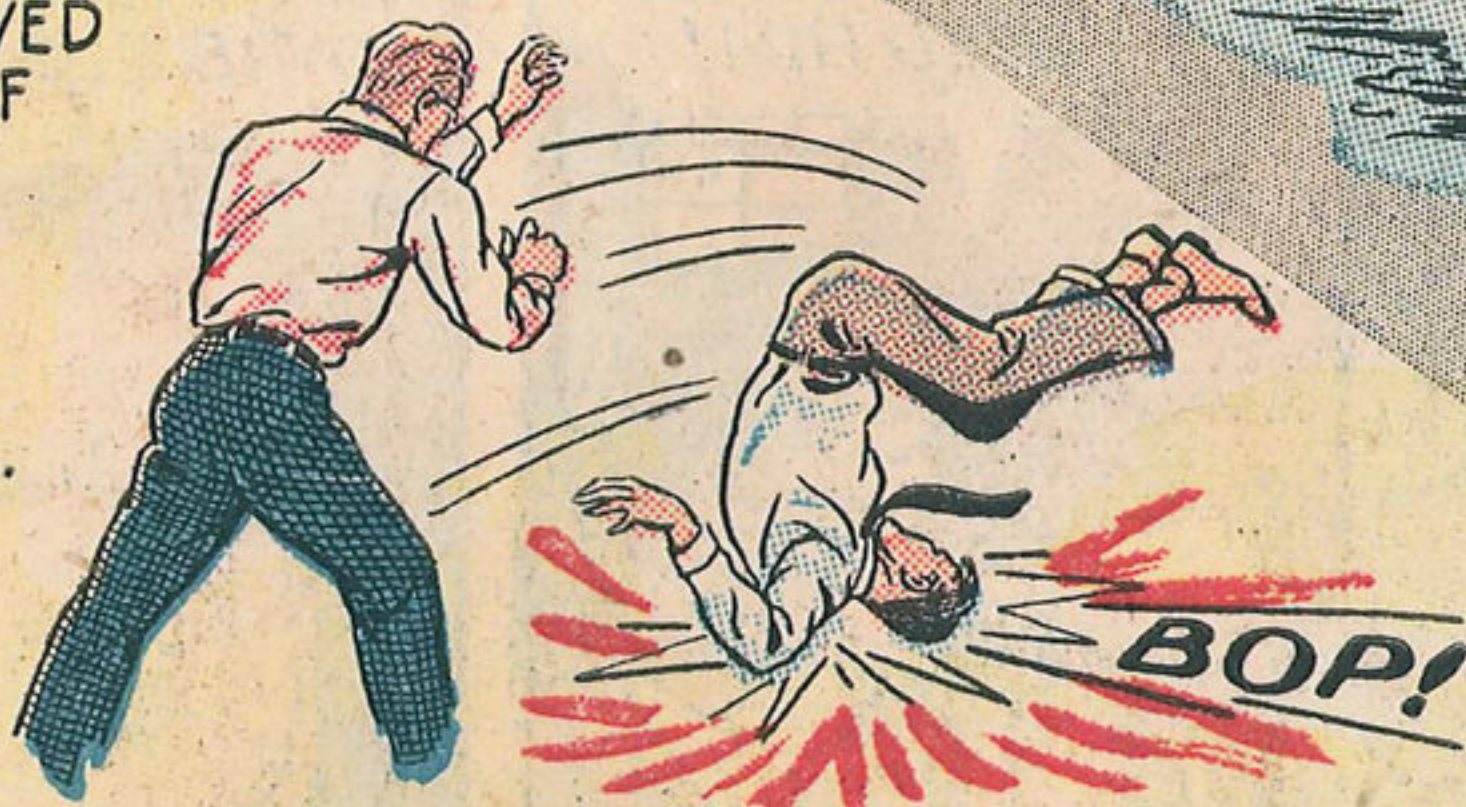
4. HE ALSO EXCELLED IN AQUATIC SPORTS AND AS



5. GYMNAST.



6. AND LASTLY, HE PROVED HIMSELF EXPERT IN THE ART OF SELF-DEFENSE.



JIM WILCOX-

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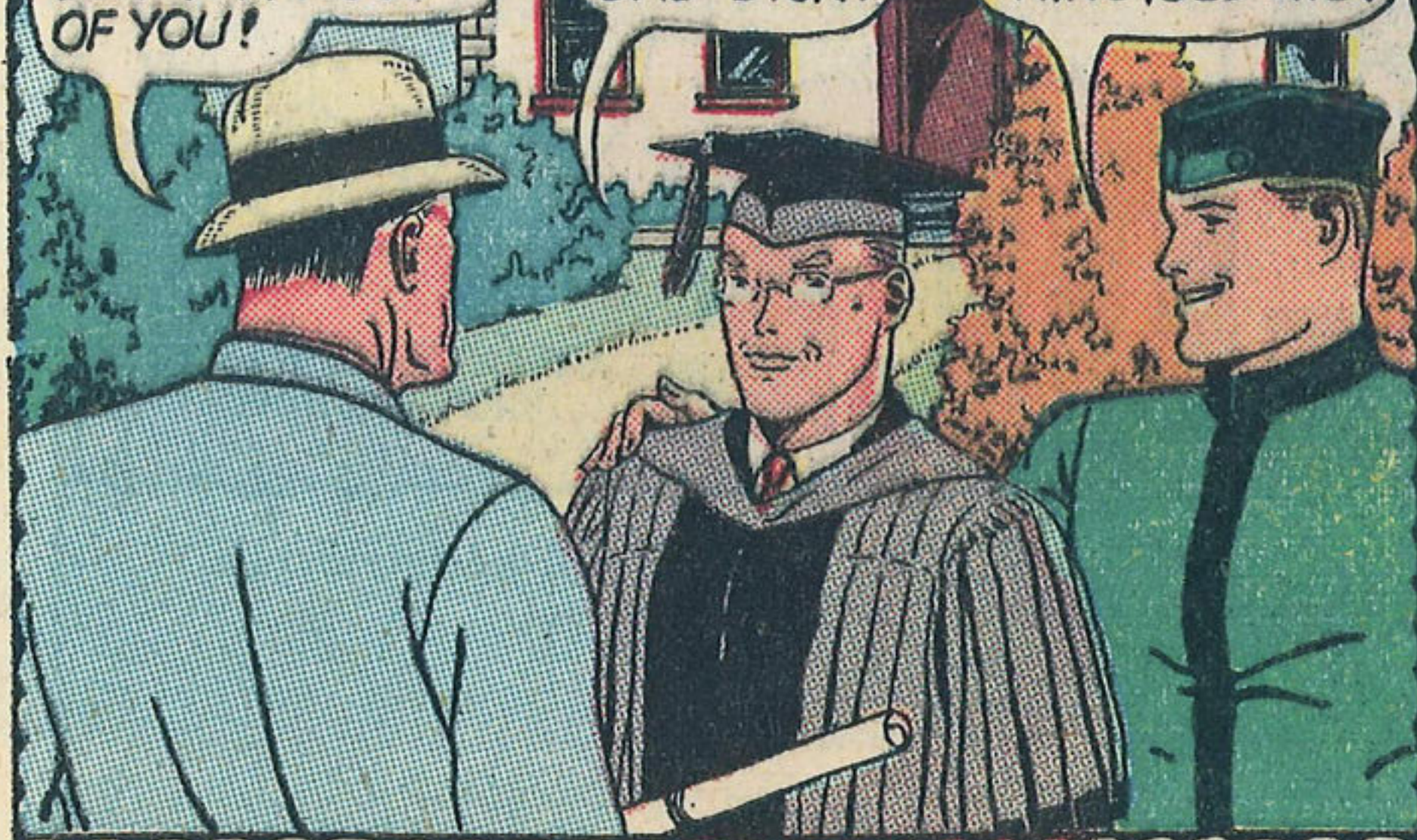
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AT THE GRADUATION WERE, KING'S FATHER, KINGSTON COLE, AND HIS COUSIN, DICK COLE, OF FARR MILITARY ACADEMY.

CONGRATULATIONS, SON! I'M PROUD OF YOU!

THANKS, DAD-DICK.

NICE GOING, KING, OLD KID!



BACK IN BIG CITY -

I AM DELIGHTED, SON! COME TO THE OFFICE WITH ME IN THE MORNING.

DAD, I WANT TO JOIN YOUR BUSINESS, TO WORK FOR THE COLE DETECTIVE AGENCY.



KING MEETS HIS FATHER'S ASSISTANTS NEXT DAY.

GANG, MY SON, KING, WHO IS JOINING THE AGENCY.... KING, THIS IS



MY SECOND IN COMMAND, EX-POLICE COMMISSIONER, ANTHONY L. STEELE, BETTER KNOWN AS "WHIP."



NEXT, IRIS NORLAND, MY GLAMOUR-PLUS-BRAINS DEPARTMENT, WHO KNOWS A BIT ABOUT FINGER-PRINTS AND FILES. THEN—



URSUS GRAHAM, EX-PUGILIST, STRONG MAN AND WEIGHT LIFTER. HE'S OUR ER-OFFICIAL BOUNCER.

KING AND HIS FATHER LEAVE—

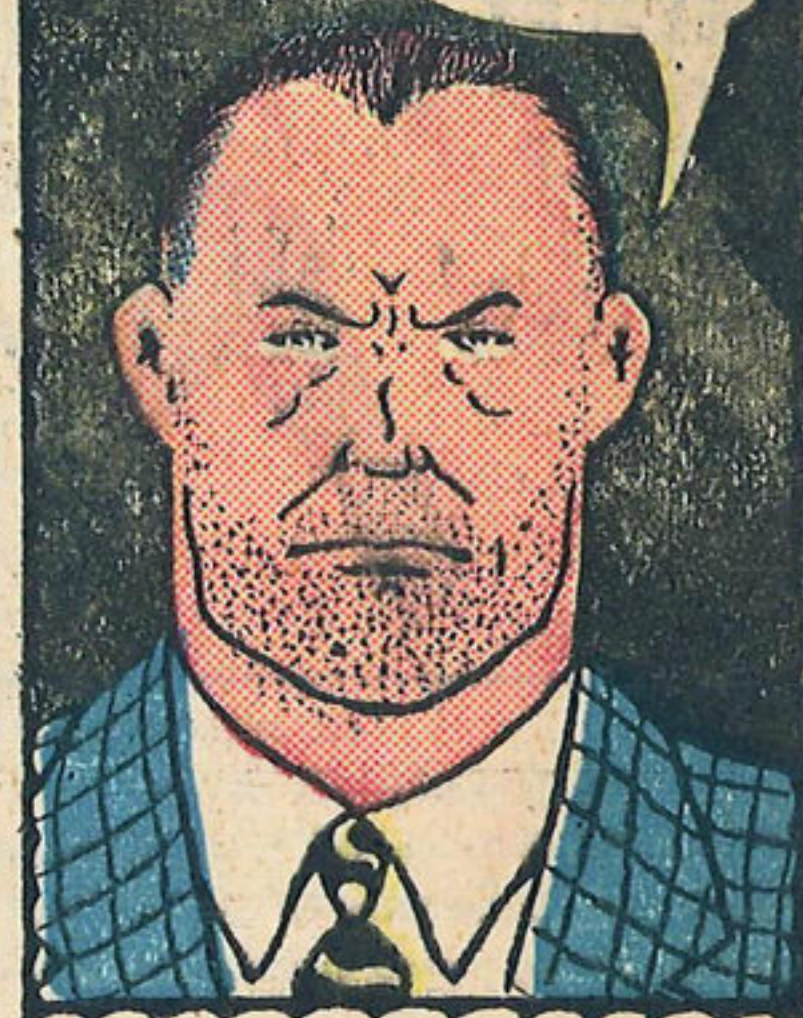
YOU CAN'T READ A BOOK FROM ITS COVER, URSE

WELL, HOCK-MY-HAT! SO I'M SPOSED TO STRING ALONG WITH THAT PIP-SQUEAK SON! THE CHIEF'S NUTZ!

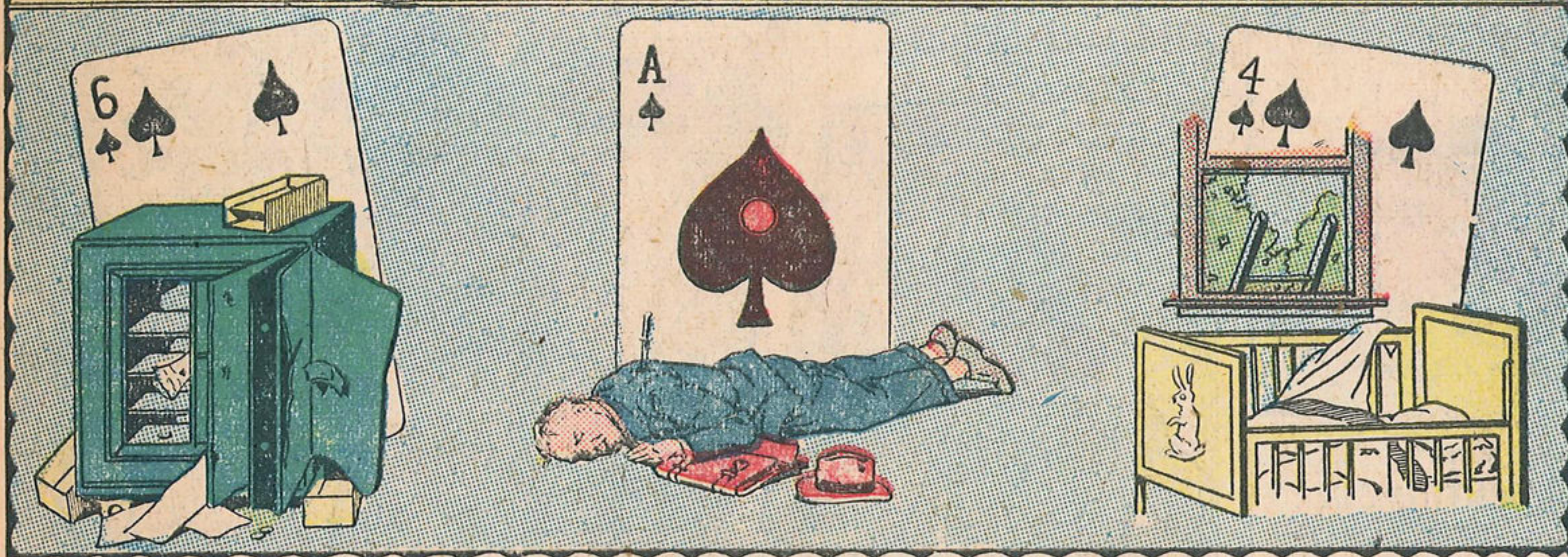
AW, GIVE THE KID A CHANCE BEFORE YOU SEED HIM!



O-KEH! BUT IF THE BOY WONDER GETS IN MY HAIR----- KATIE, CLOSE THE DOOR!

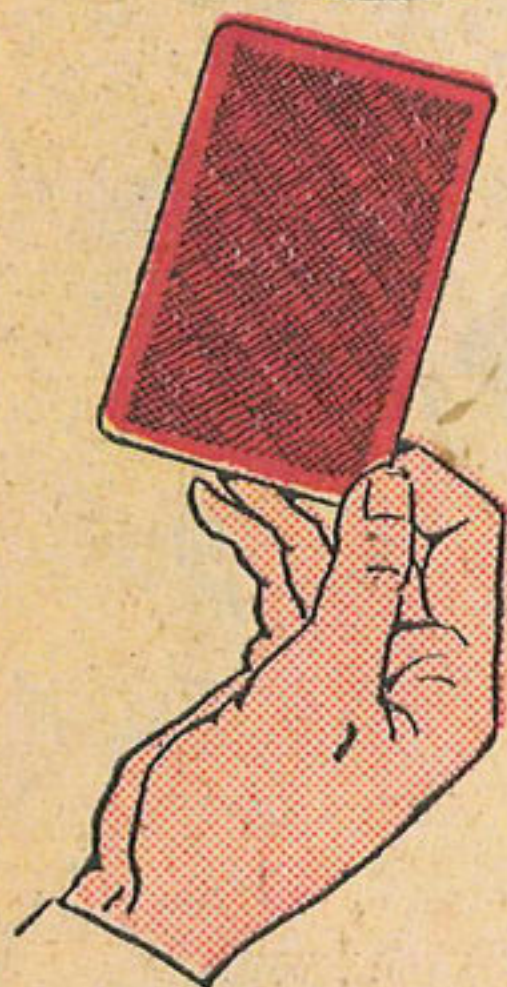


NOW, ABOUT THE TIME KING COLE JR ENTERED STATE COLLEGE, THE COLE DETECTIVE AGENCY TRACKED DOWN AND DESTROYED ALL BUT THE LEADER OF A MURDEROUS GANG KNOWN AS THE SPADE GANG. THIS GANG WAS SO CALLED BECAUSE THEY ALWAYS LEFT A CARD OF THE SPADE SUIT AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...



ONE DAY SHORTLY AFTER KING HAD JOINED HIS FATHER'S AGENCY, KINGSTON COLE RETURNED TO THE OFFICE FROM LUNCH, CARRYING IN HIS HAND—

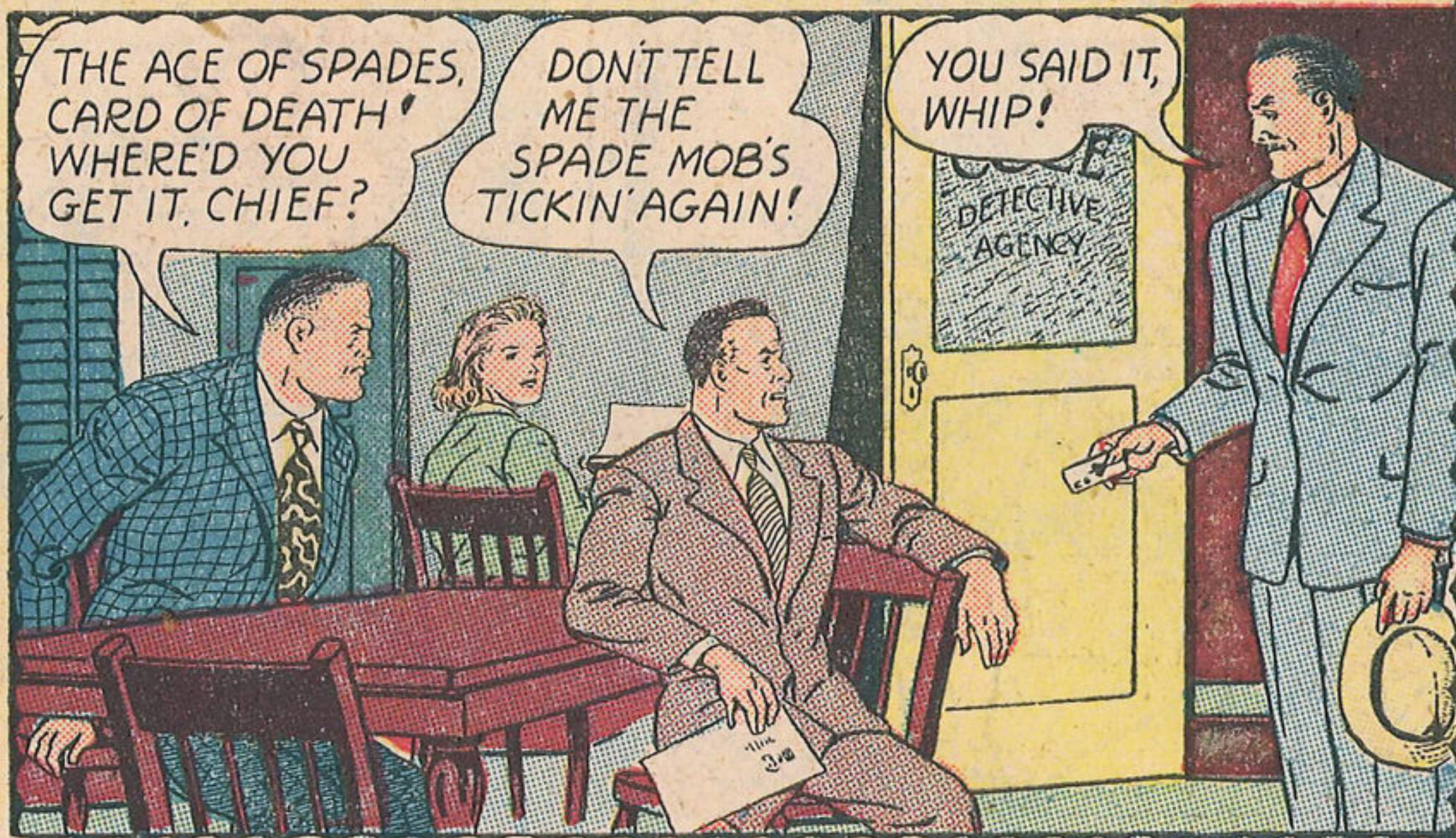
LOOK!



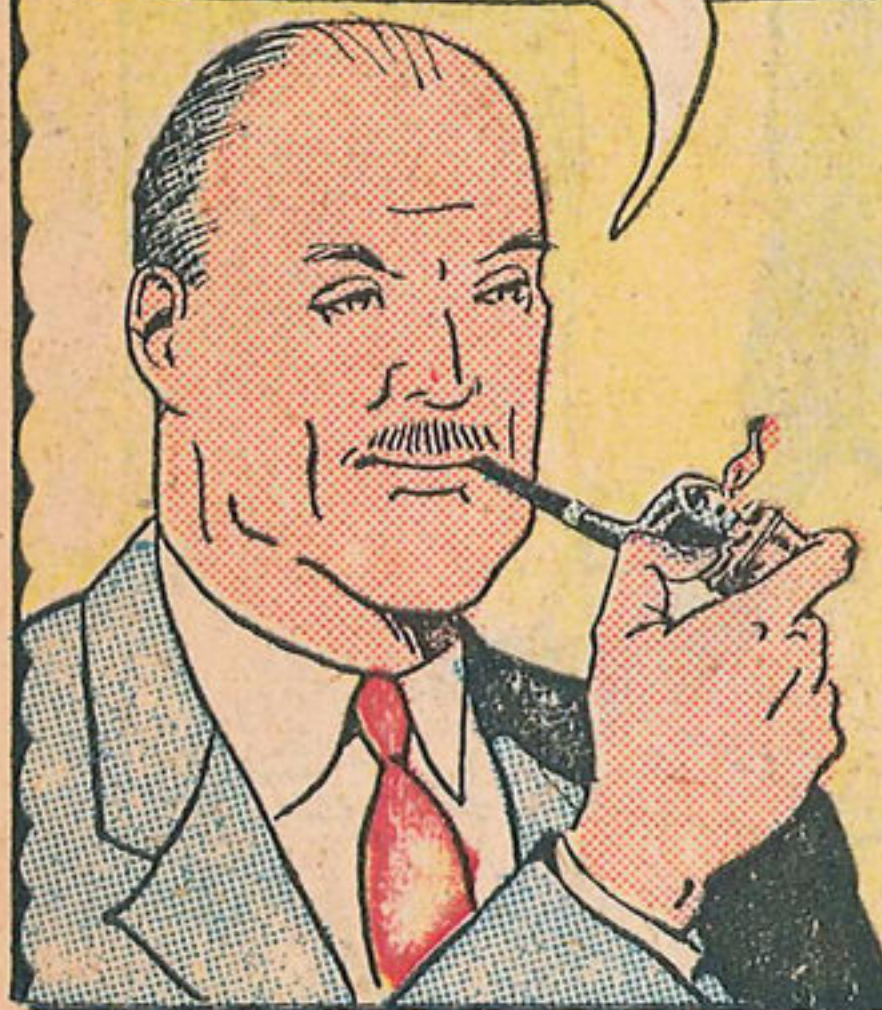
THE ACE OF SPADES, CARD OF DEATH! WHERE'D YOU GET IT, CHIEF?

DON'T TELL ME THE SPADE MOB'S TICKIN' AGAIN!

YOU SAID IT, WHIP!



THE SPADES MADE THEIR PLAY AT THE RESTAURANT. THEY KILLED MY WAITER BUT MISSED ME!



CHIEF, YOU CLEANED 'EM ONCE - YOU'LL DO IT AGAIN!

AND HOW, URSE! WE START THE JOB TOMORROW.

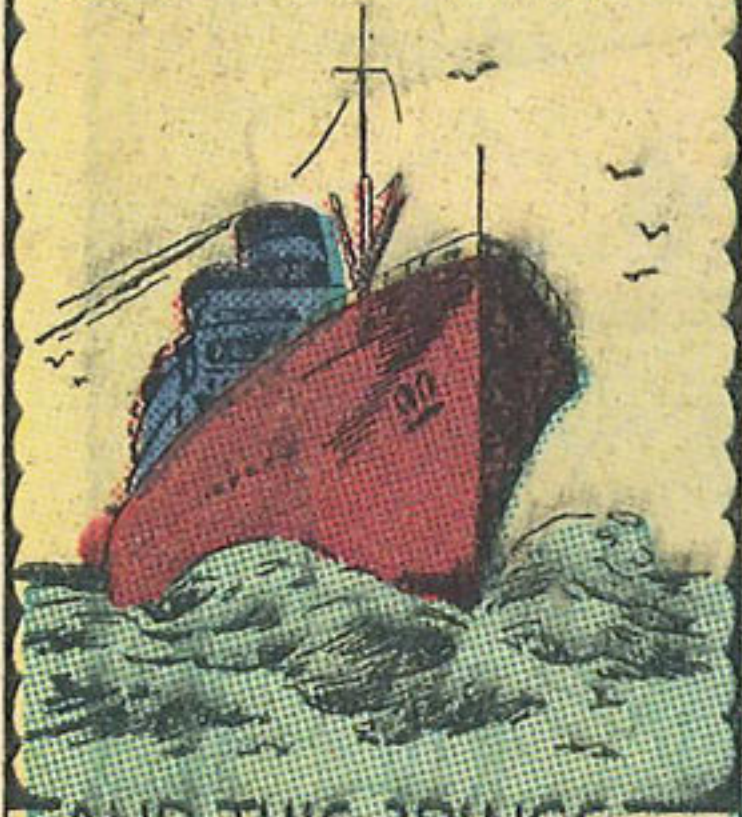


OFFICIAL
MR KINGSTON COLE
COLE DETECTIVE AGENCY
303 MAIN STREET
816 CITY

BUT A LETTER FROM WASHINGTON NEXT DAY SENT KINGSTON COLE ON A LONG JOURNEY AND KING WAS LEFT TO HEAD THE AGENCY AND TO COPE WITH THE SPADE GANG.



KINGSTON COLE
SAILED, TO BE GONE
AN UNDETERMINED
LENGTH OF TIME.



AND THIS BRINGS
US DOWN TO THE
PRESENT TIME IN
OUR STORY—

THE DAY AFTER KING-
STON COLE'S DEPAR-
TURE, IRIS NORLAND
WORKS UNTIL DARK,
THEN DECIDES TO
WALK HOME.



I'LL CUT THROUGH
THE PARK.

THERE SHE GOES!

C'MON! QUICK 'N
QUIET DOES IT!

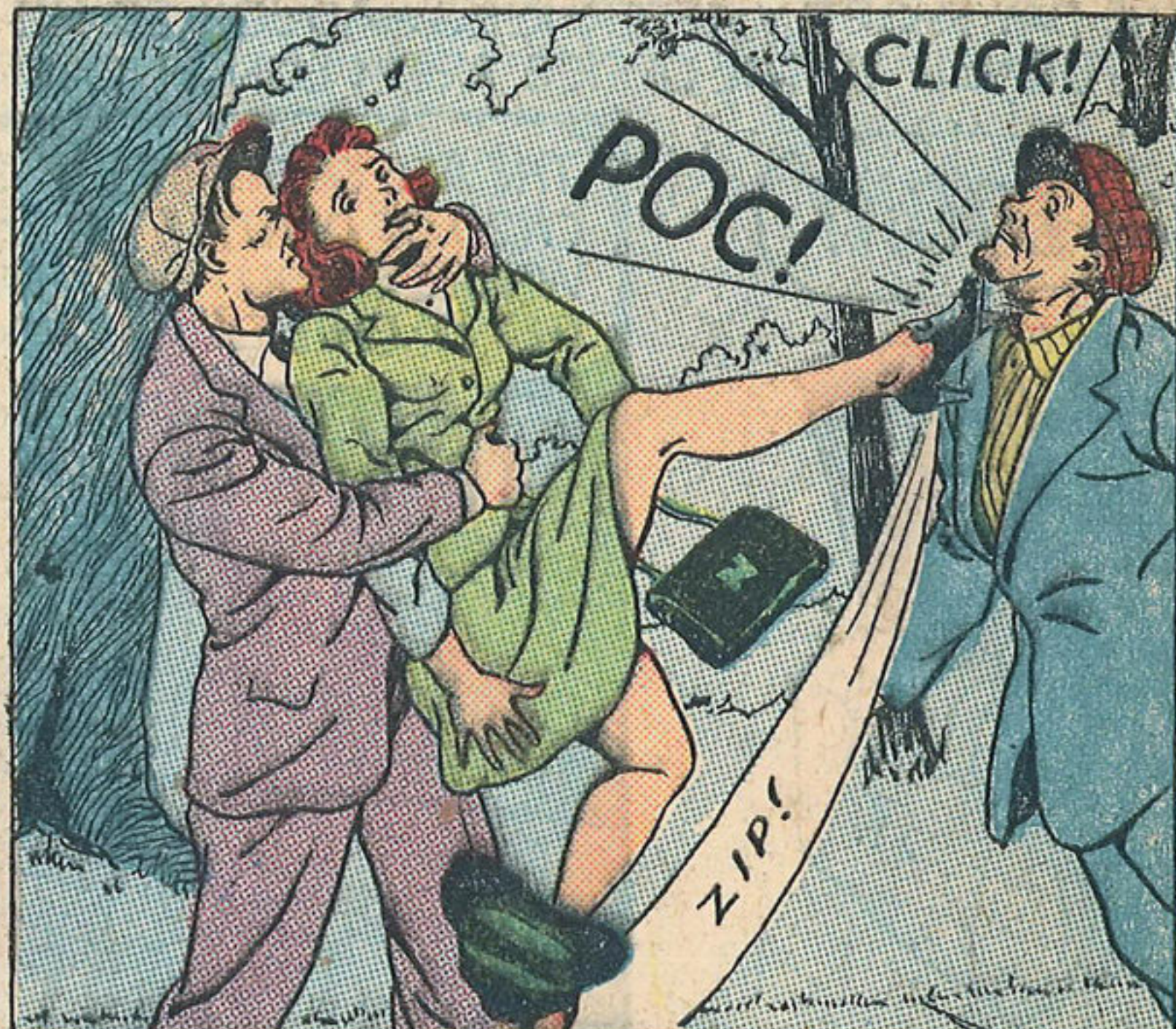


HALF WAY ACROSS—

WARNED BY A SIXTH
SENSE, IRIS WHIRLS—



EEK!



CLICK!

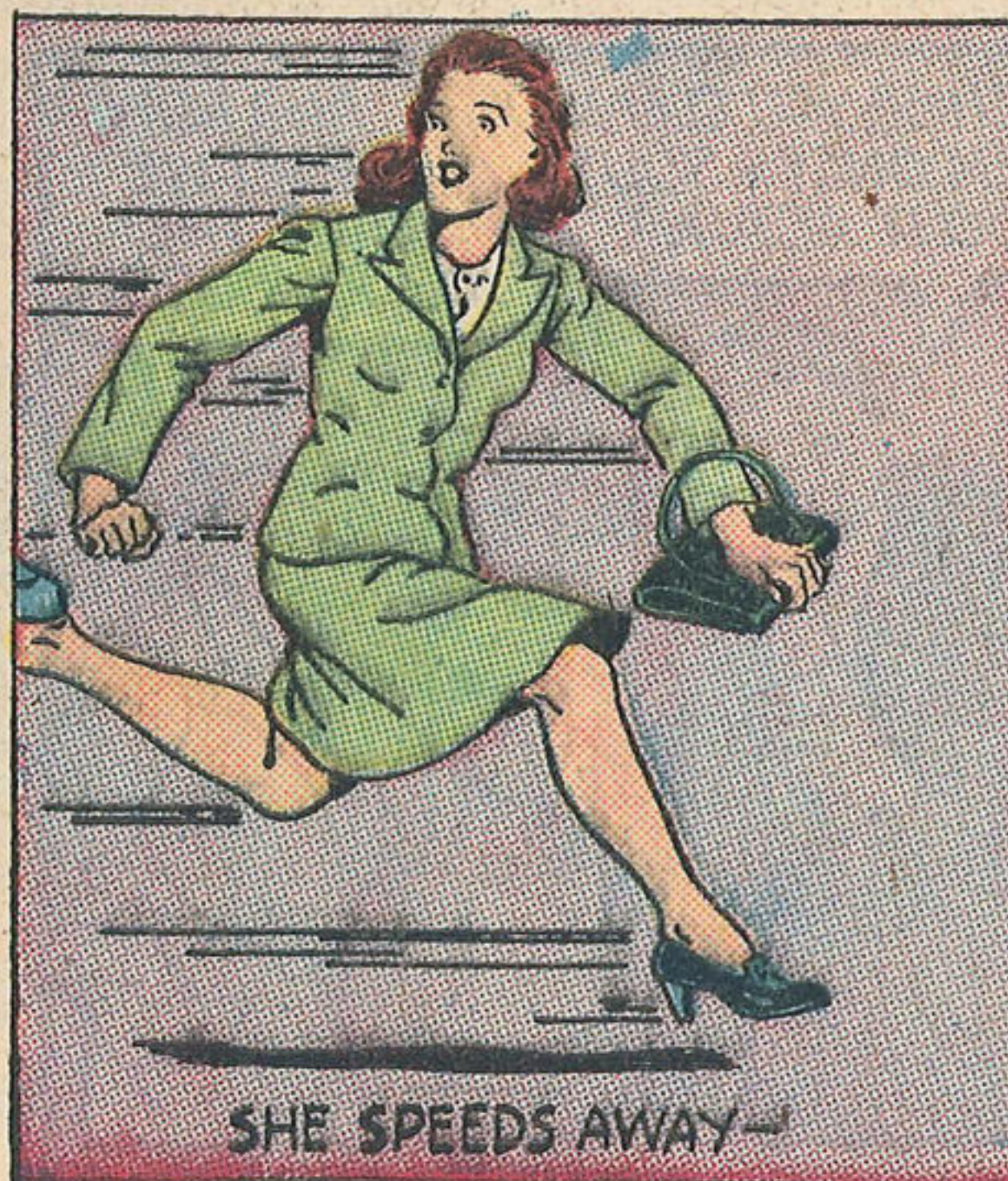
POC!

ZIP!



YEE-AOW!

BREAKING FREE—

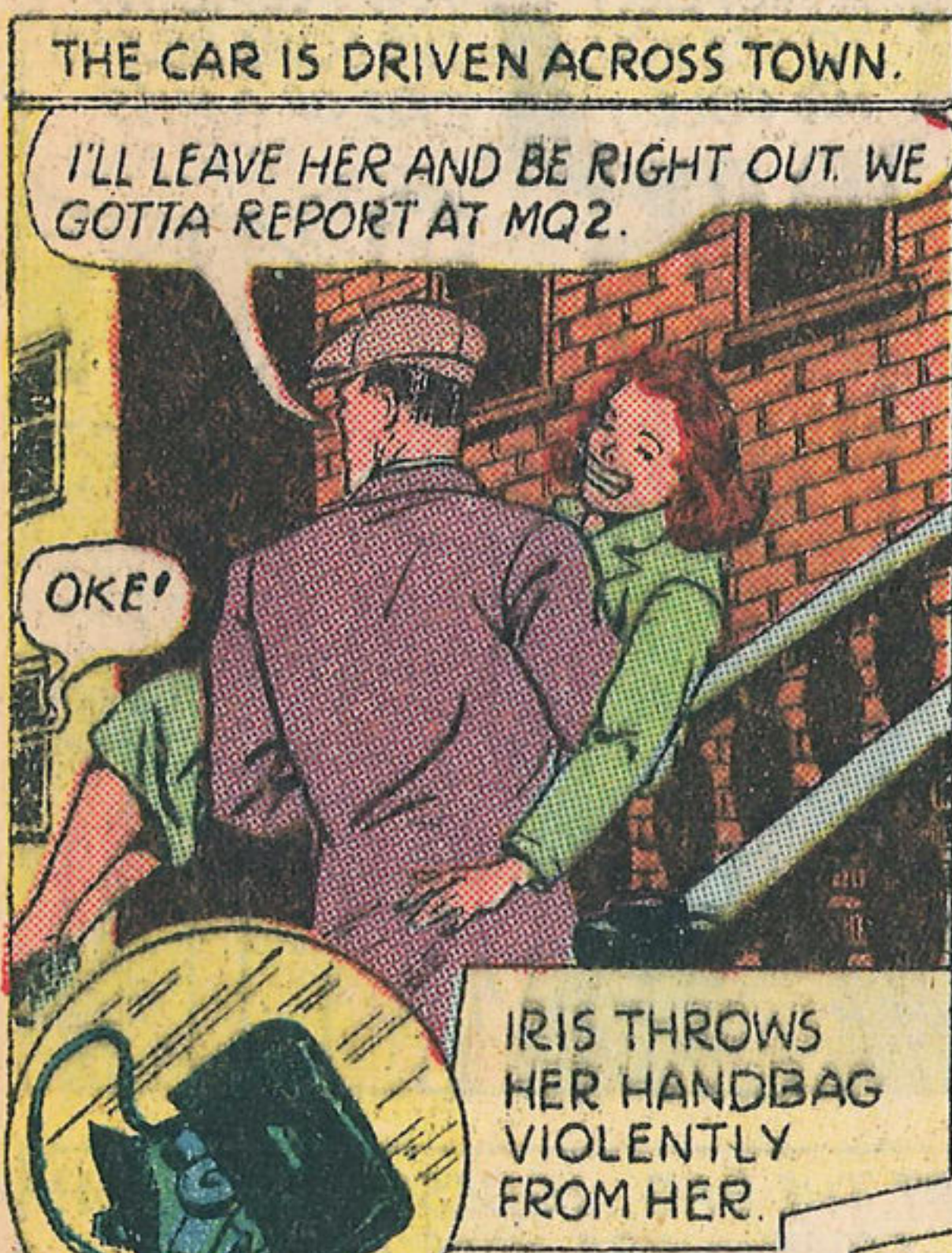
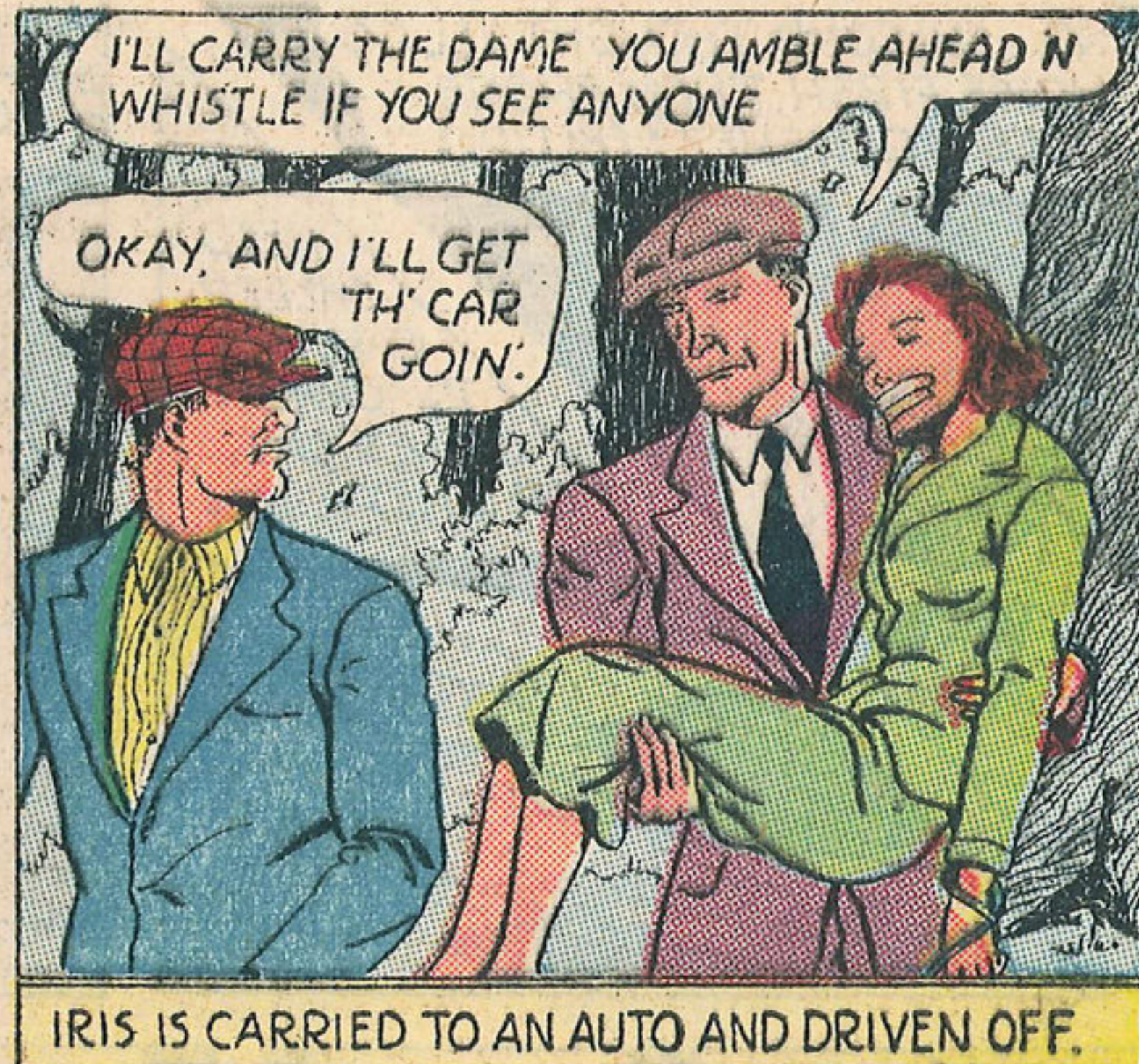


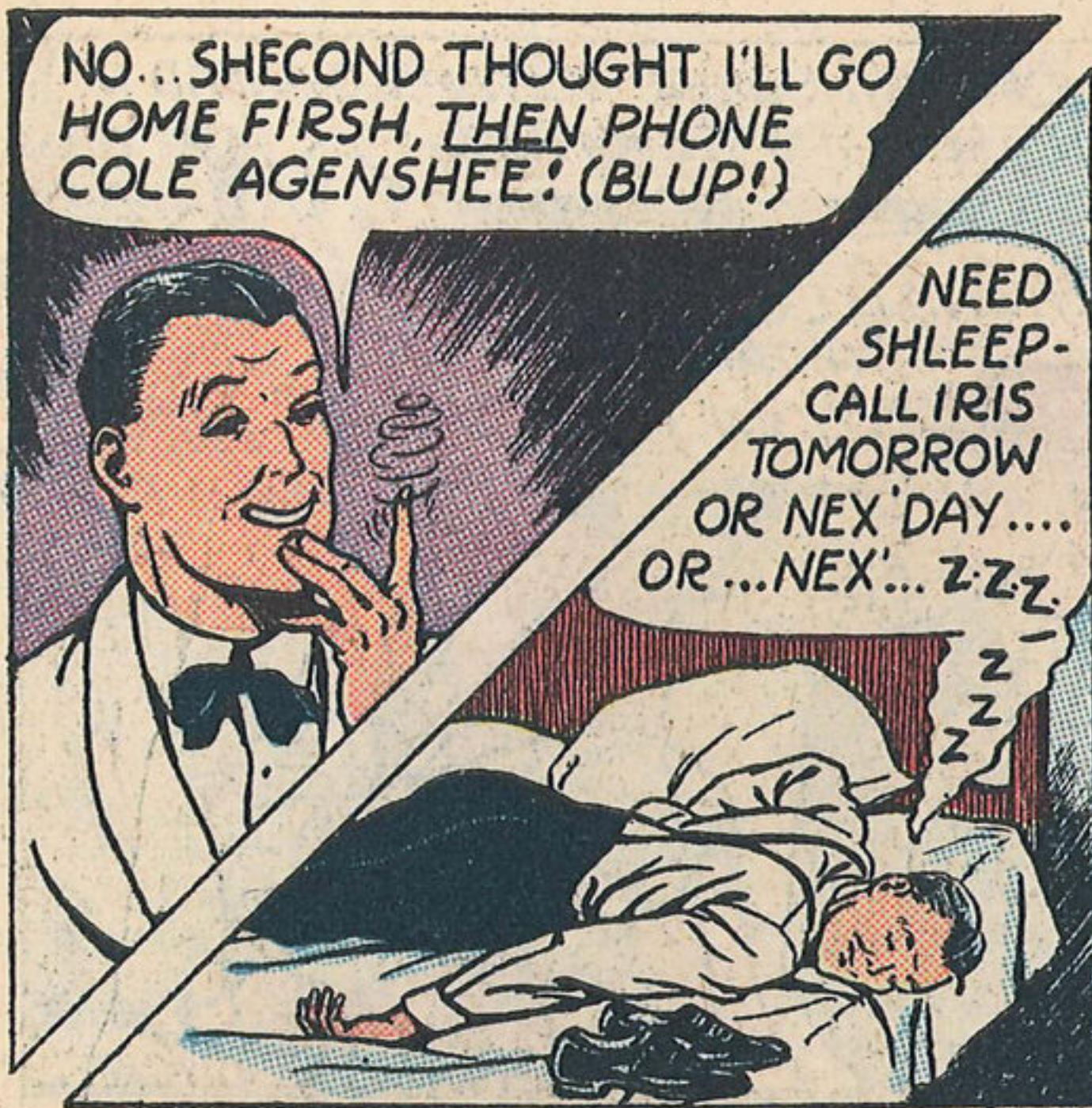
SHE SPEEDS AWAY—



BUT!

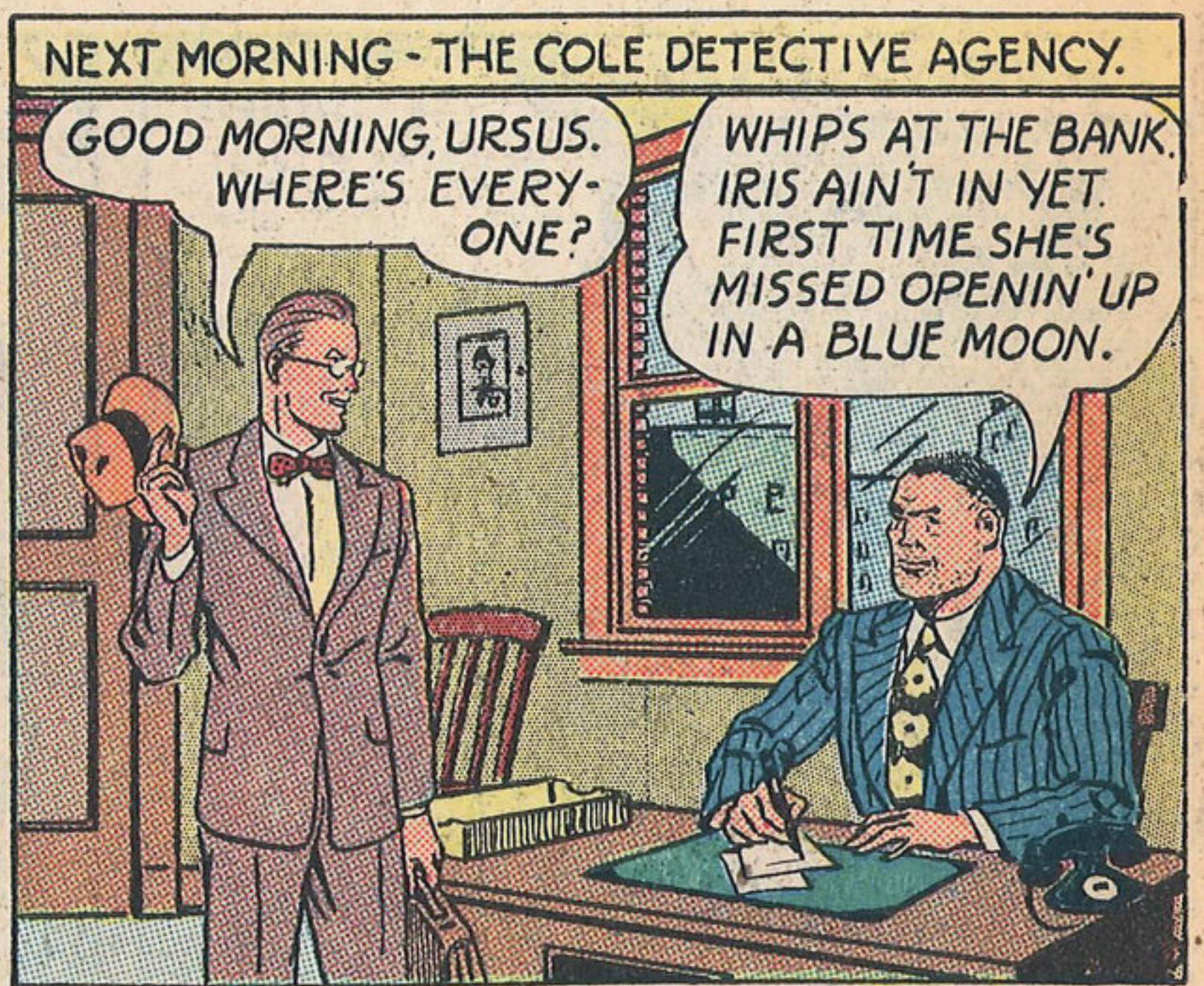
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NO... SHE'ND THOUGHT I'LL GO HOME FIRSH, THEN PHONE COLE AGENSHEE! (BLUP!)

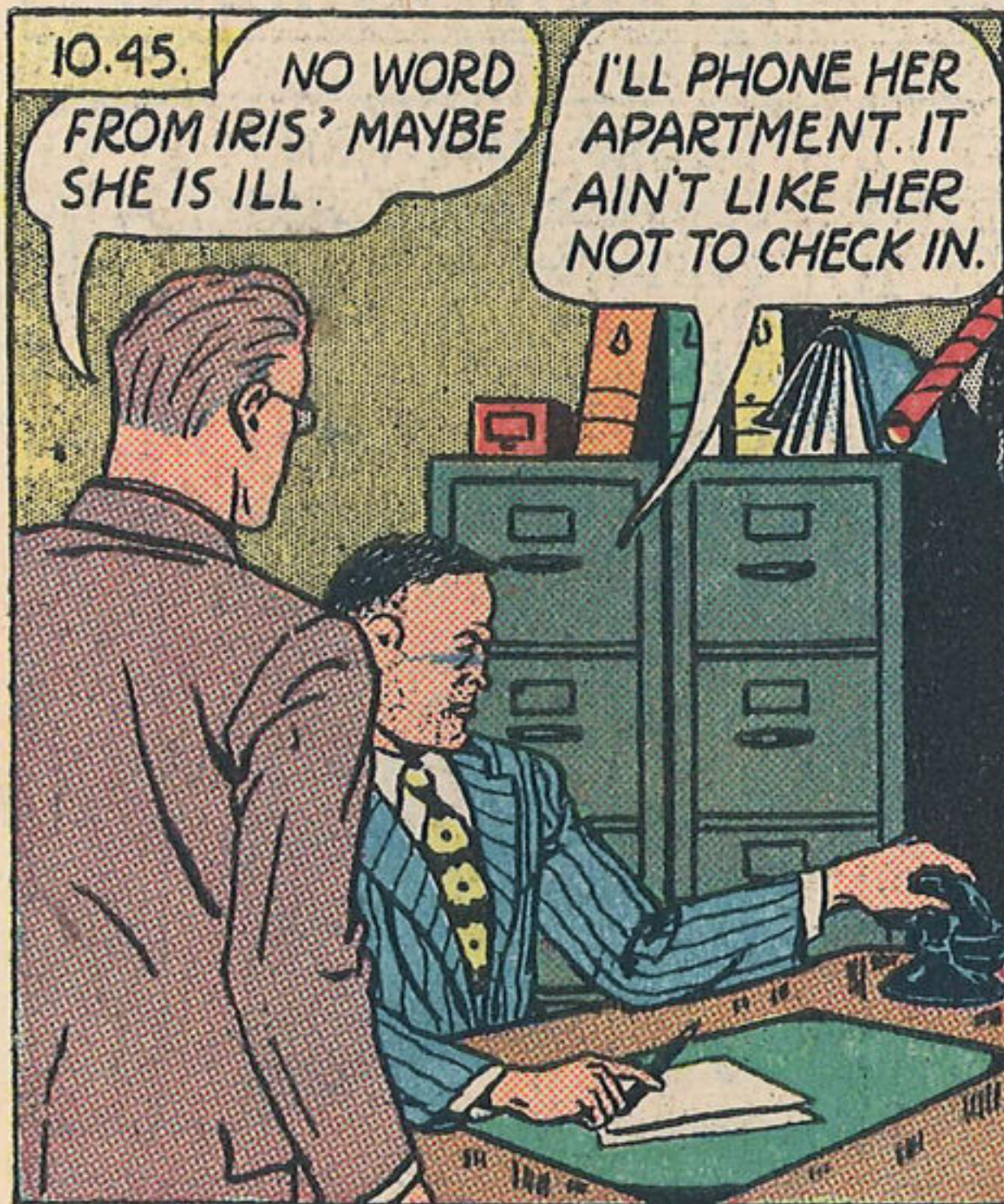
NEED SHLEEP. CALL IRIS TOMORROW OR NEX'DAY... OR... NEX... Z-Z-Z.



NEXT MORNING - THE COLE DETECTIVE AGENCY.

GOOD MORNING, URSUS. WHERE'S EVERY-ONE?

WHIP'S AT THE BANK. IRIS AIN'T IN YET. FIRST TIME SHE'S MISSED OPENIN' UP IN A BLUE MOON.



10.45. NO WORD FROM IRIS' MAYBE SHE IS ILL.

I'LL PHONE HER APARTMENT. IT AIN'T LIKE HER NOT TO CHECK IN.

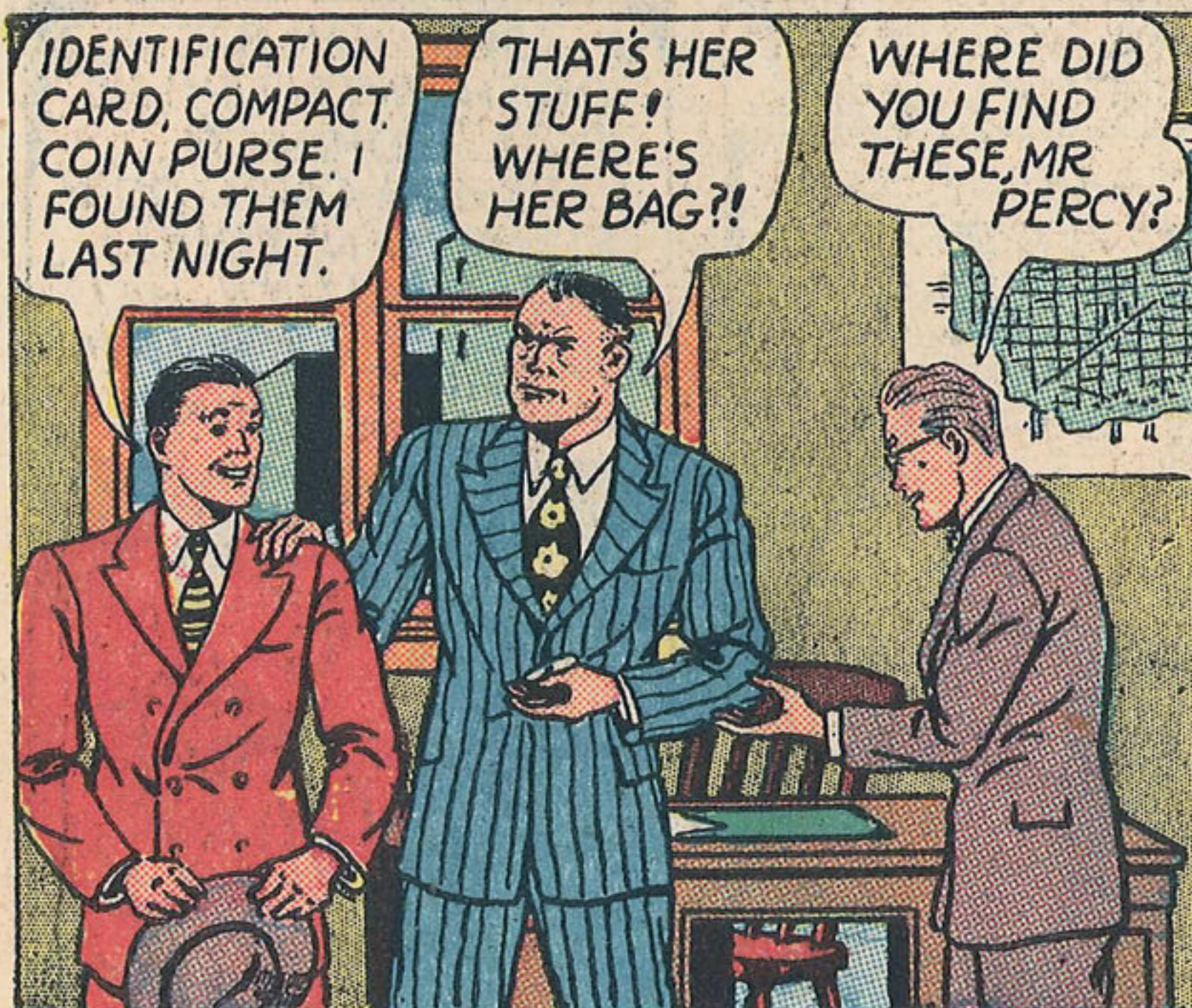


NO ANSWER! BUST-MY-BELT! WHERE IS SHE?



A MR. PERCY TO SEE YOU, MR. COLE

MAY I COME IN? I'VE SOME BELONGINGS OF A MISS NORLAND.



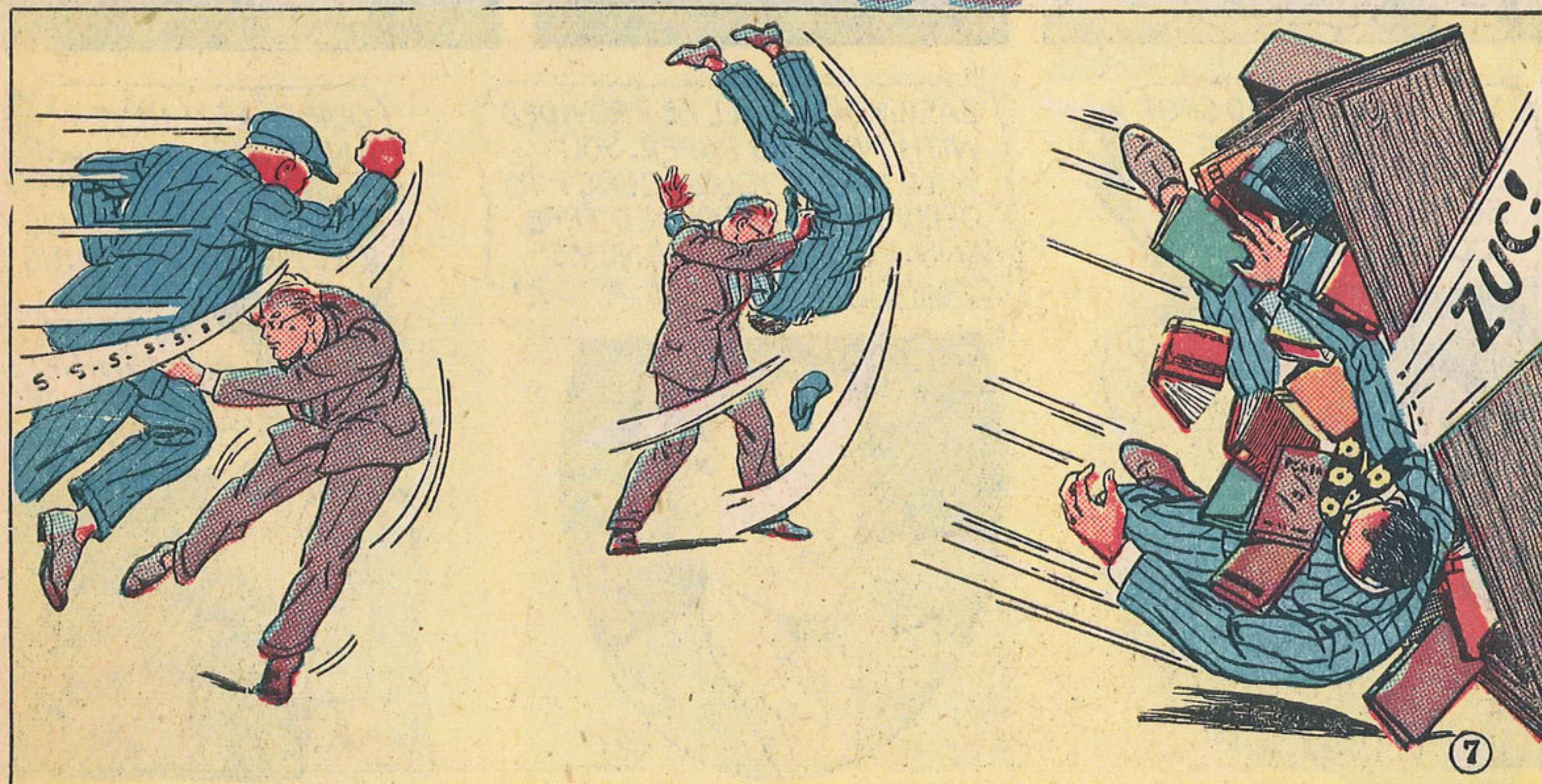
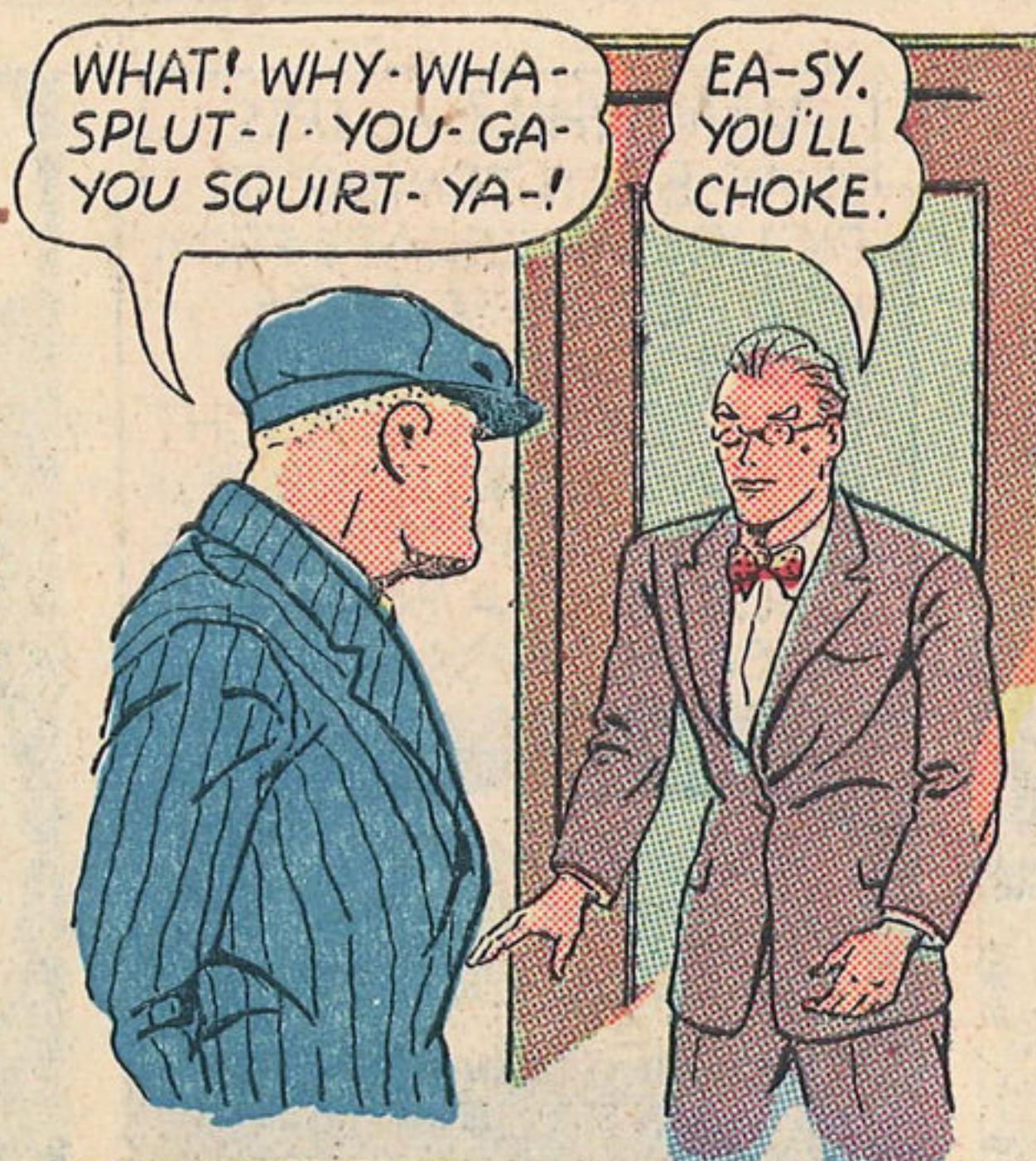
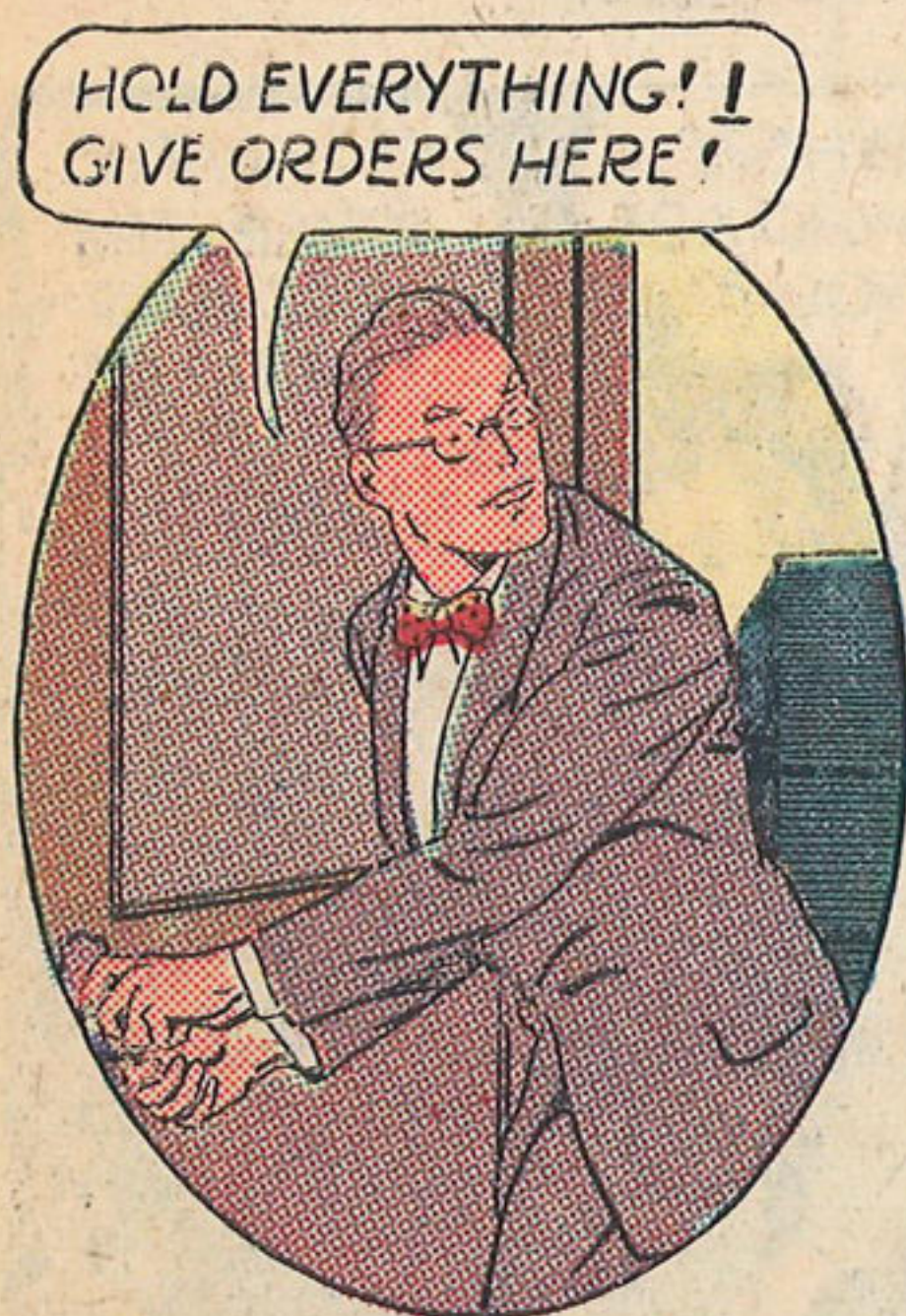
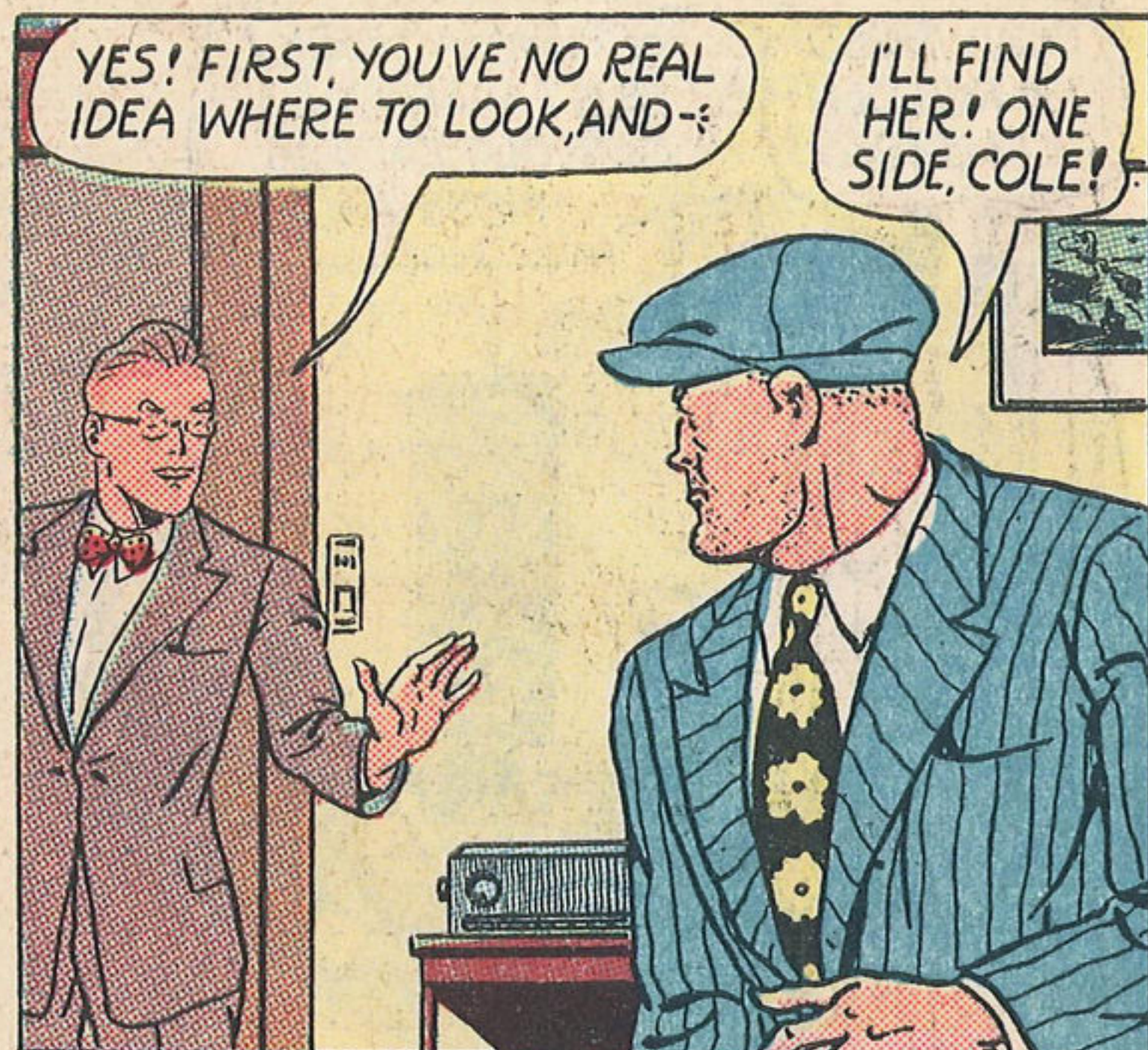
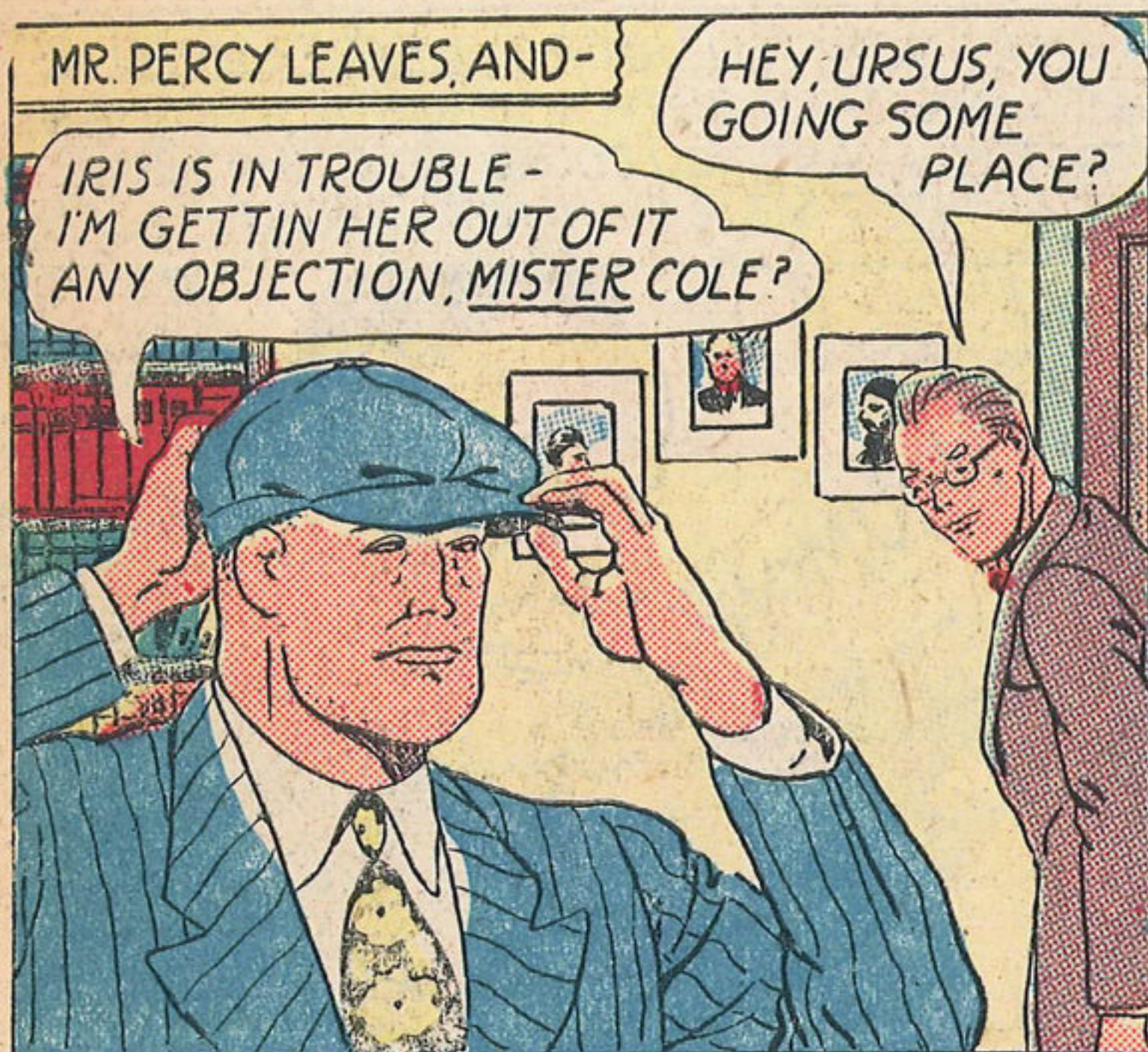
IDENTIFICATION CARD, COMPACT. COIN PURSE. I FOUND THEM LAST NIGHT.

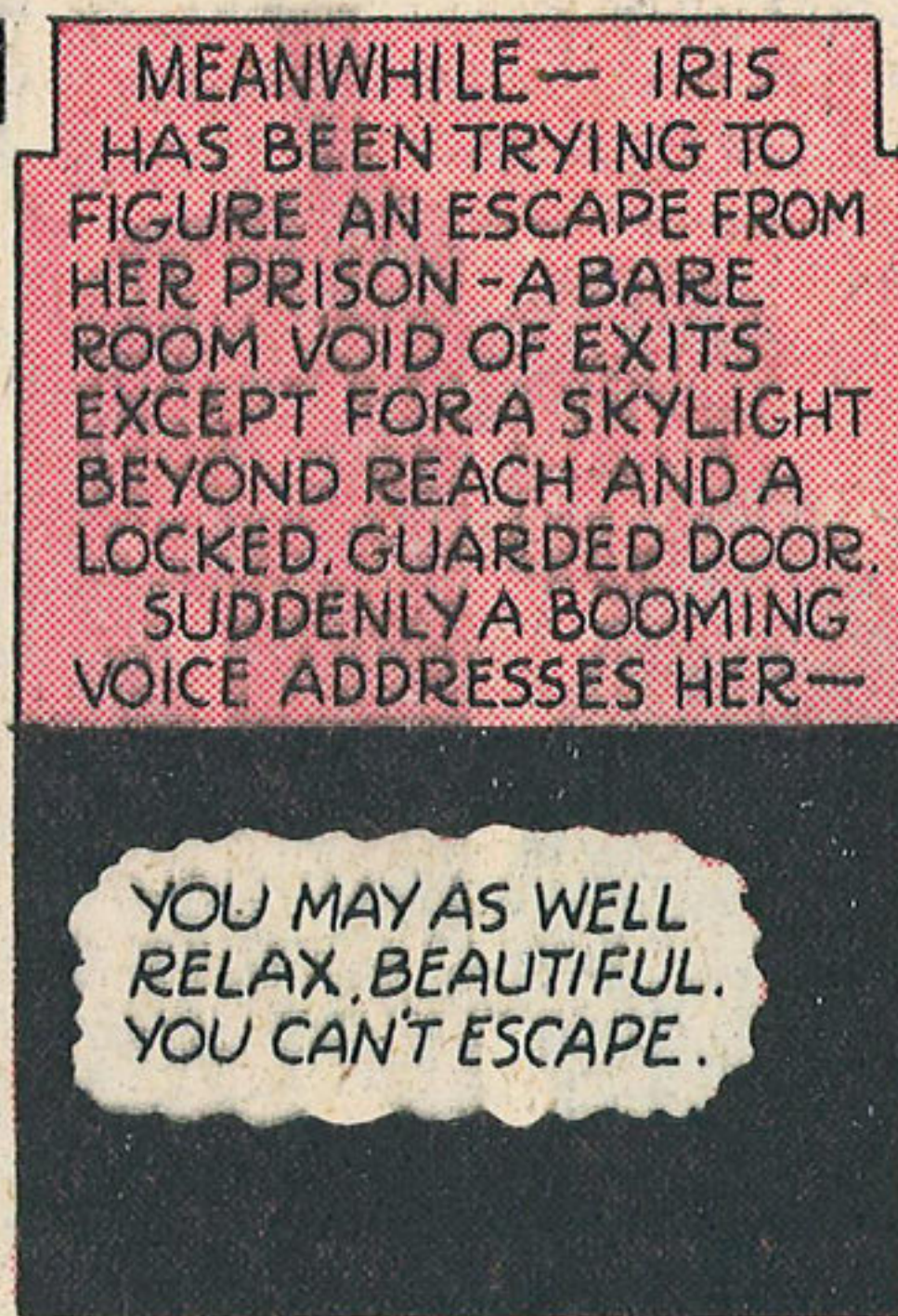
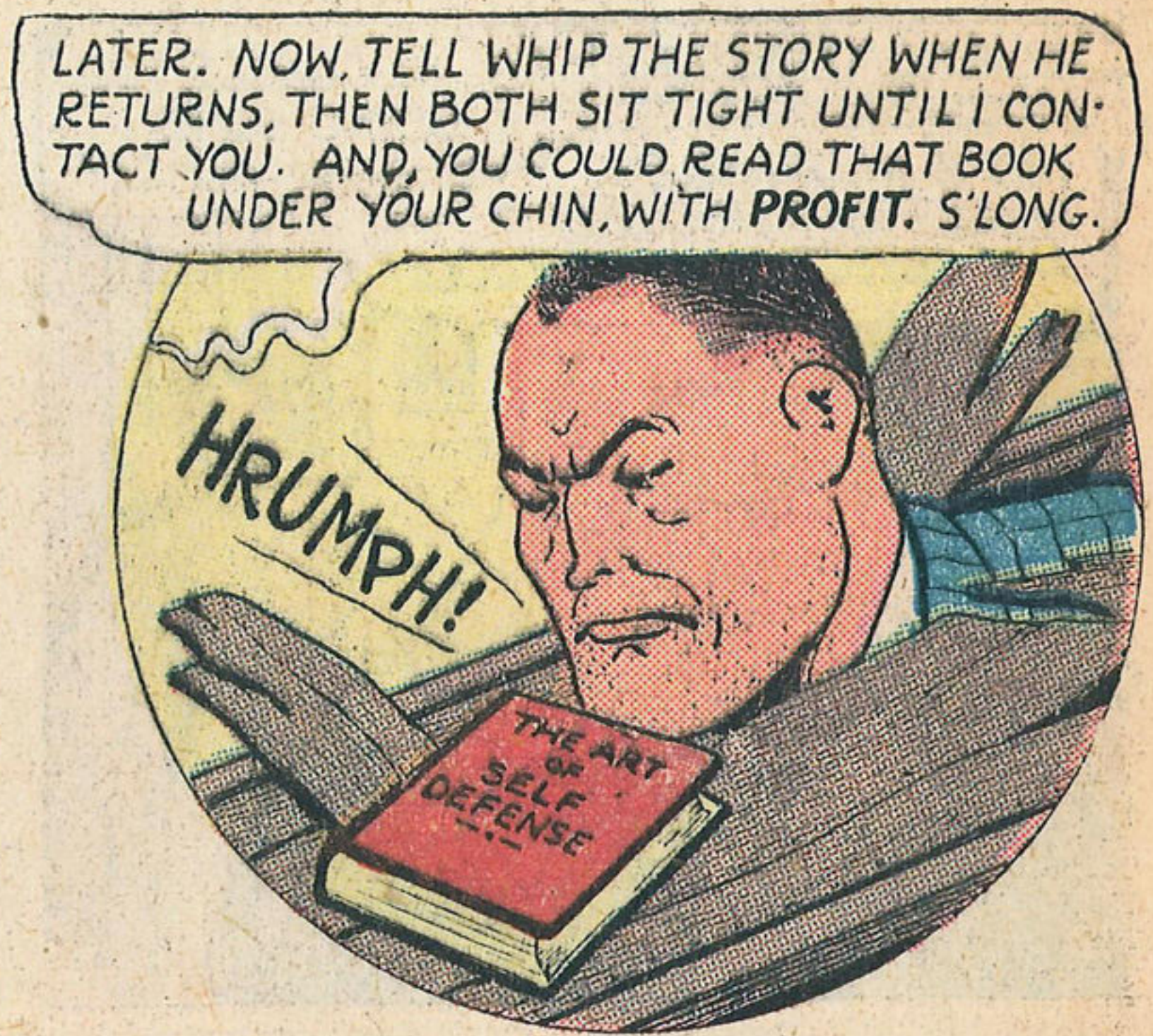
THAT'S HER STUFF! WHERE'S HER BAG?!

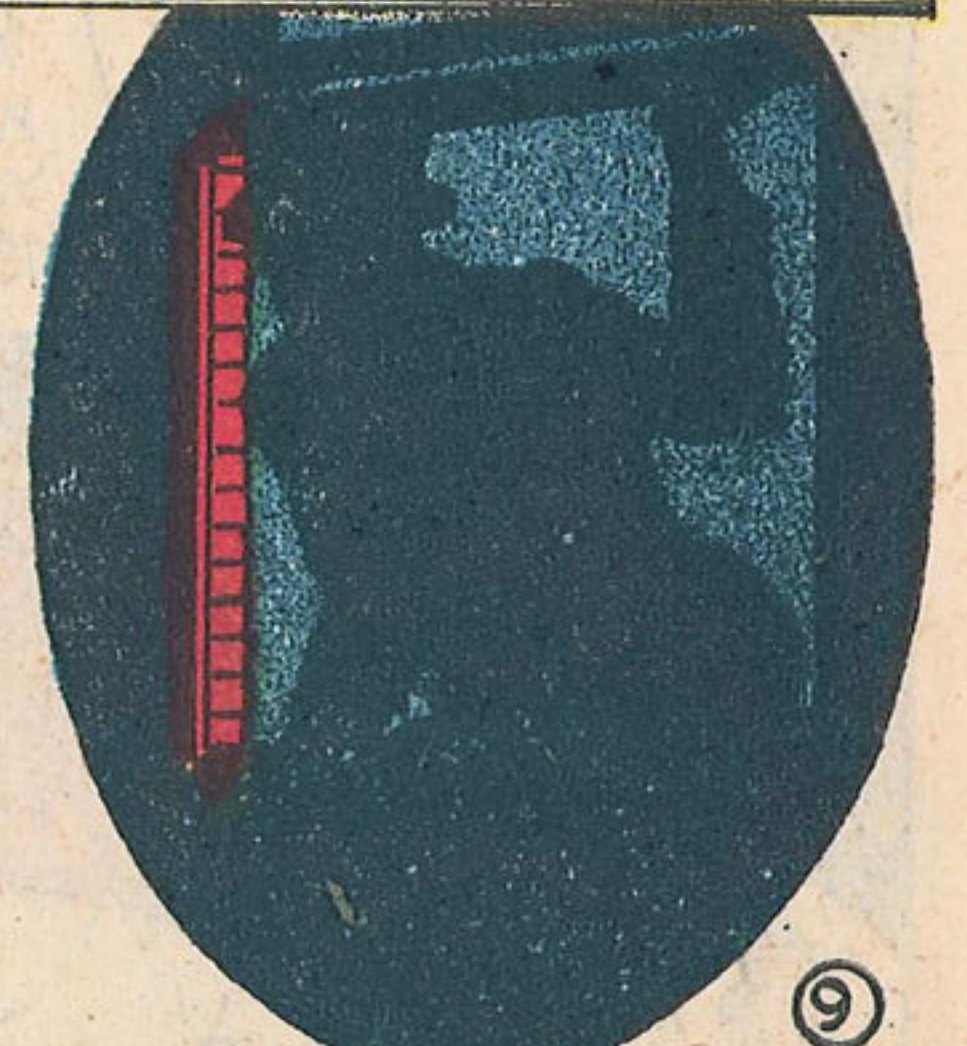
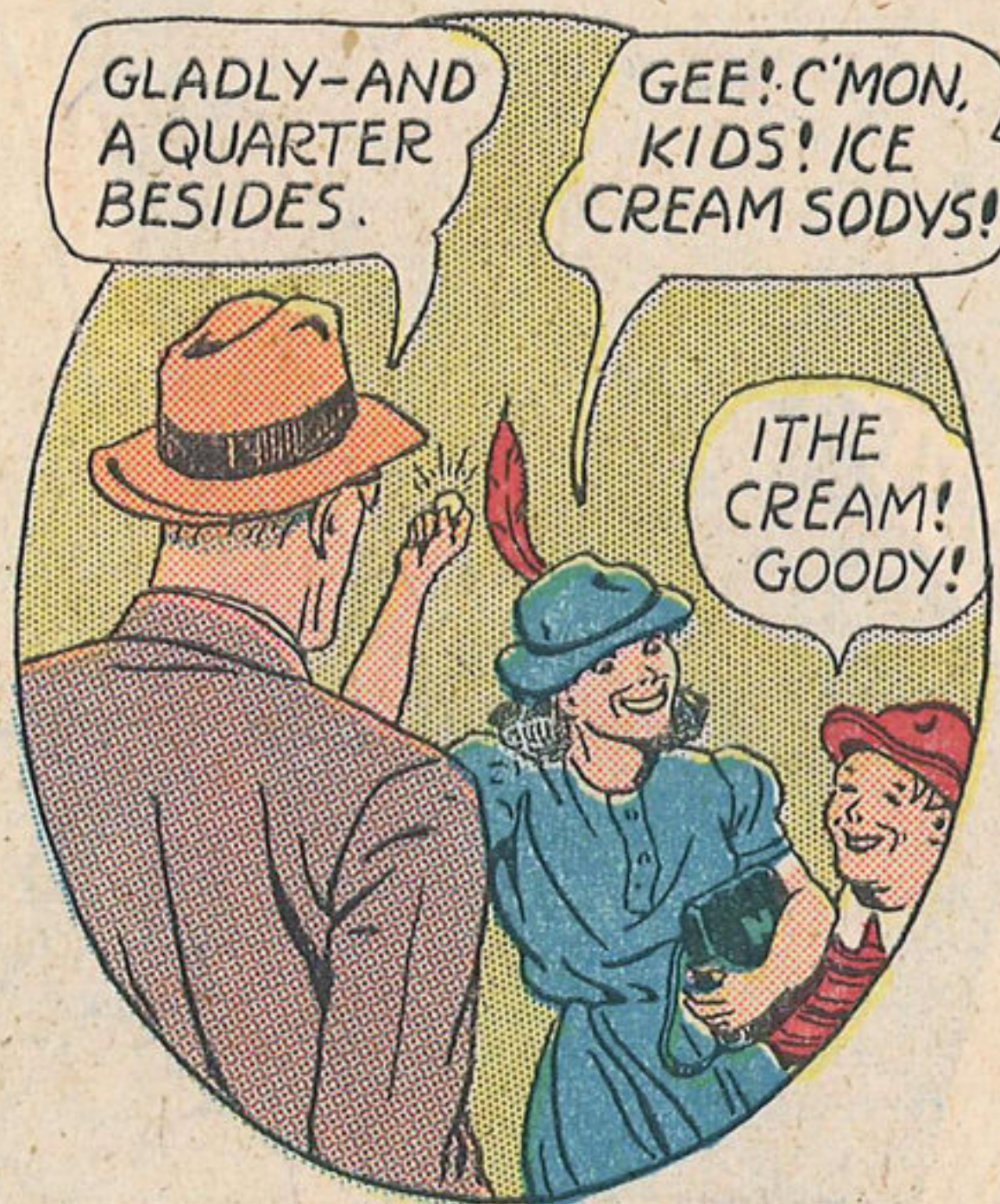
WHERE DID YOU FIND THESE, MR PERCY?



I LEFT THE BAG,... I GUESS. FIND THEM? UH... SOMEWHERE NEAR HANCOCK SQUARE ON 3RD STREET,... I THINK. I RECALL HOUSES WITH FLIGHTS OF STONE STEPS. I'M SORRY TO BE SO VAGUE, BUT, I'D HAD QUITE A FEW SNIFTERS.



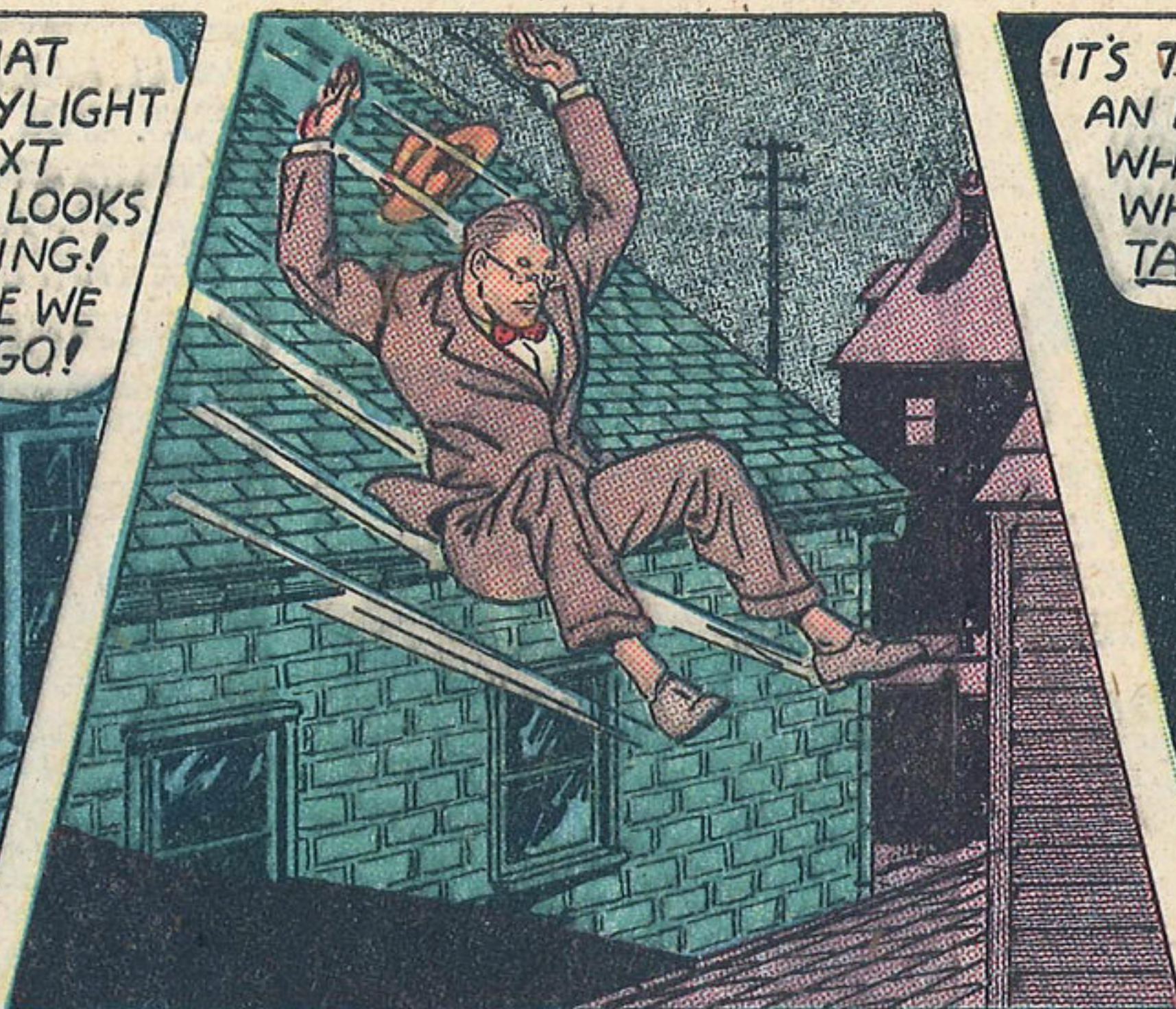






PROCEEDS TO
THE ROOF.

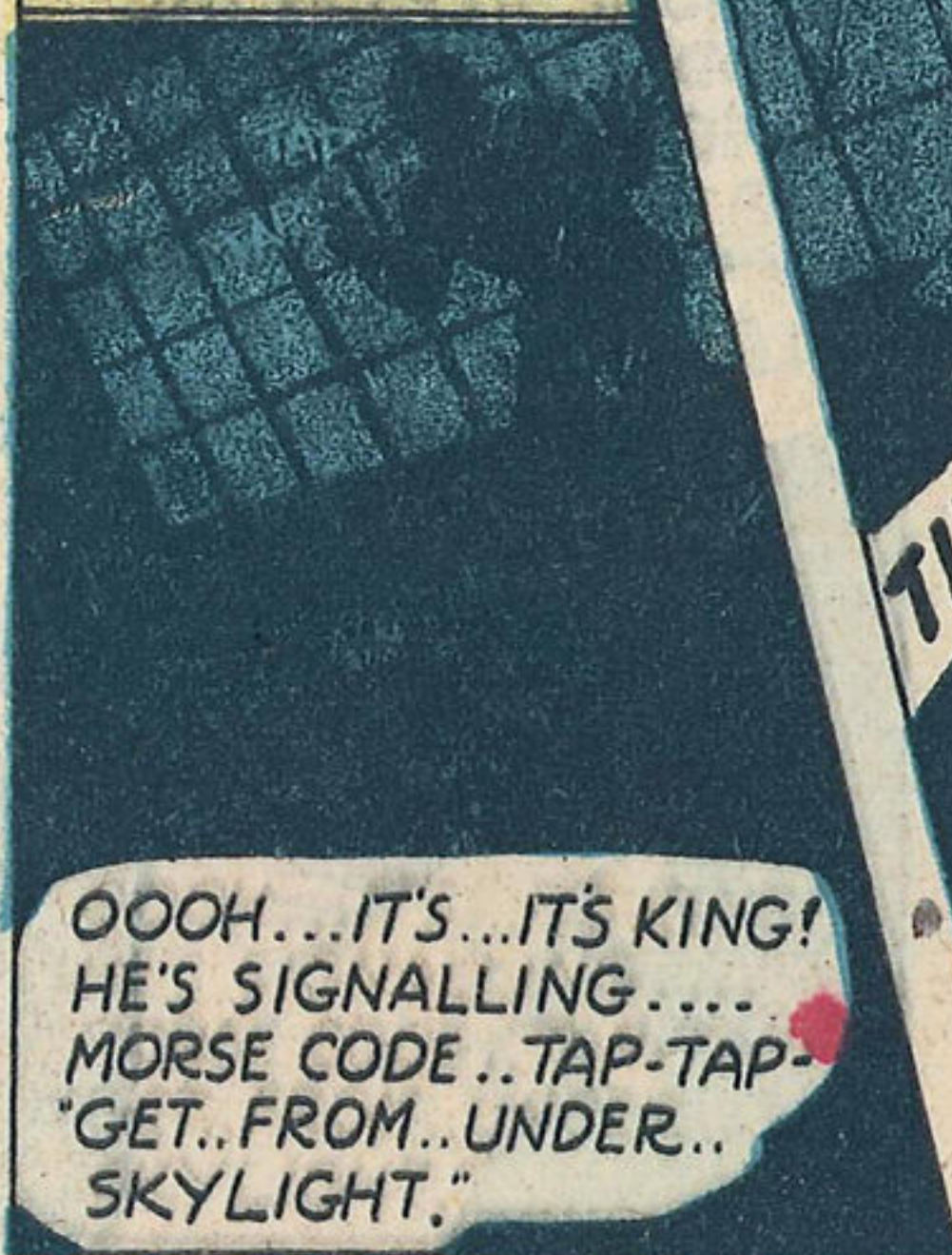
THAT
SKYLIGHT
NEXT
DOOR LOOKS
INTERESTING!
WELL, HERE WE
GO!



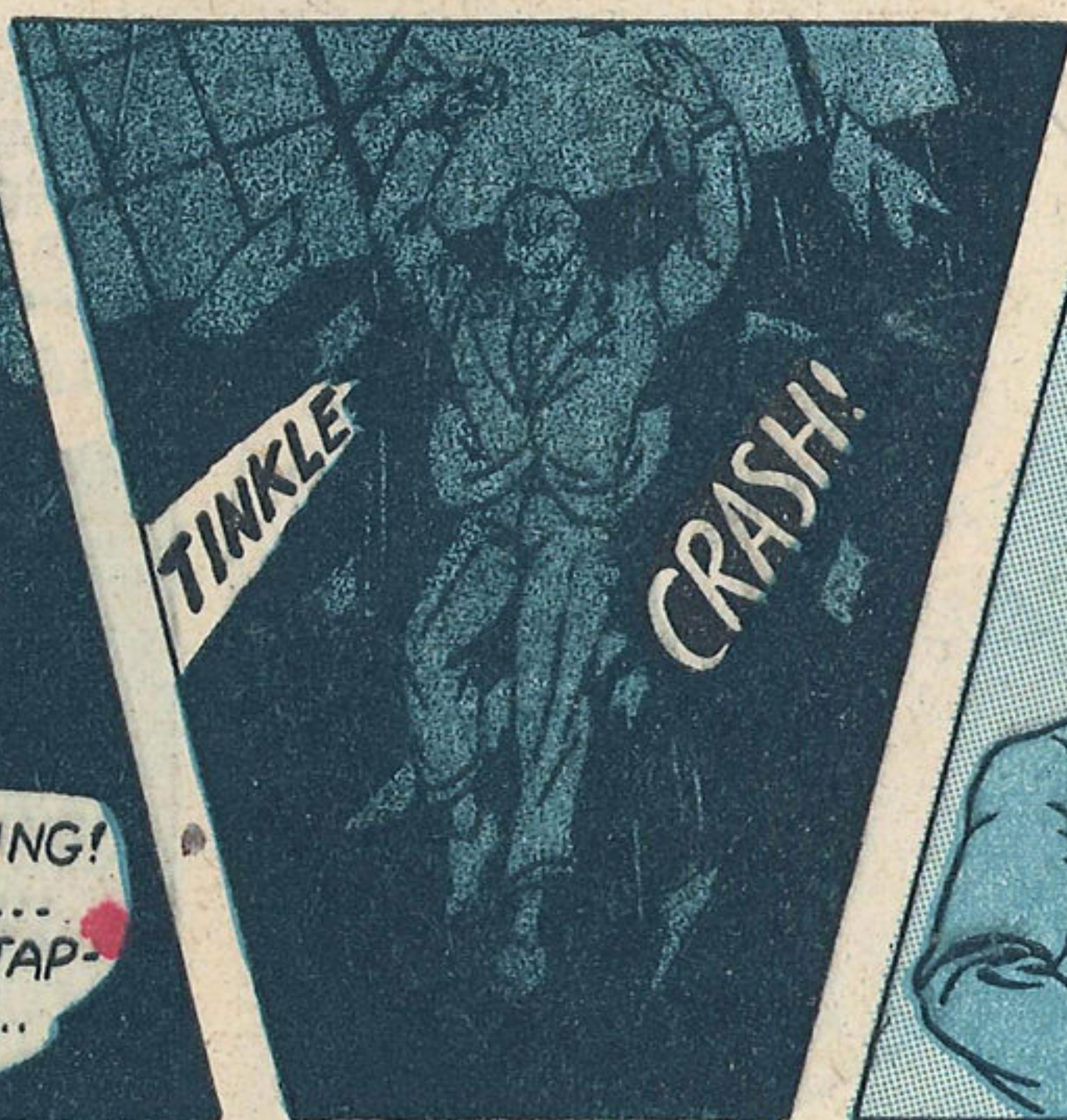
IT'S 7.30! ONLY HALF
AN HOUR LEFT! OH,
WHAT SHALL I DO?
WHAT CAN—? THAT
TAPPING SOUND!??



AND ABOVE HER—



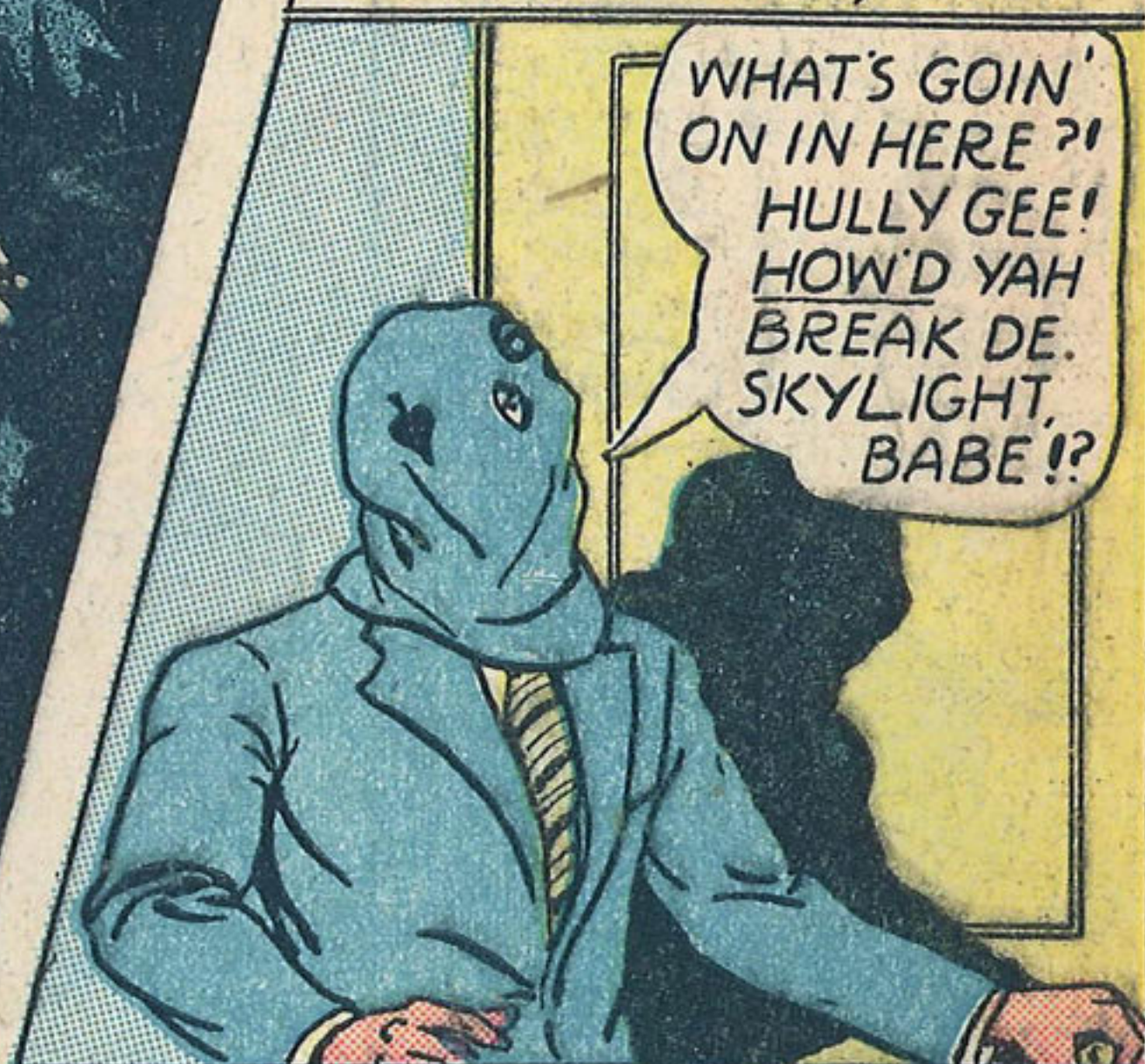
OOOH...IT'S...IT'S KING!
HE'S SIGNALLING....
MORSE CODE..TAP-TAP-
"GET..FROM..UNDER..
SKYLIGHT."



TINKLE

CRASH!

THE STARTLED GUARD UN-
LOCKS THE DOOR, AND—



WHAT'S GOIN'
ON IN HERE?!
HULLY GEE!
HOW'D YAH
BREAK DE.
SKYLIGHT,
BABE!?



TOC!

KING DONS THE GUARD'S
MASK AND TAKES HIS GUN.

RUN DOWN THE STAIRS.
IRIS—I'LL BE RIGHT AFTER
YOU. ANY GUARD BELOW
WILL THINK I'M 6, AND
YOU'RE ESCAPING FROM
ME. READY? LET'S GO!



IRIS REACHES
THE FIRST
FLOOR—

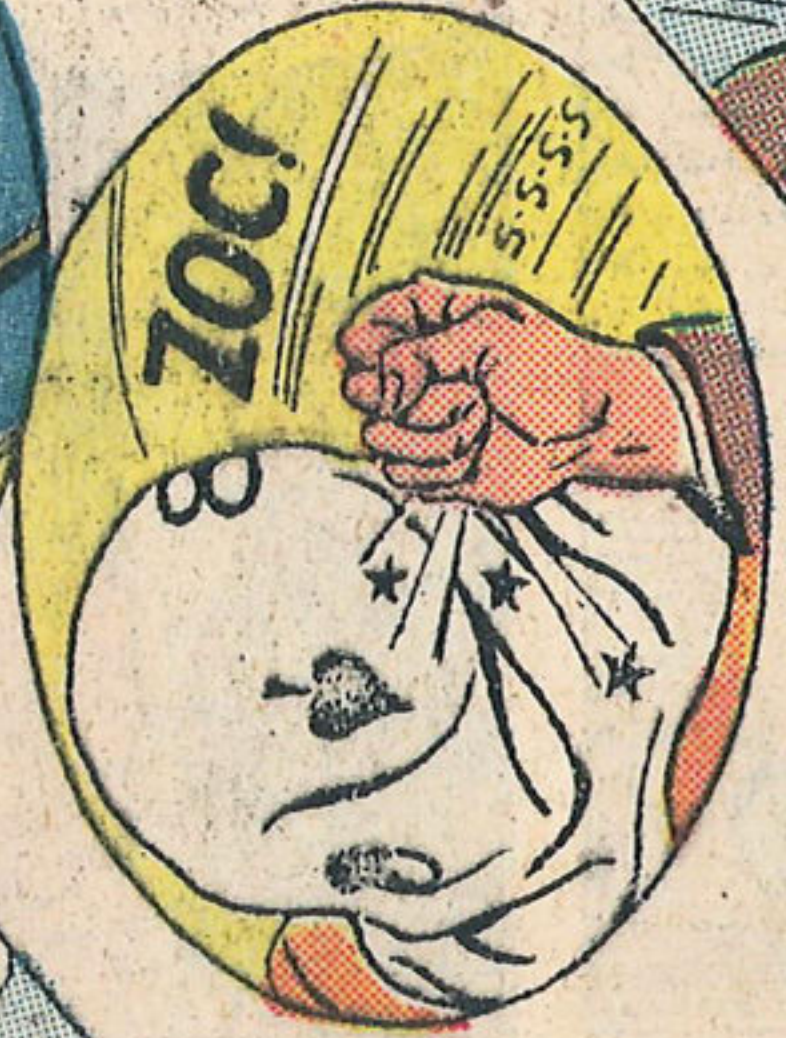
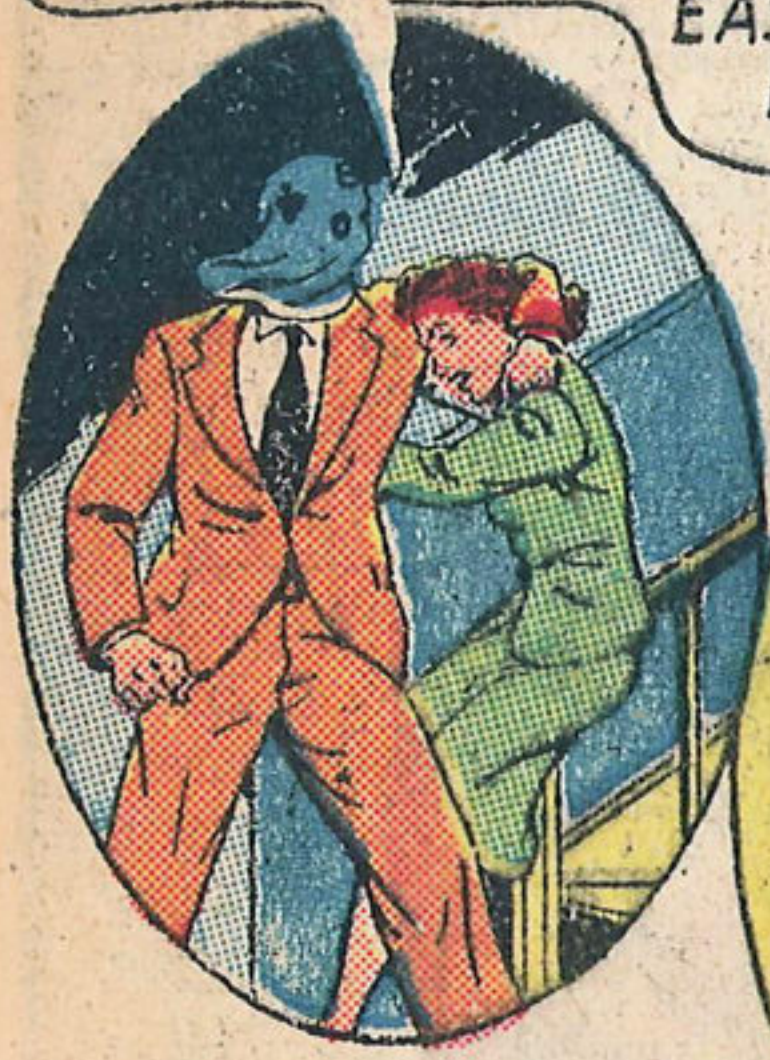


E-E-EK!

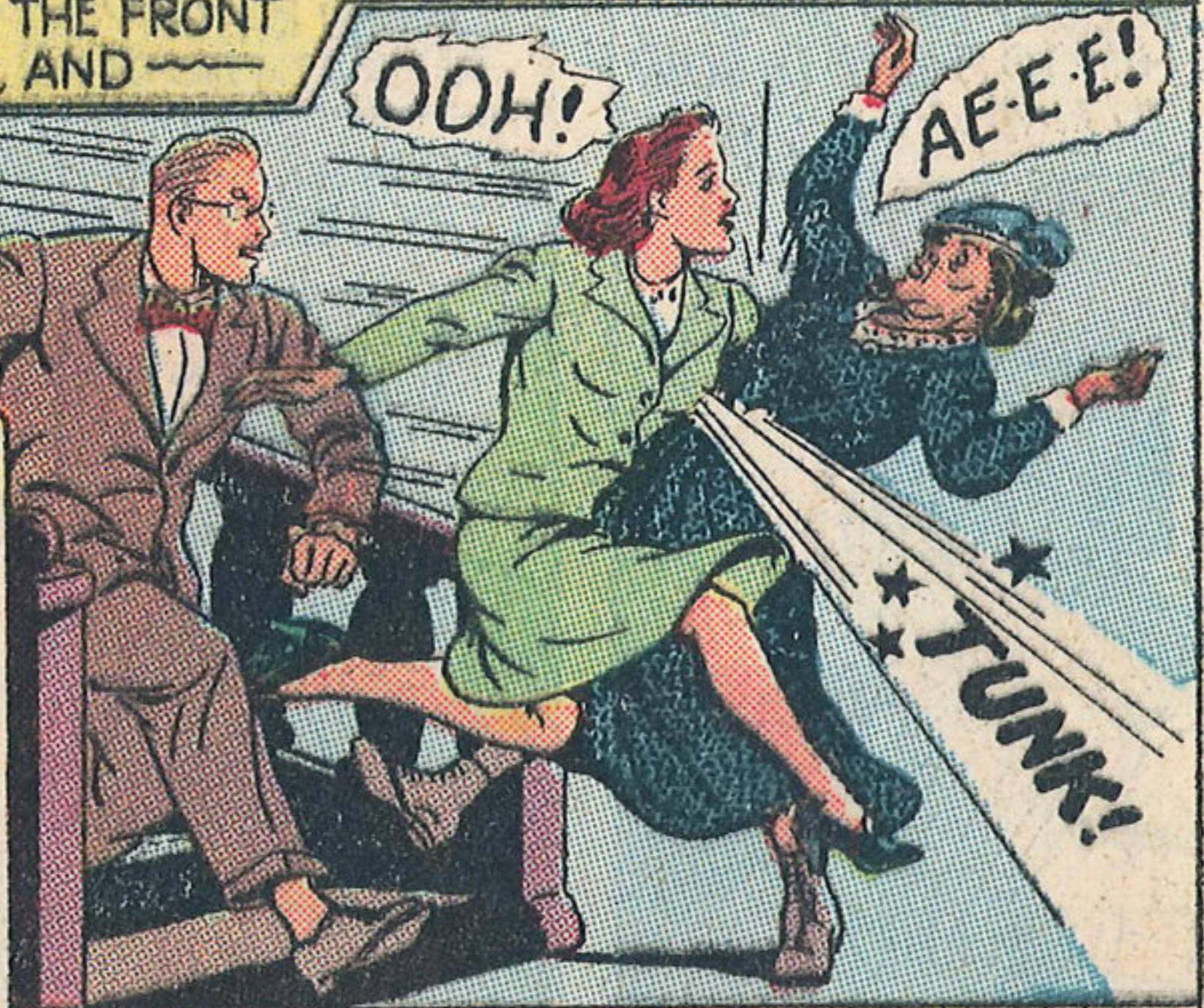
STOP HER, 8!
STOP HER!

I GOT HER, 6!
STOP, YOU!

HO! TRYIN' TO TAKE A POWDER!
EASY, TAKE IT
EASY, YOU—



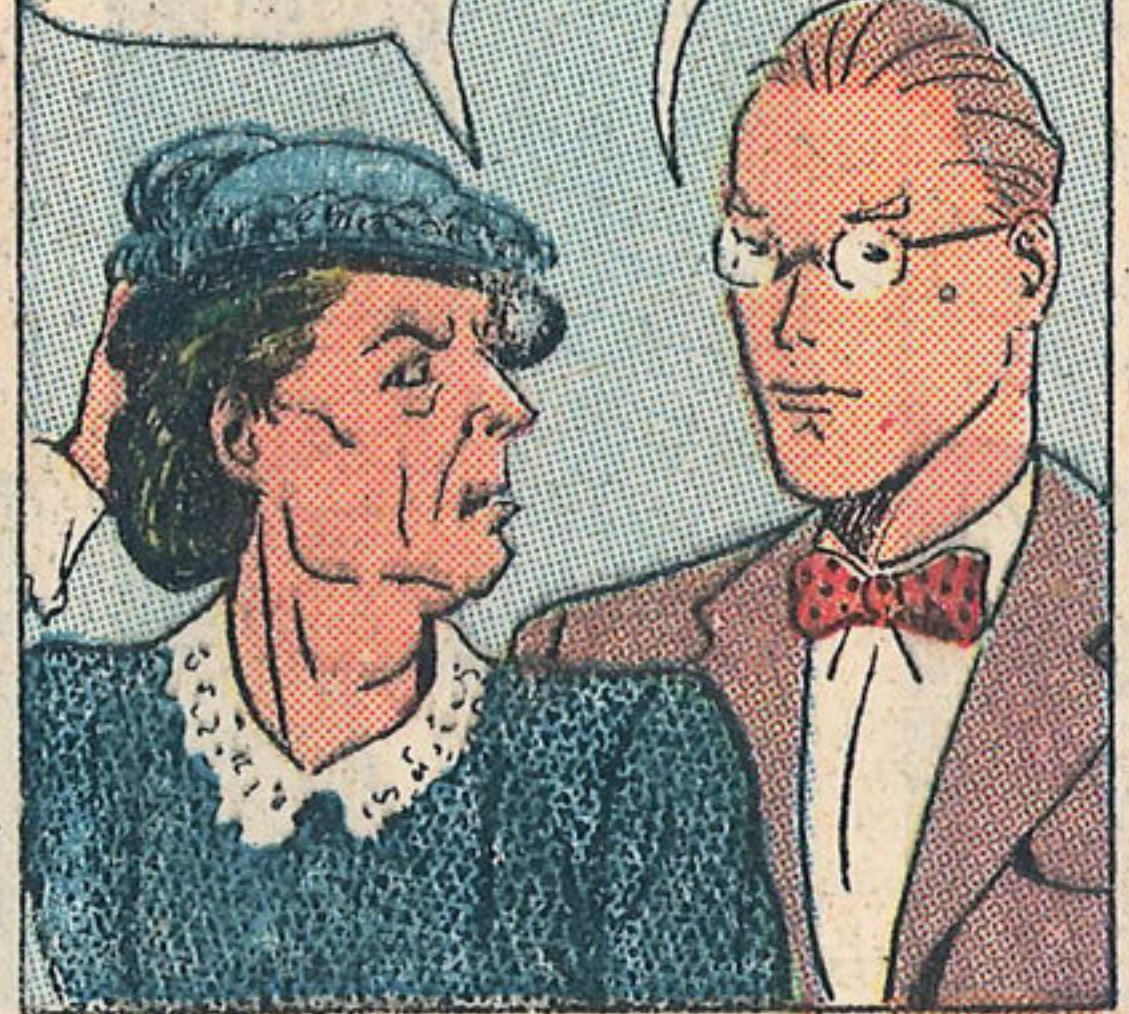
IRIS AND KING CHARGE THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR,
DOWN THE FRONT
STEPS, AND —



MAY I ASSIST YOU,
MADAME? ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT?



BUT IT AIN'T THAT
HUSSY'S FAULT
MY OLD BONES
AIN'T BROKE!
I'VE A —



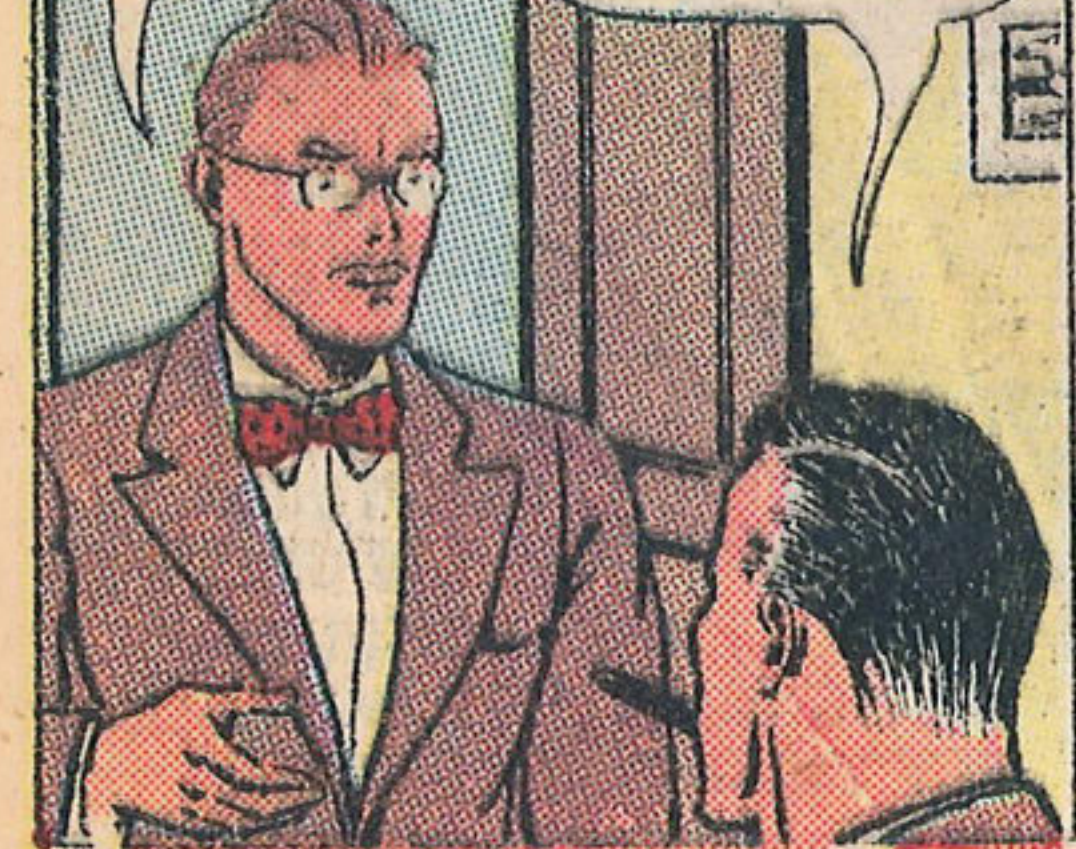
THEN, PLEASE
EXCUSE US.
HERE COMES
A CAB.

IRIS AND KING ARRIVE AT THE
AGENCY.

EIGHT THIRTY!
FINE TIME TO SHOW UP! YOU
TWO BEEN TO A MOVIE?

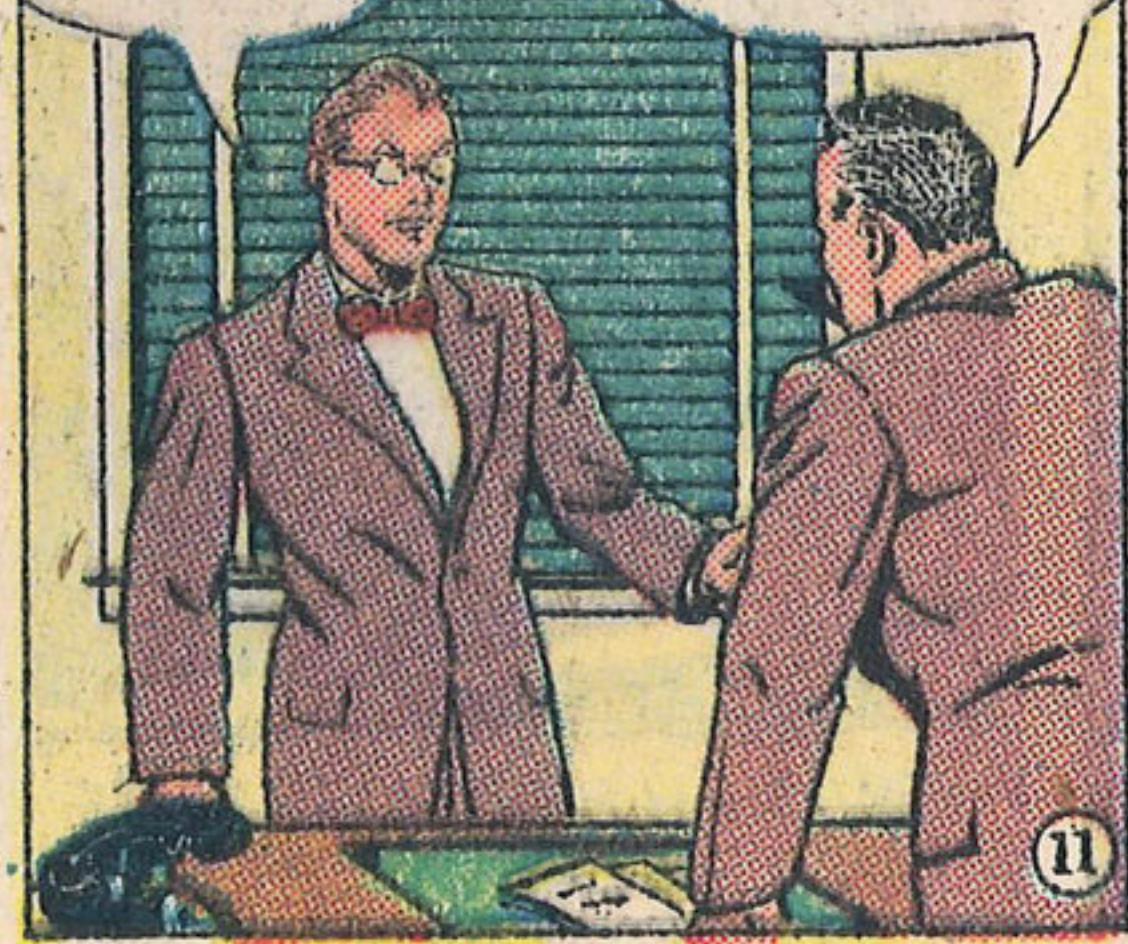


MOVIE! DIDN'T
URSUS TELL
YOU ABOUT
IRIS? WHERE
I'D GONE,
WHIP?



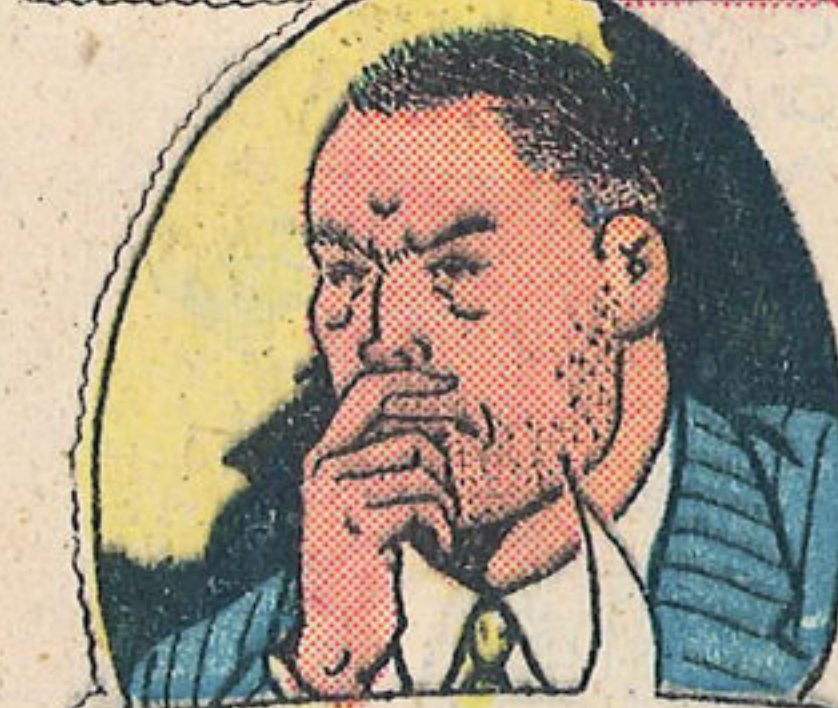
URSUS? I
RETURNED
AT NOON—
HAVEN'T
SEEN OR
HEARD FROM
HIM ALL DAY.

ZEUS ON OLYMPUS!
WHIP, HE DIDN'T
OBEY ORDERS!
I HOPE NOTHING
HAS HAPPENED
TO HIM!

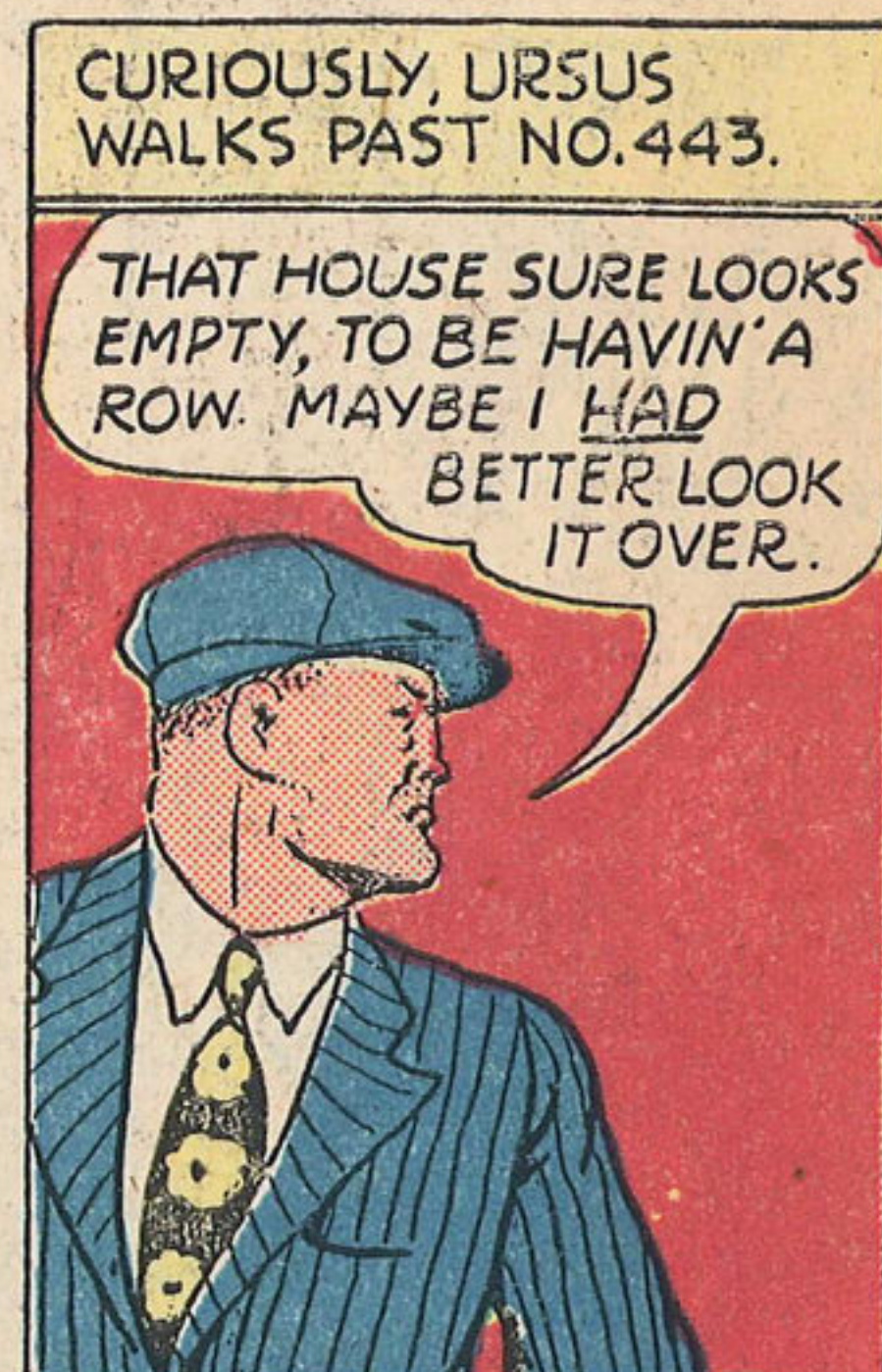
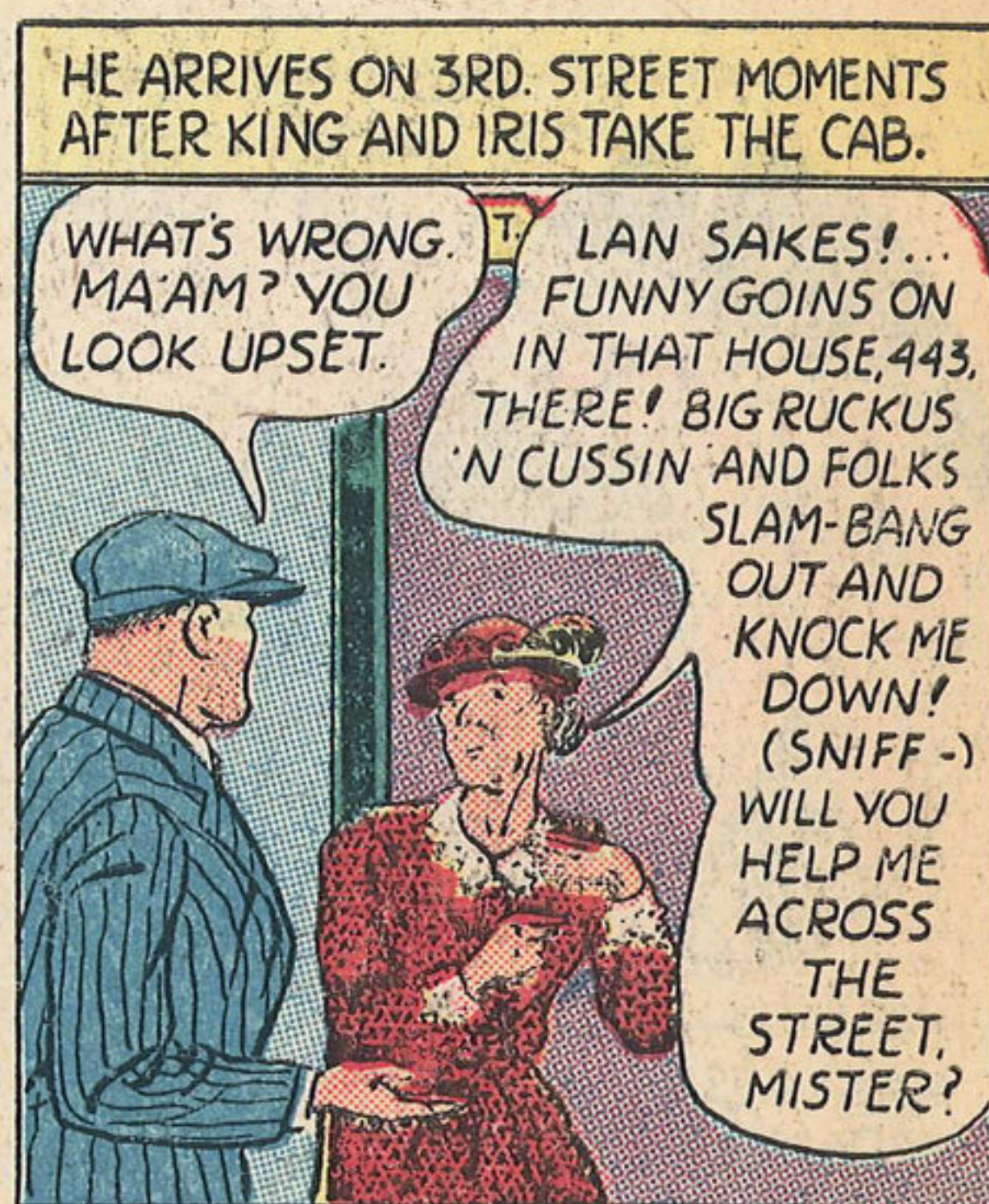
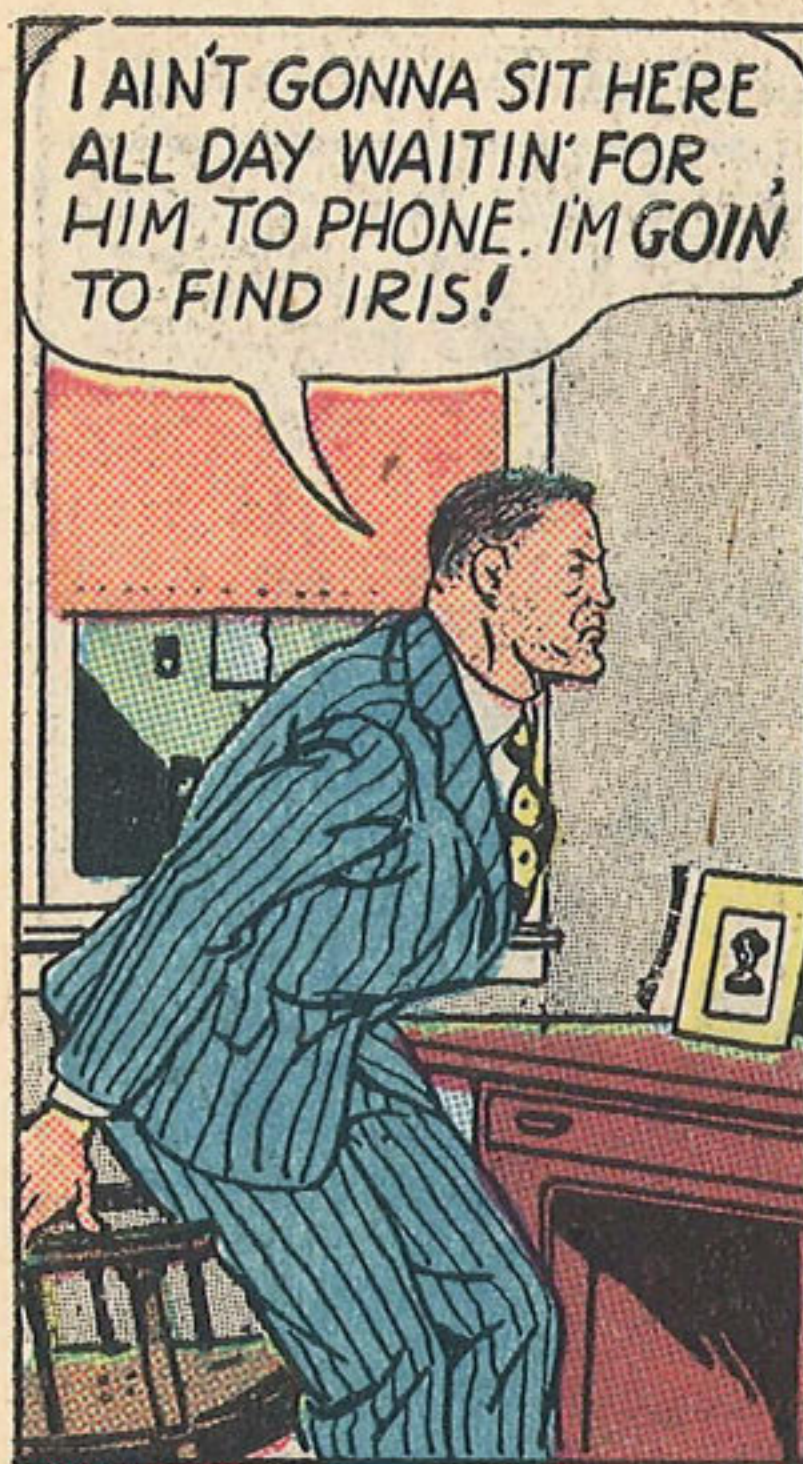


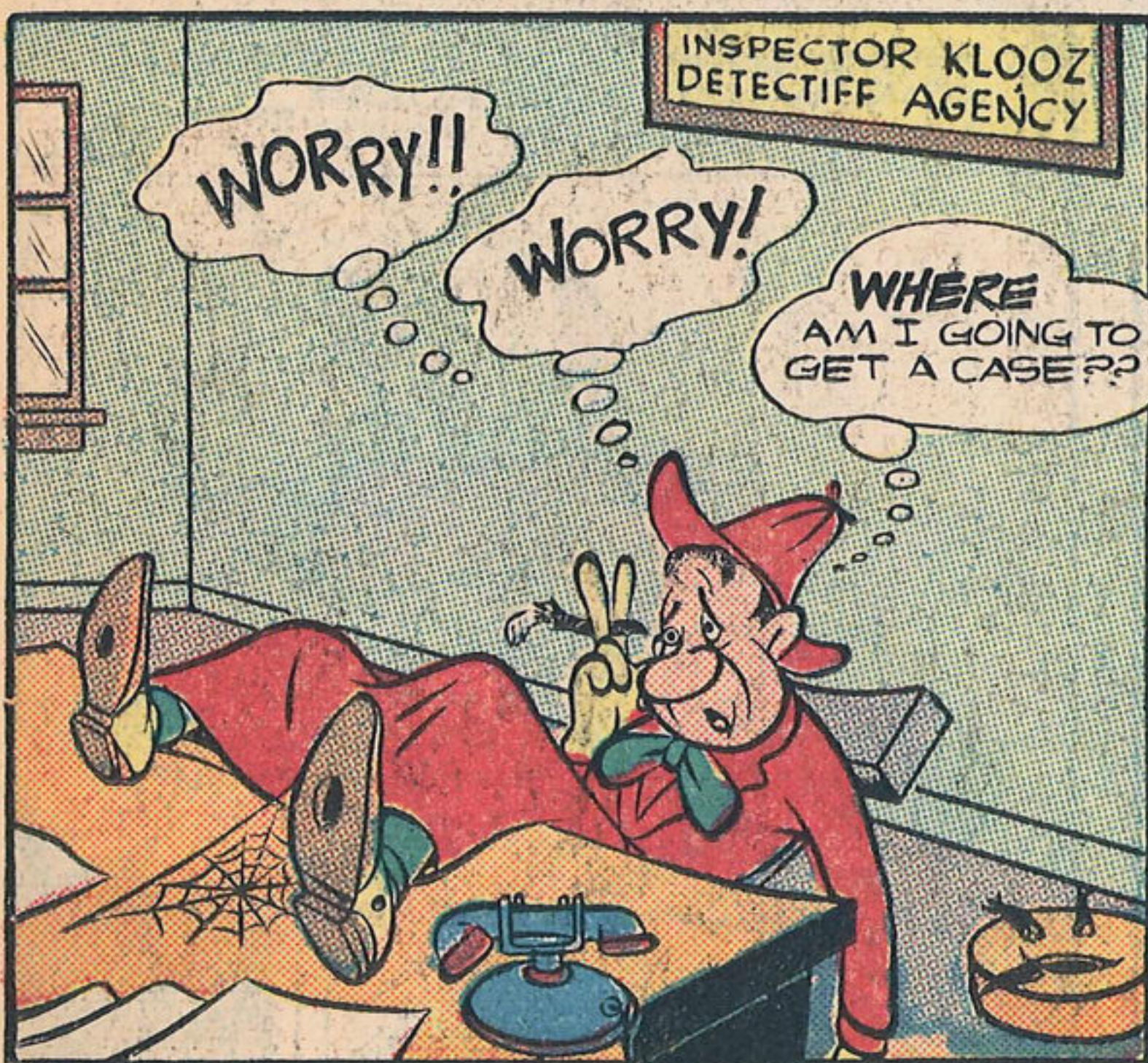
HEY!
WHAT'S
THIS ALL
ABOUT?
LET ME IN
ON IT, KING!

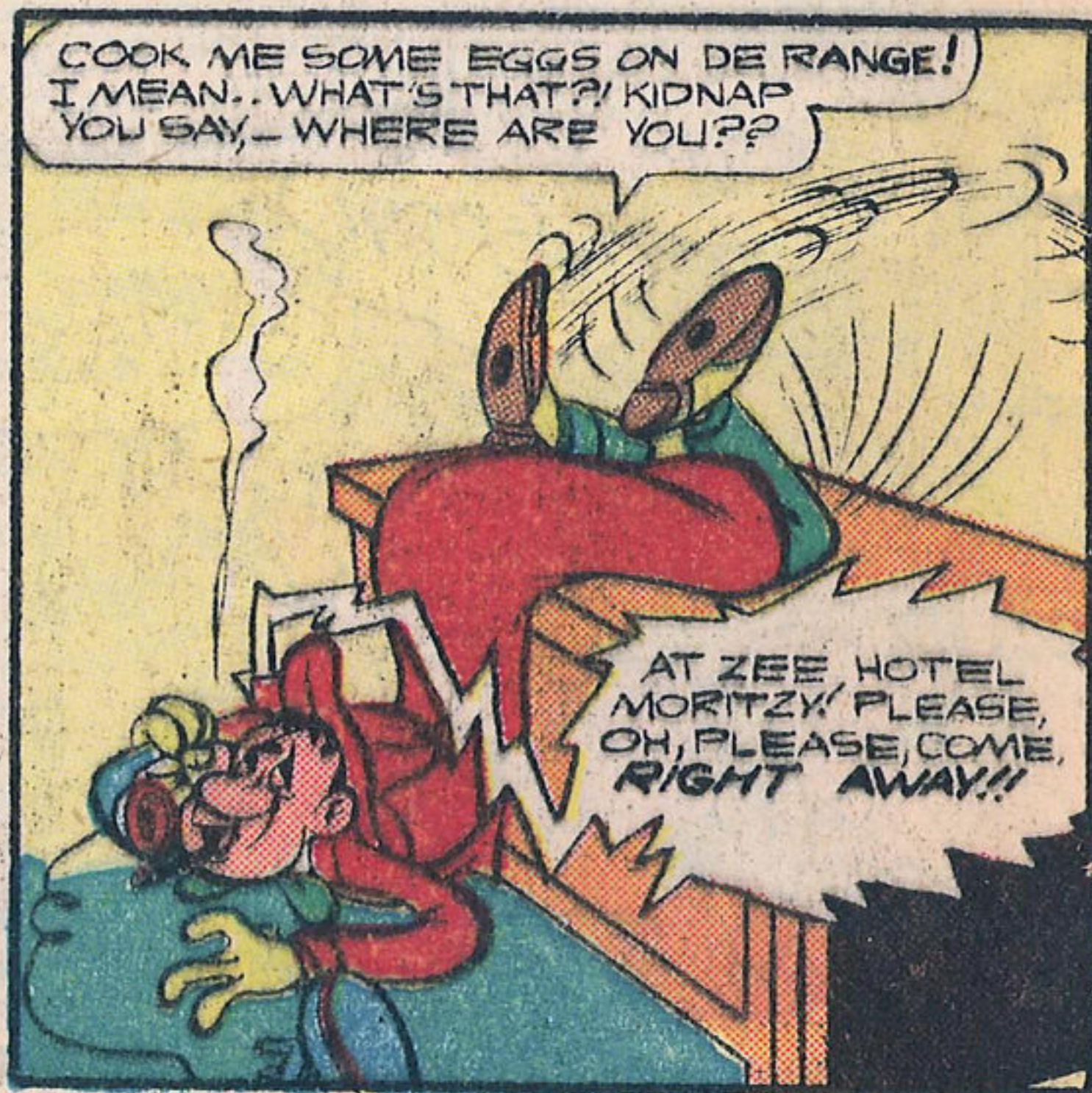
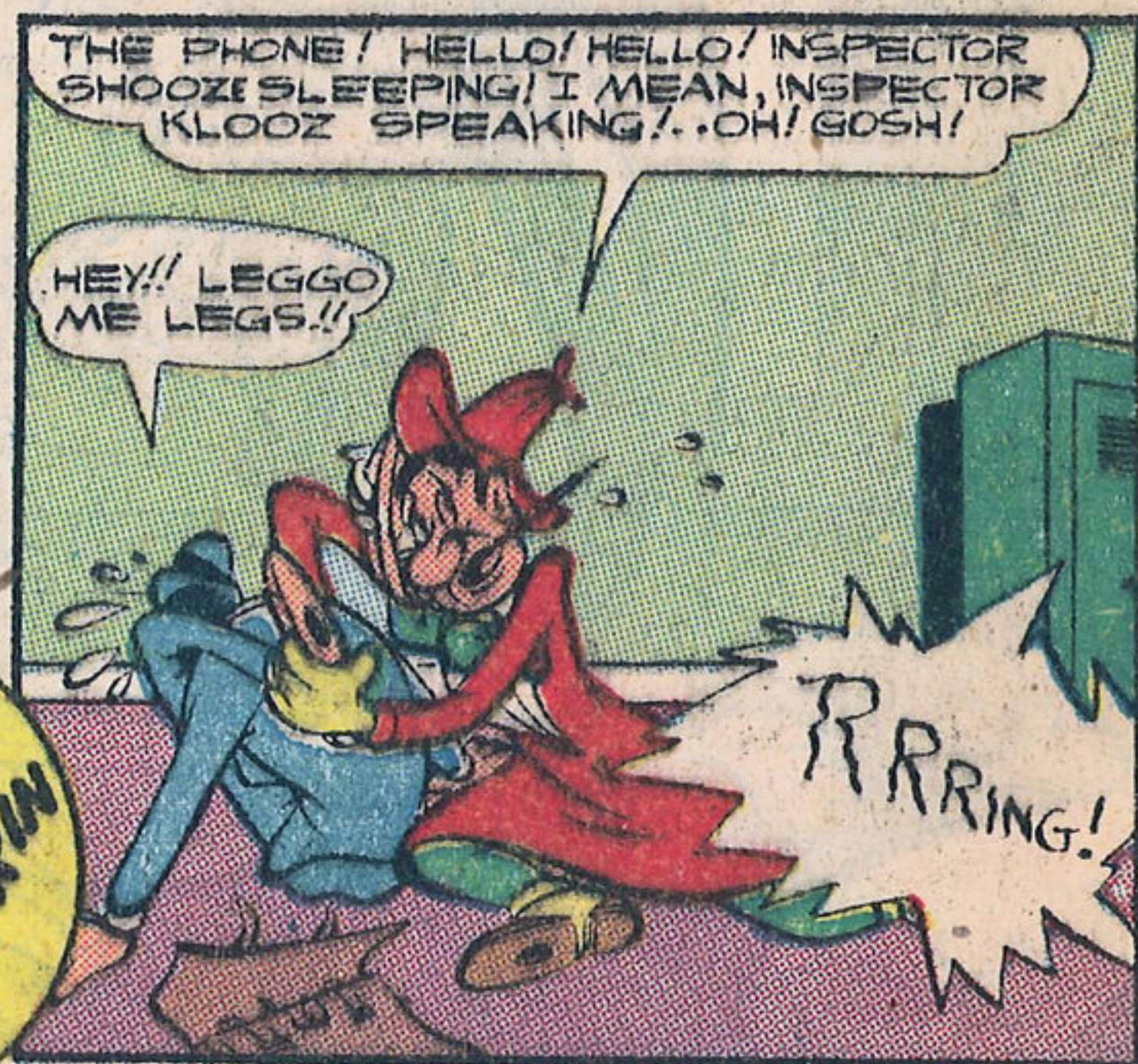
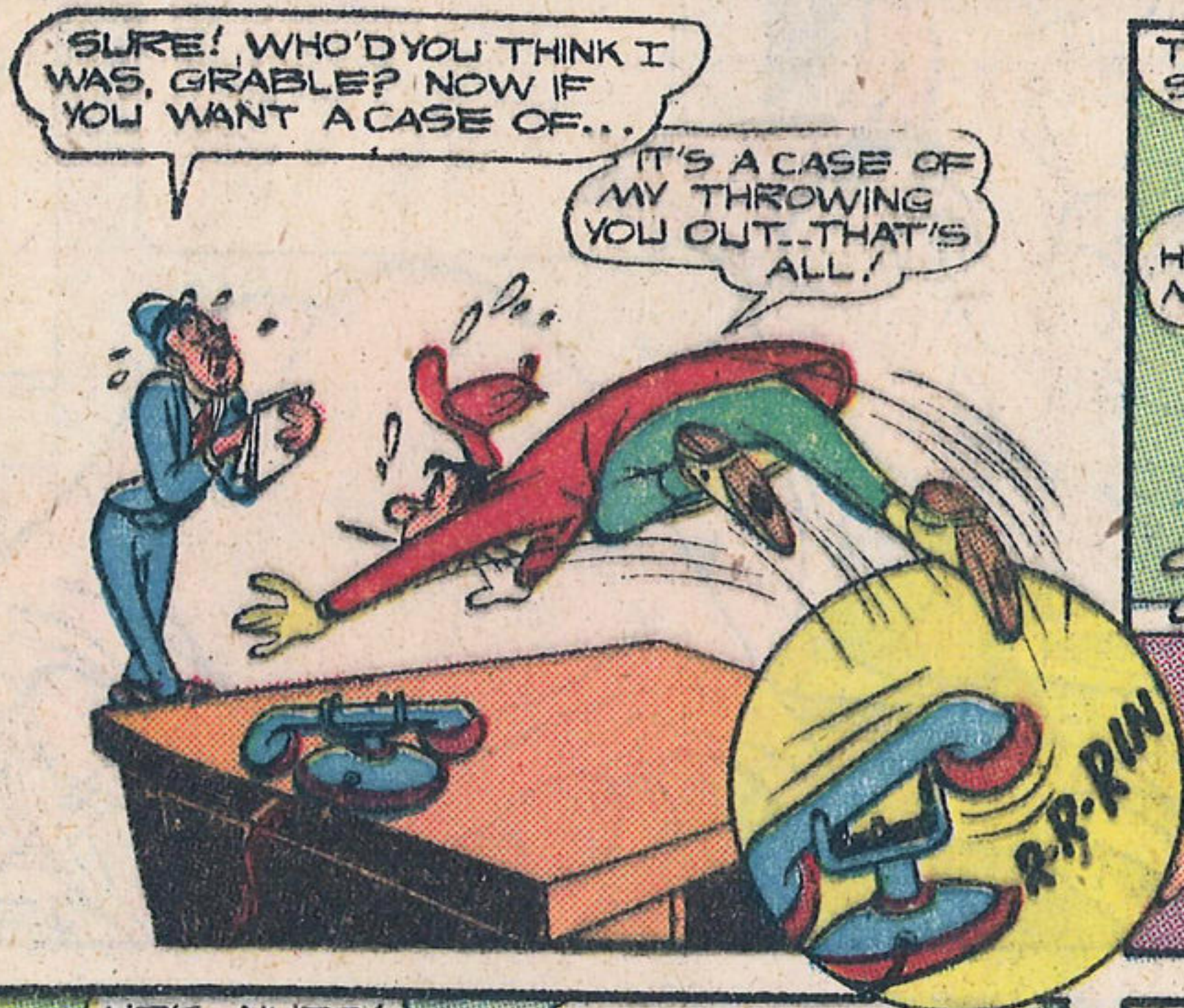
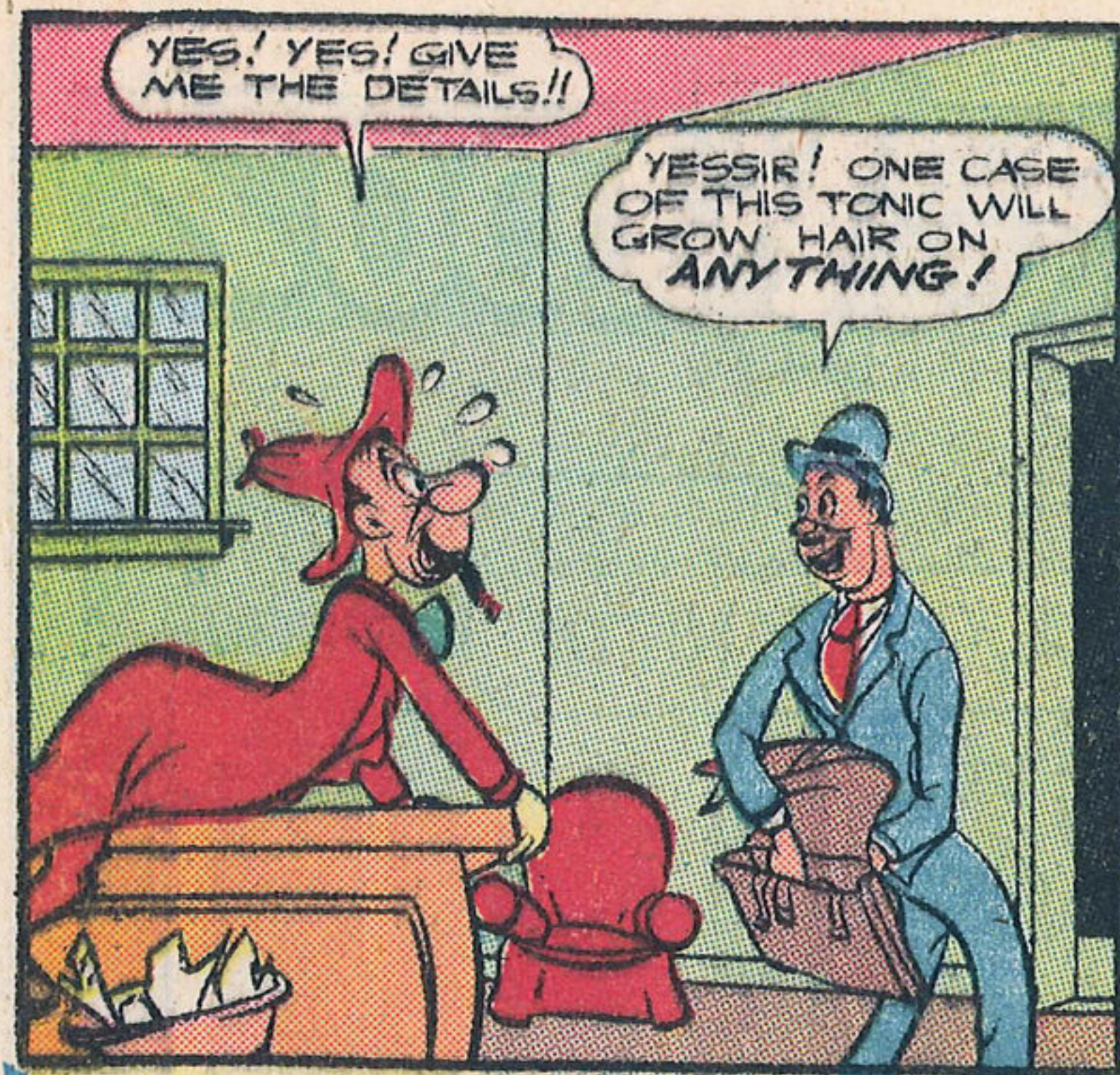
LET US SEE ABOUT
URSUS. KING HAD BEEN
GONE AN HOUR —

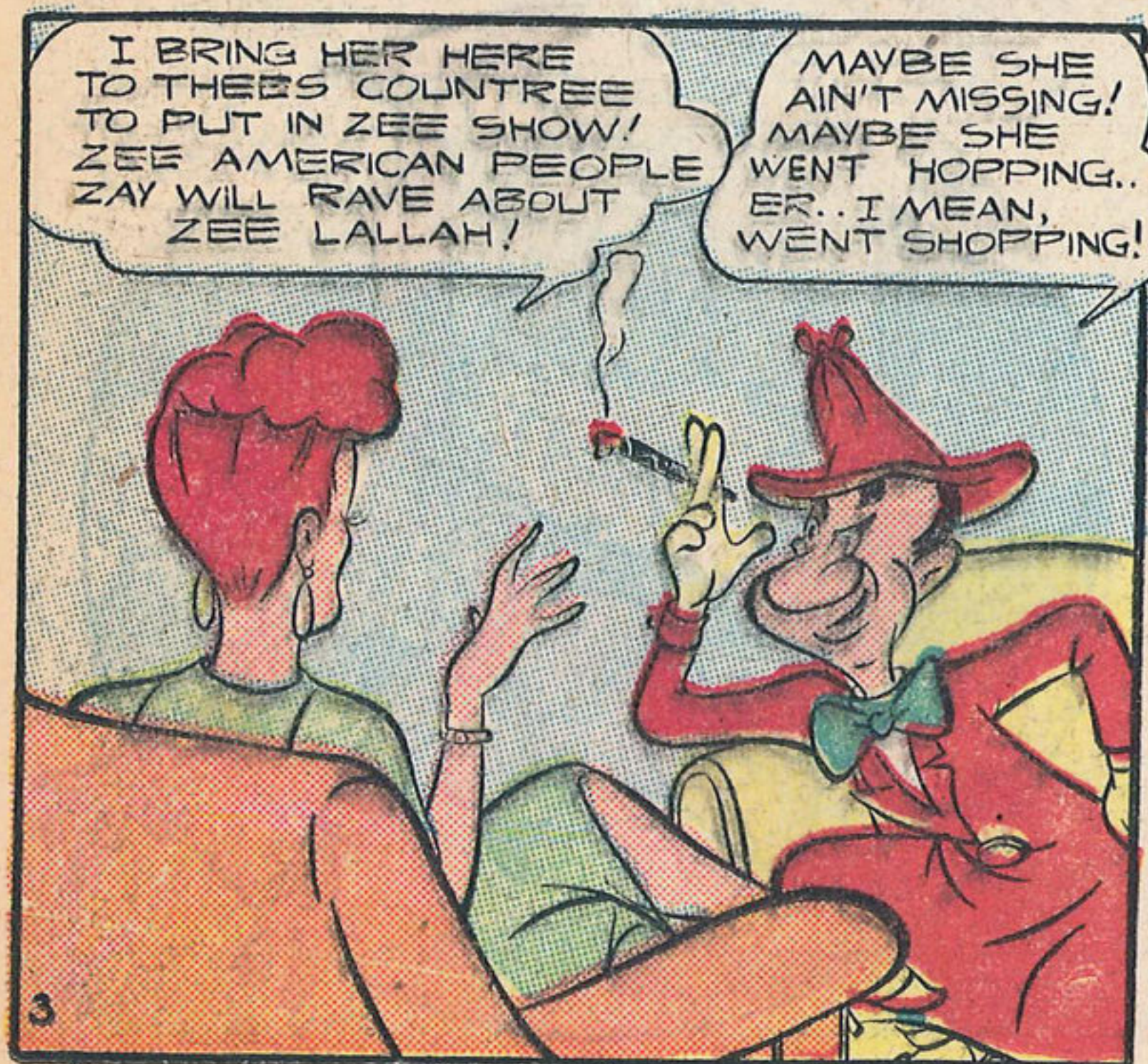
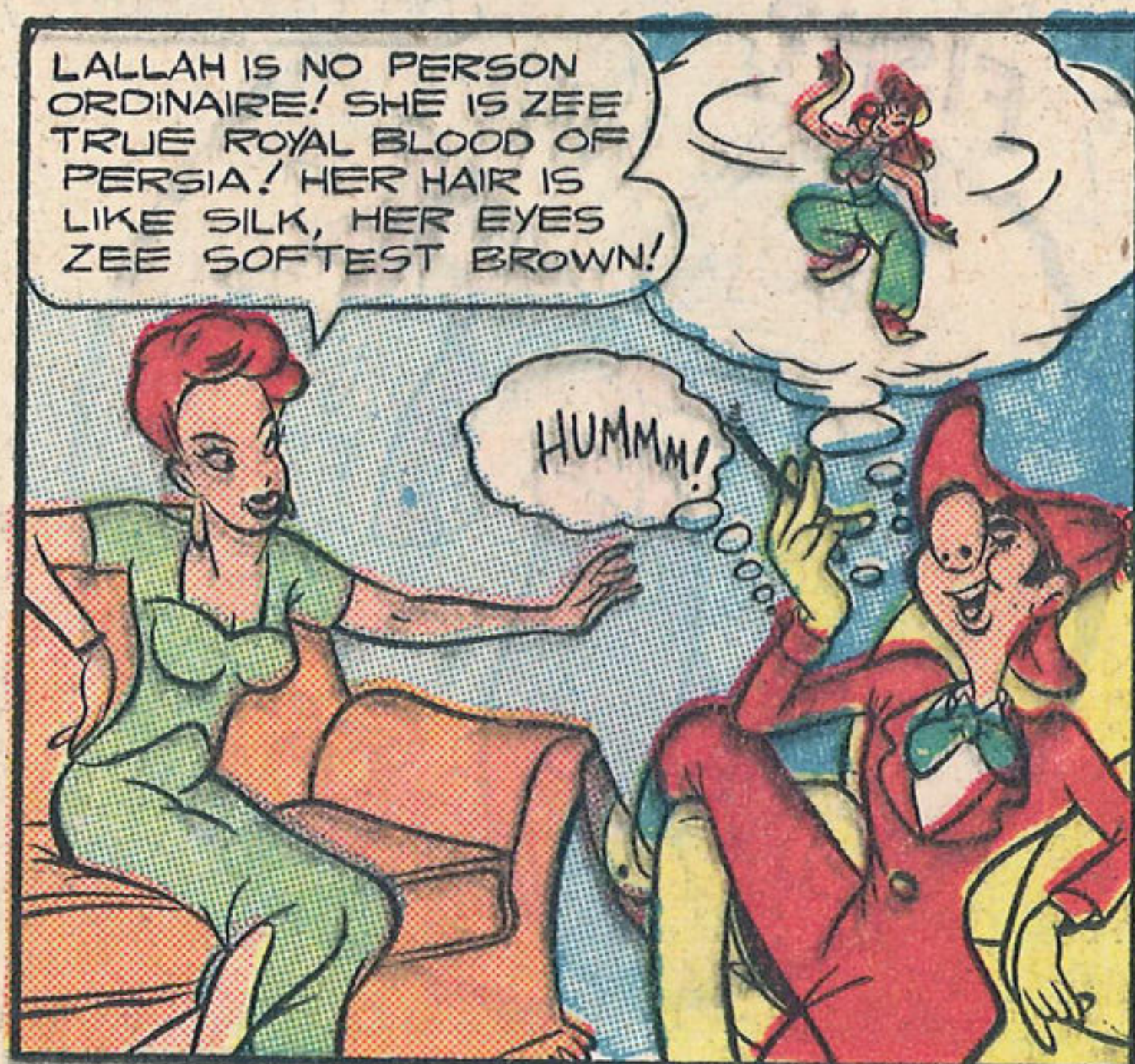
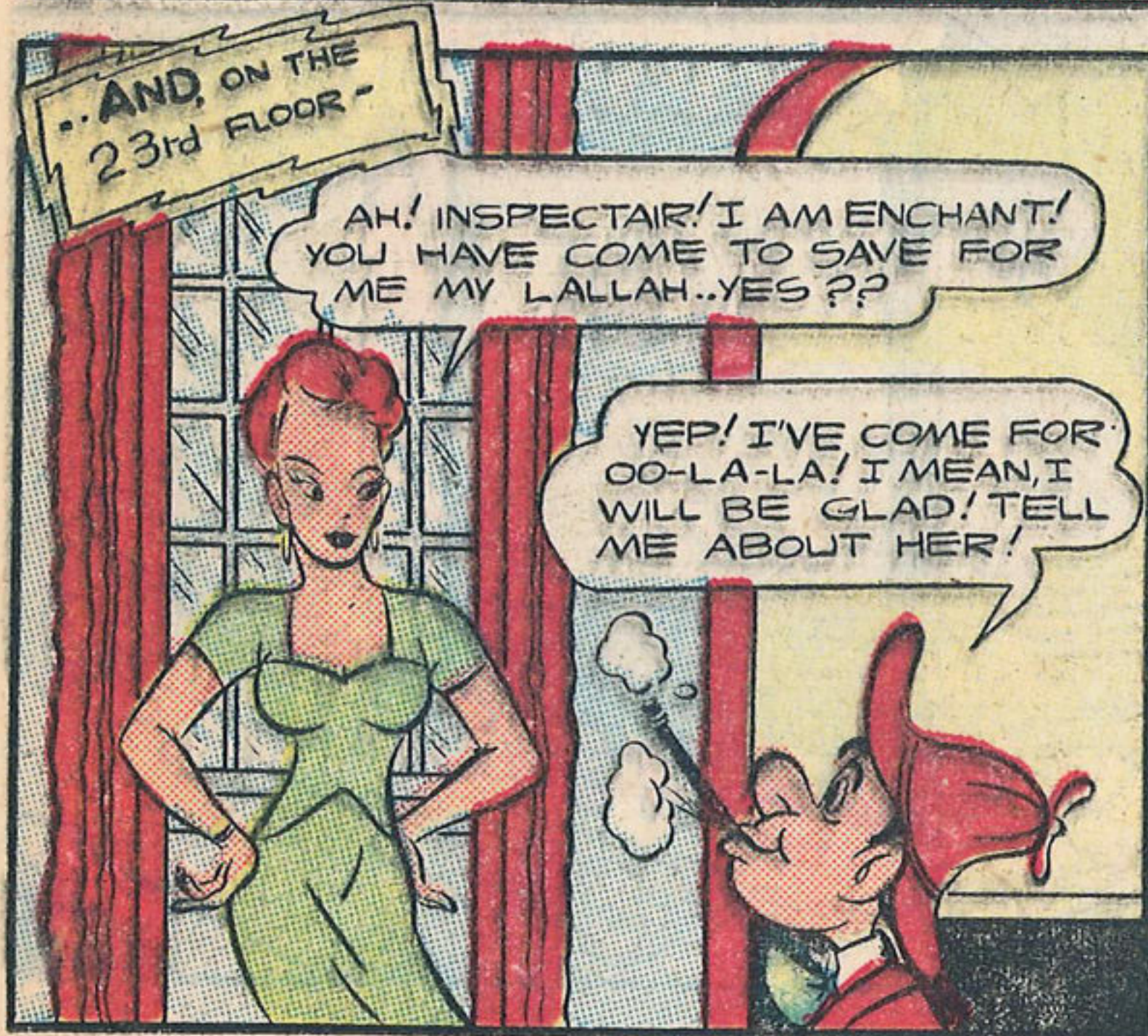
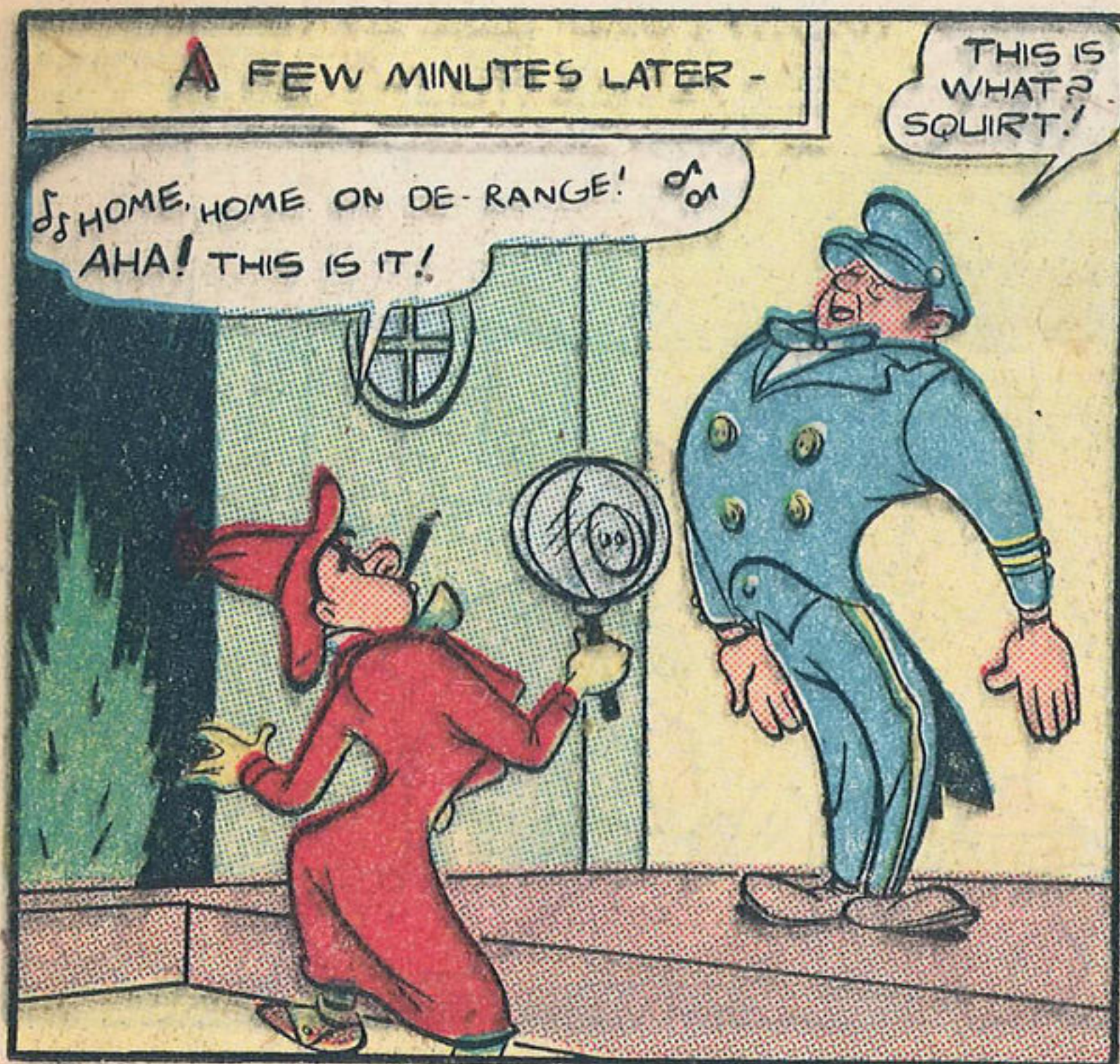


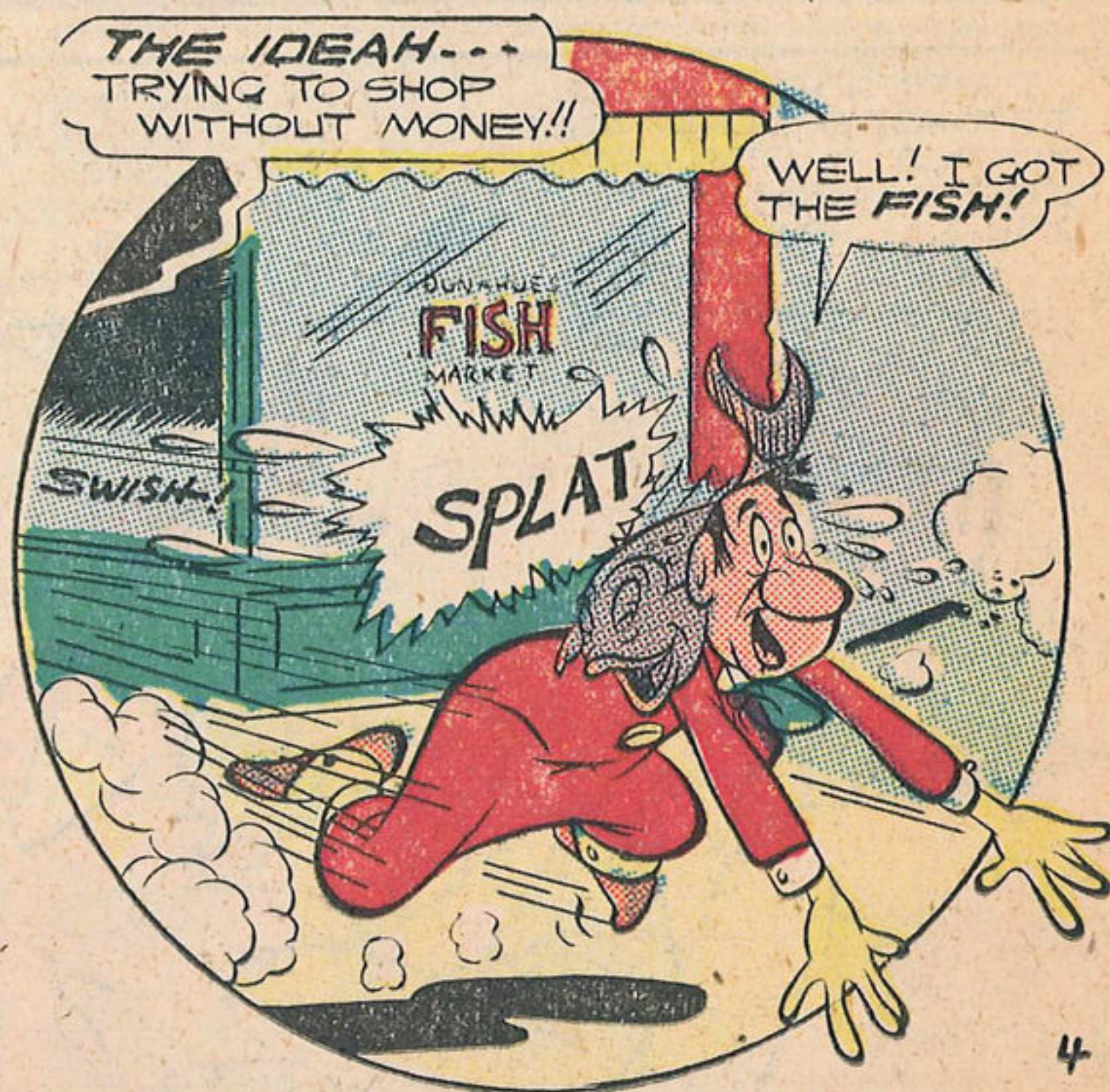
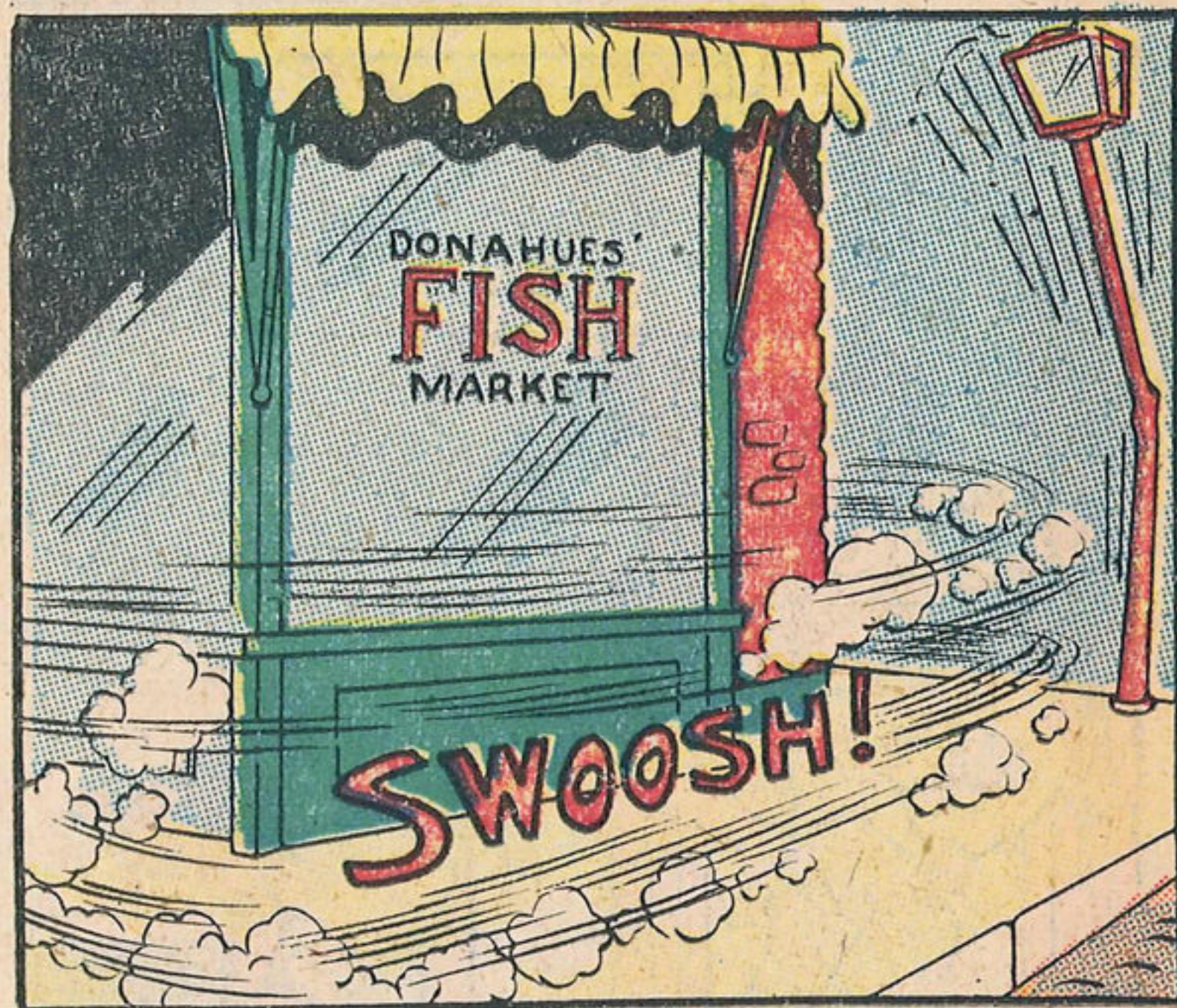
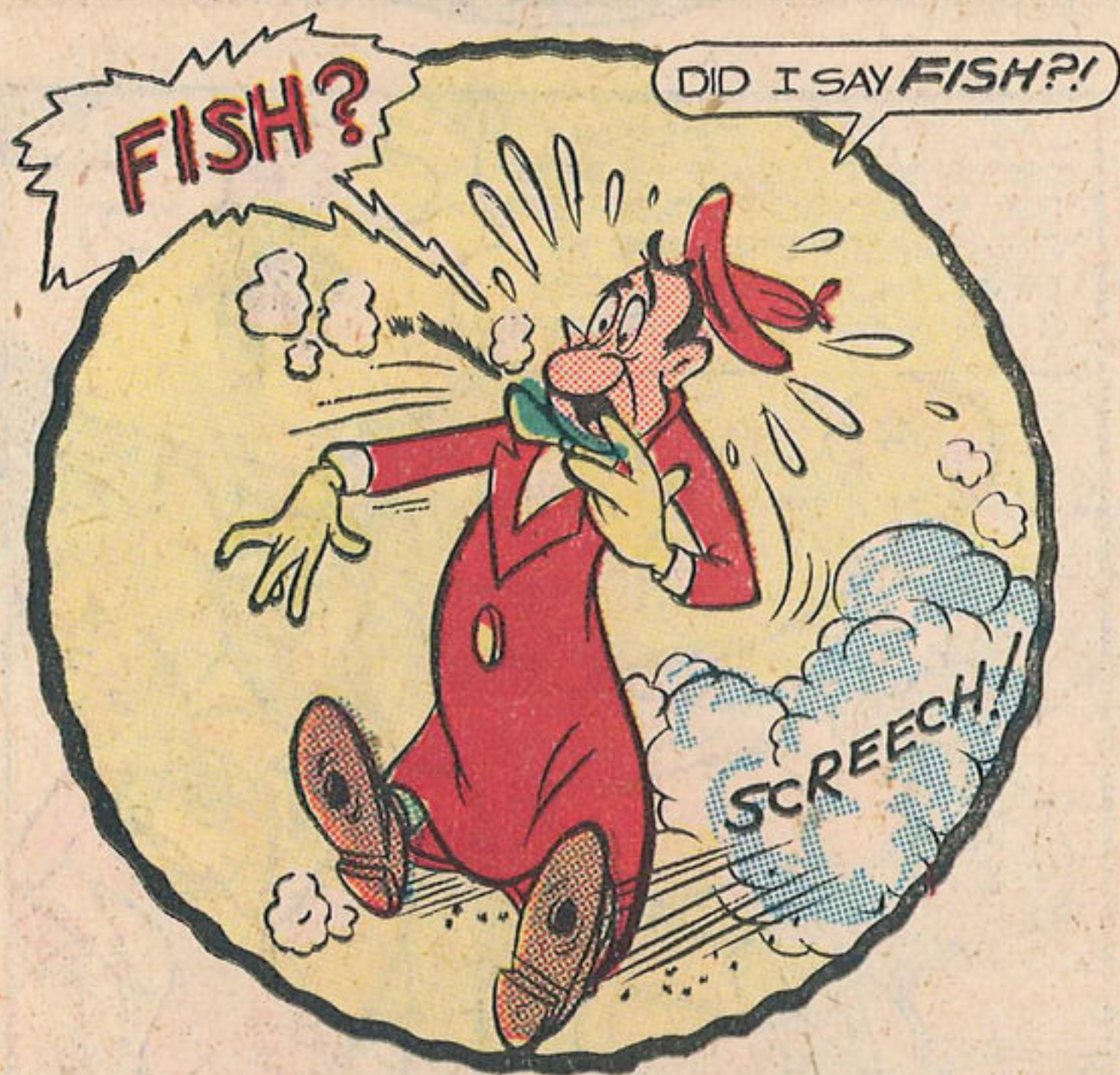
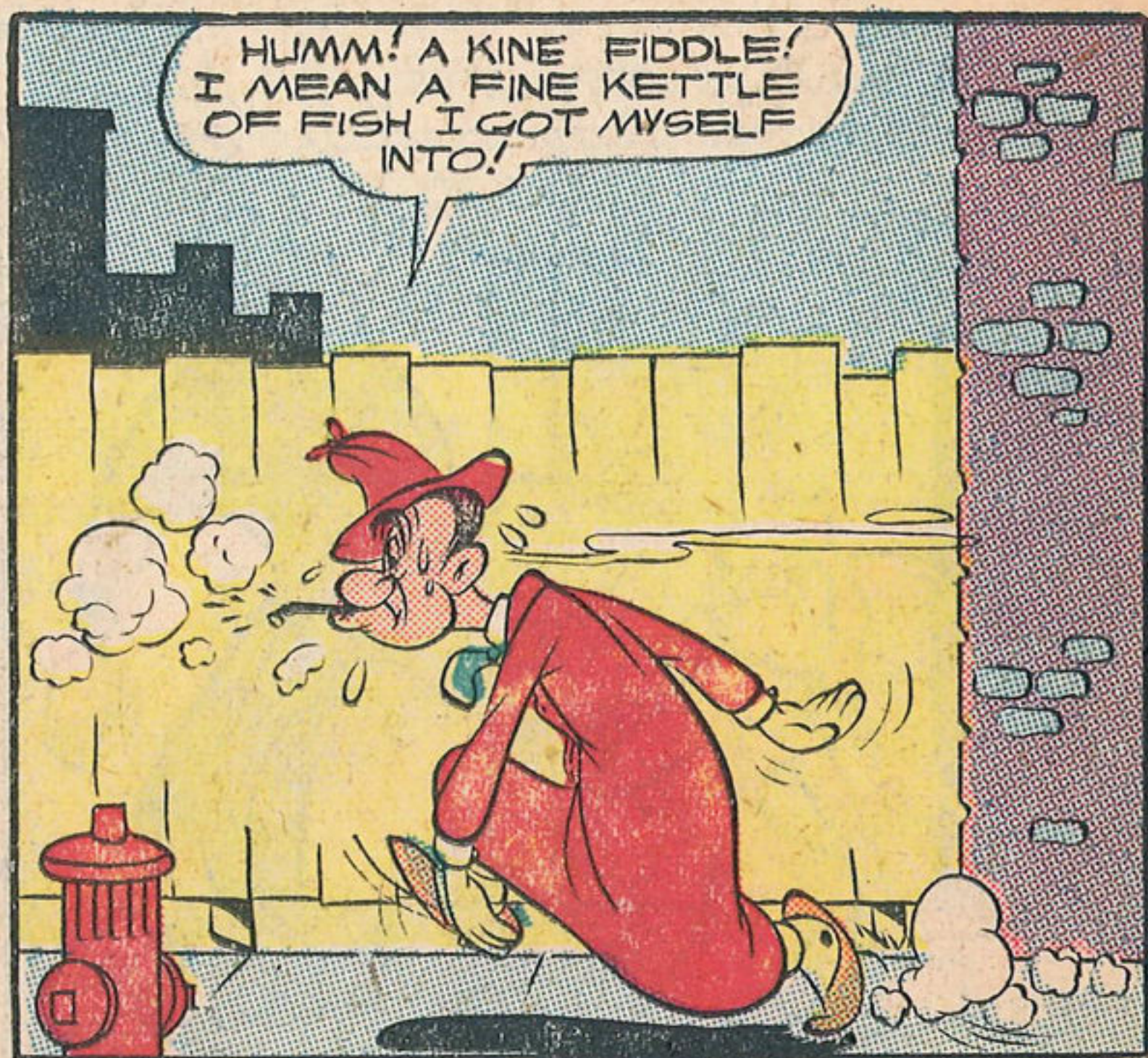
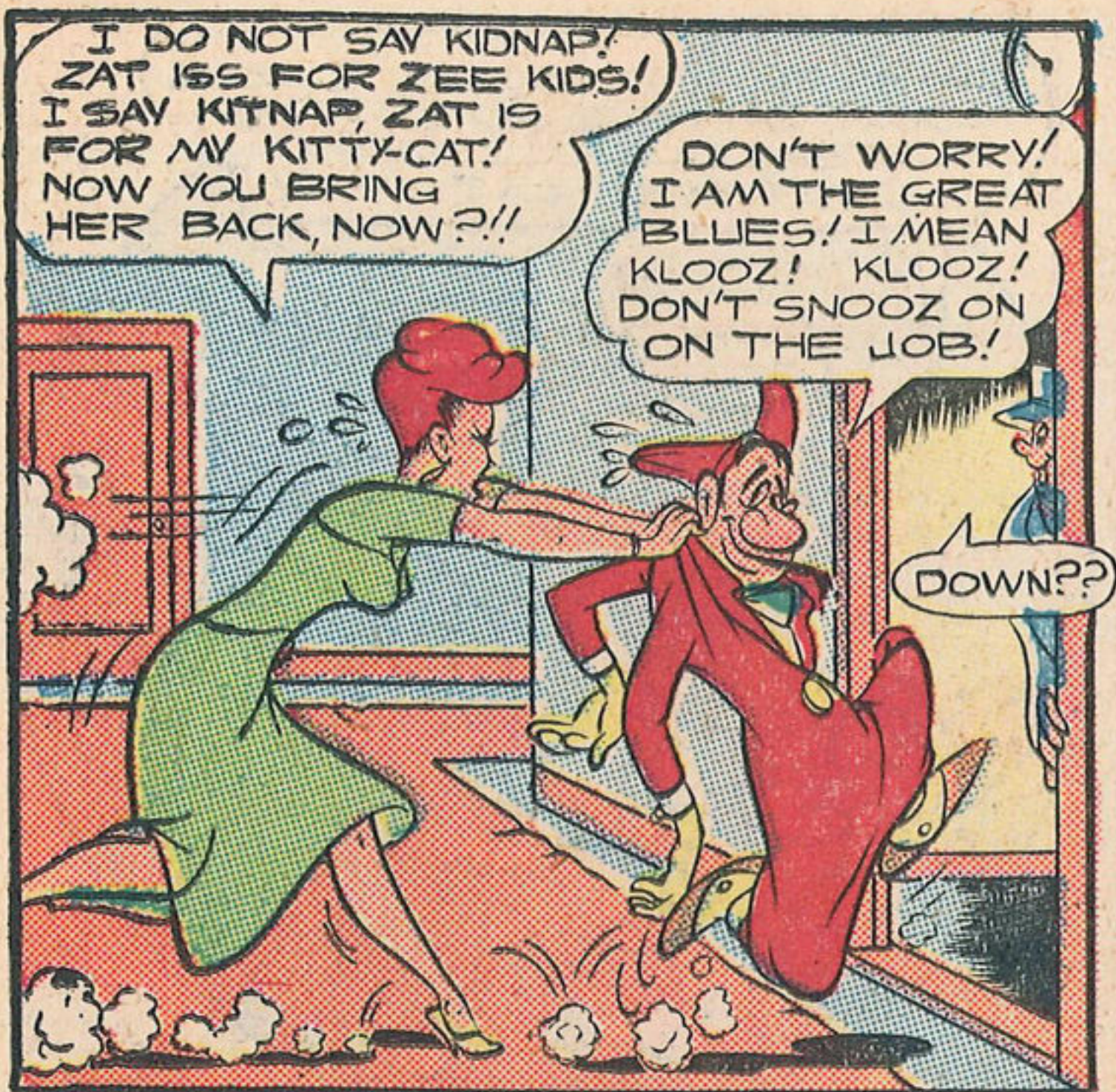
HOW'D KING THROW ME?
TEAR-MY-TIE! HE'S GOT
MORE STUFF THAN I
THOUGHT! ... BUT! TO
HECK WITH HIS ORDERS!

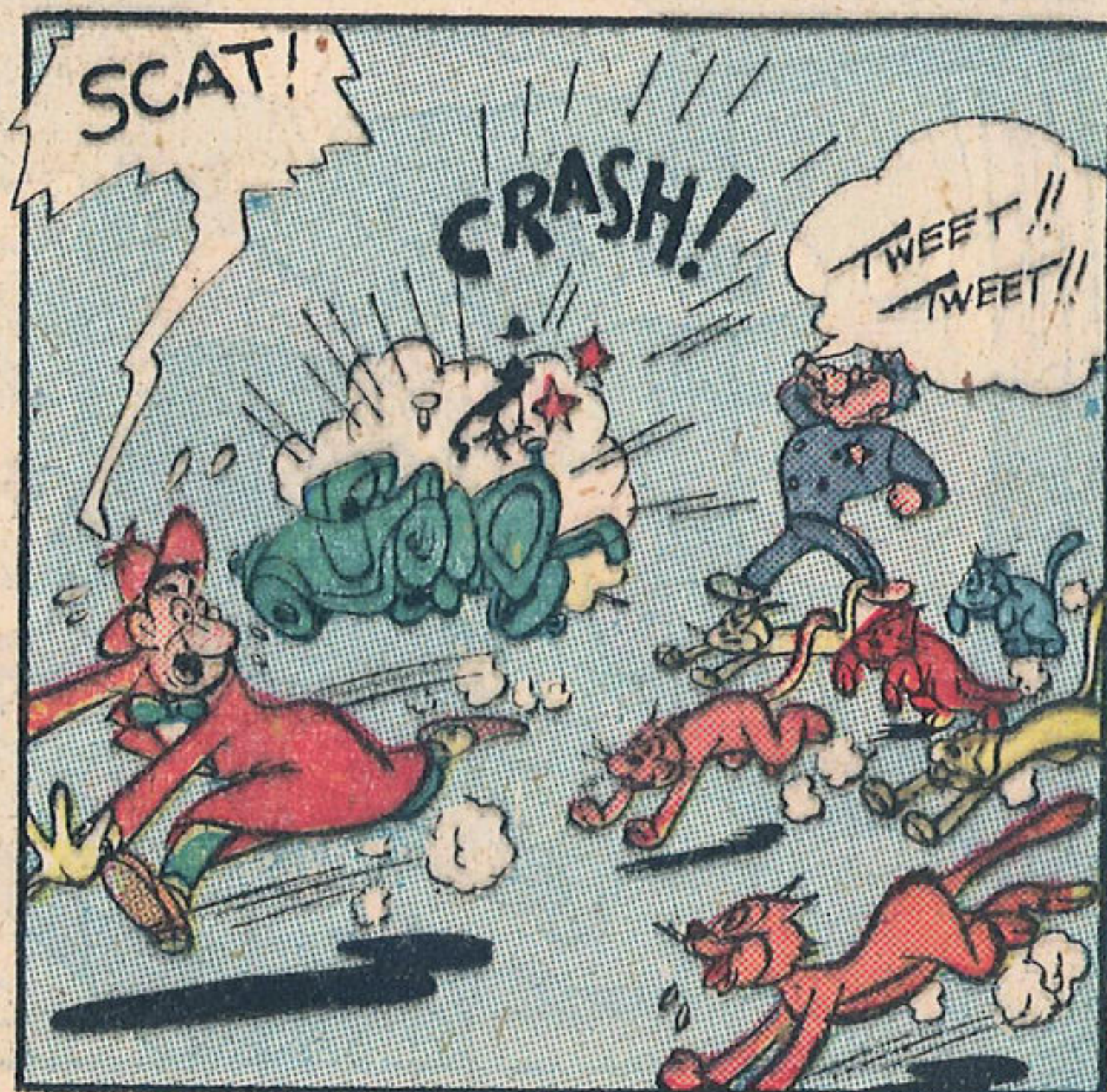
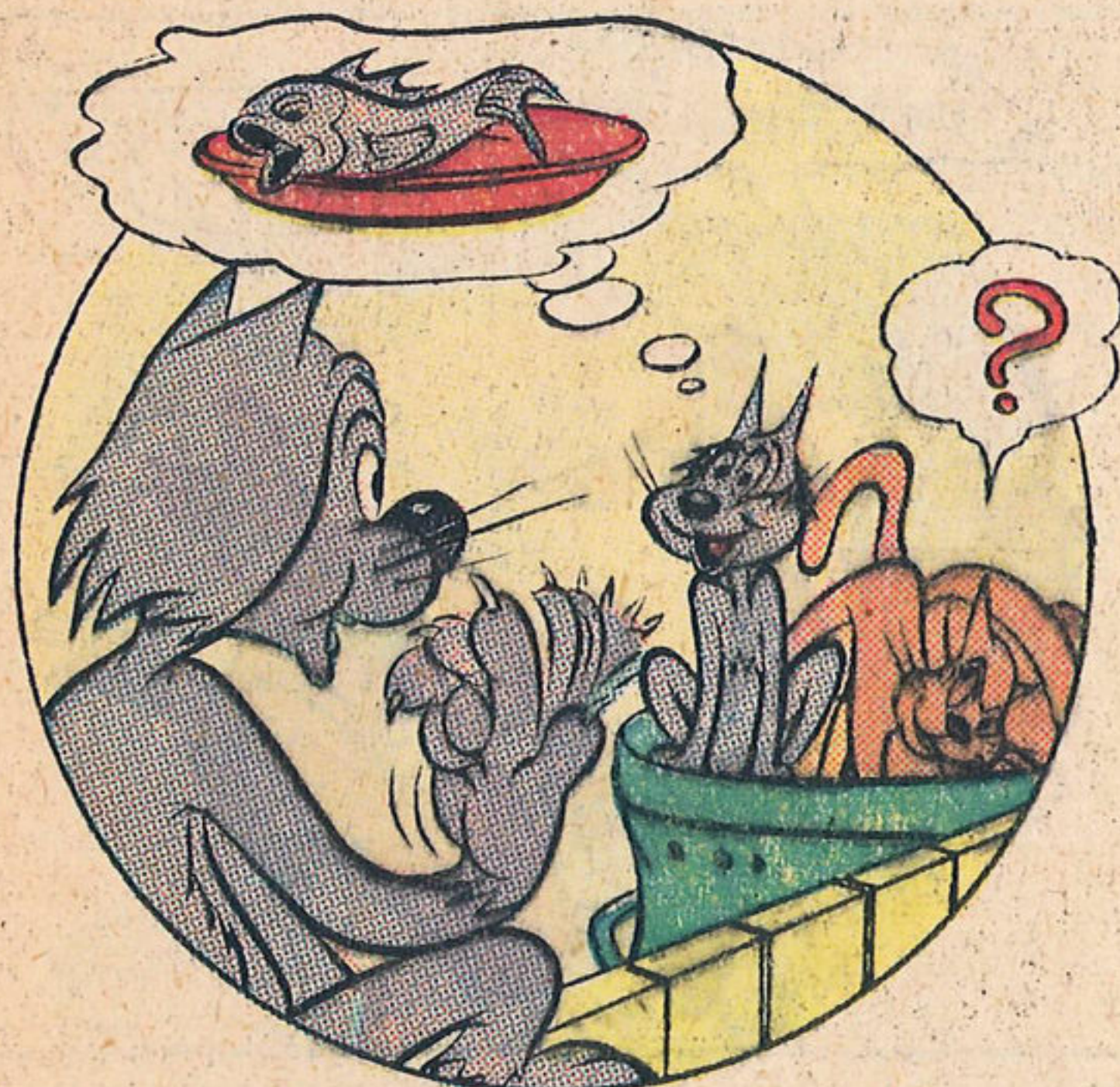
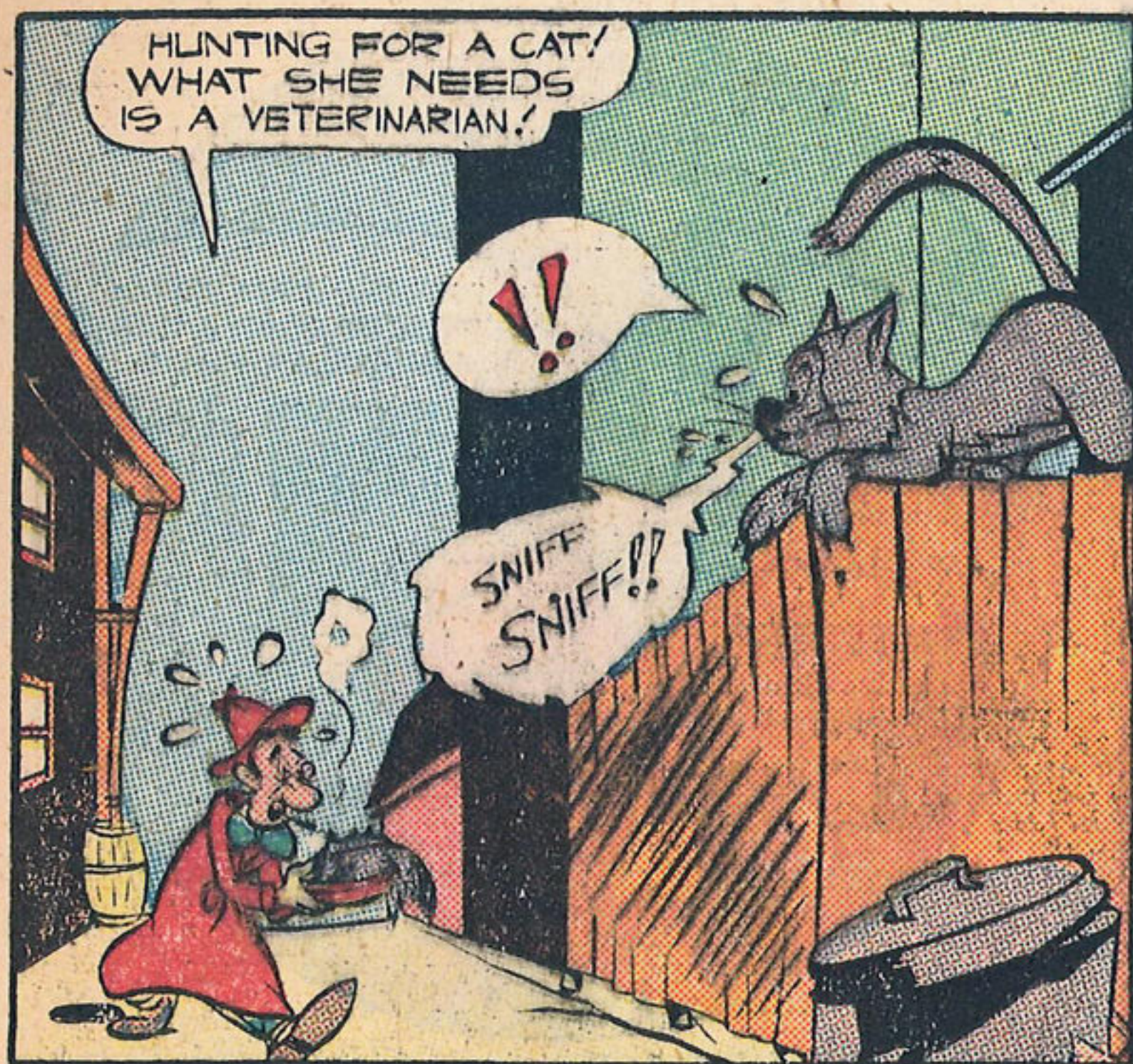


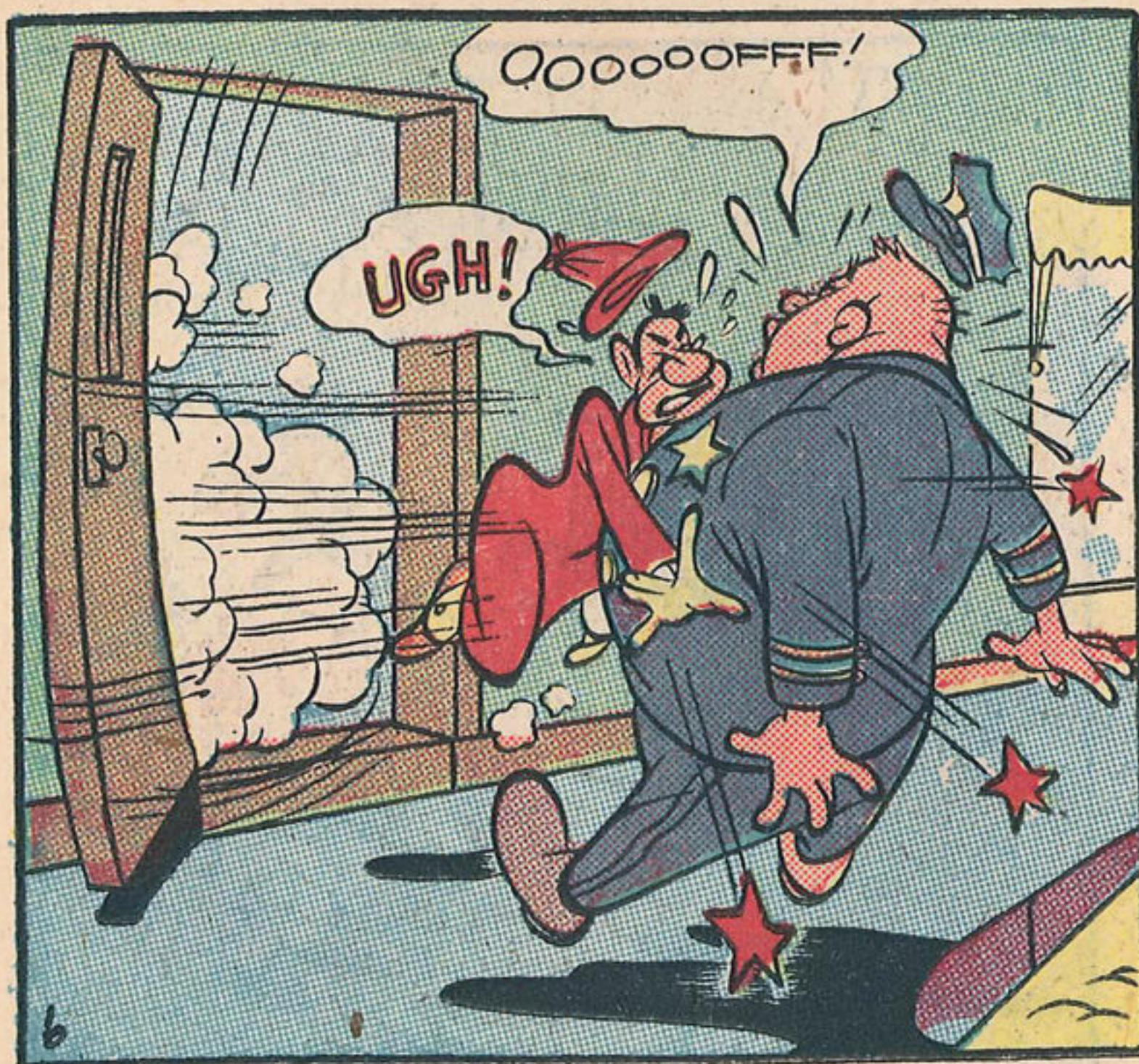
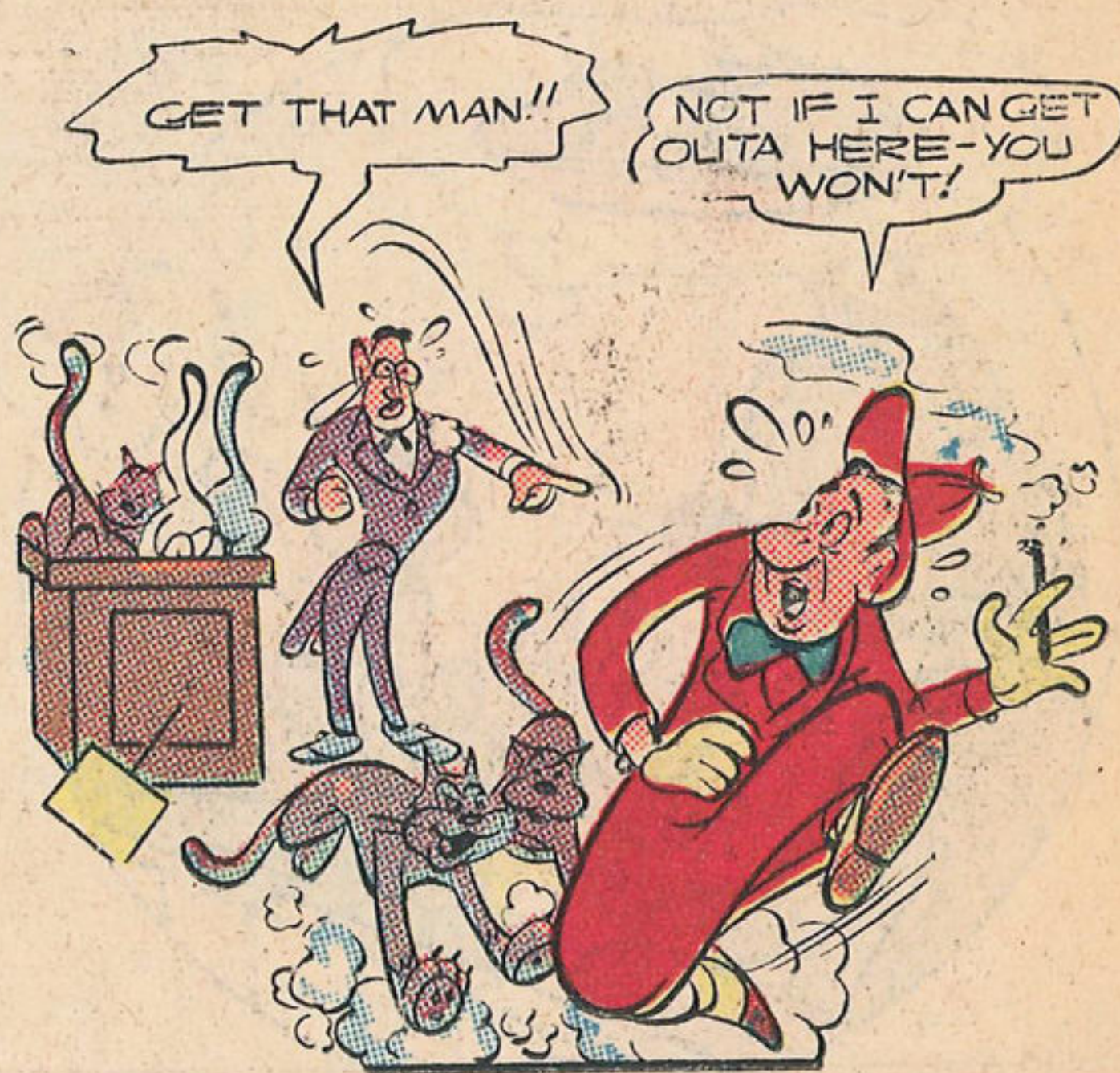
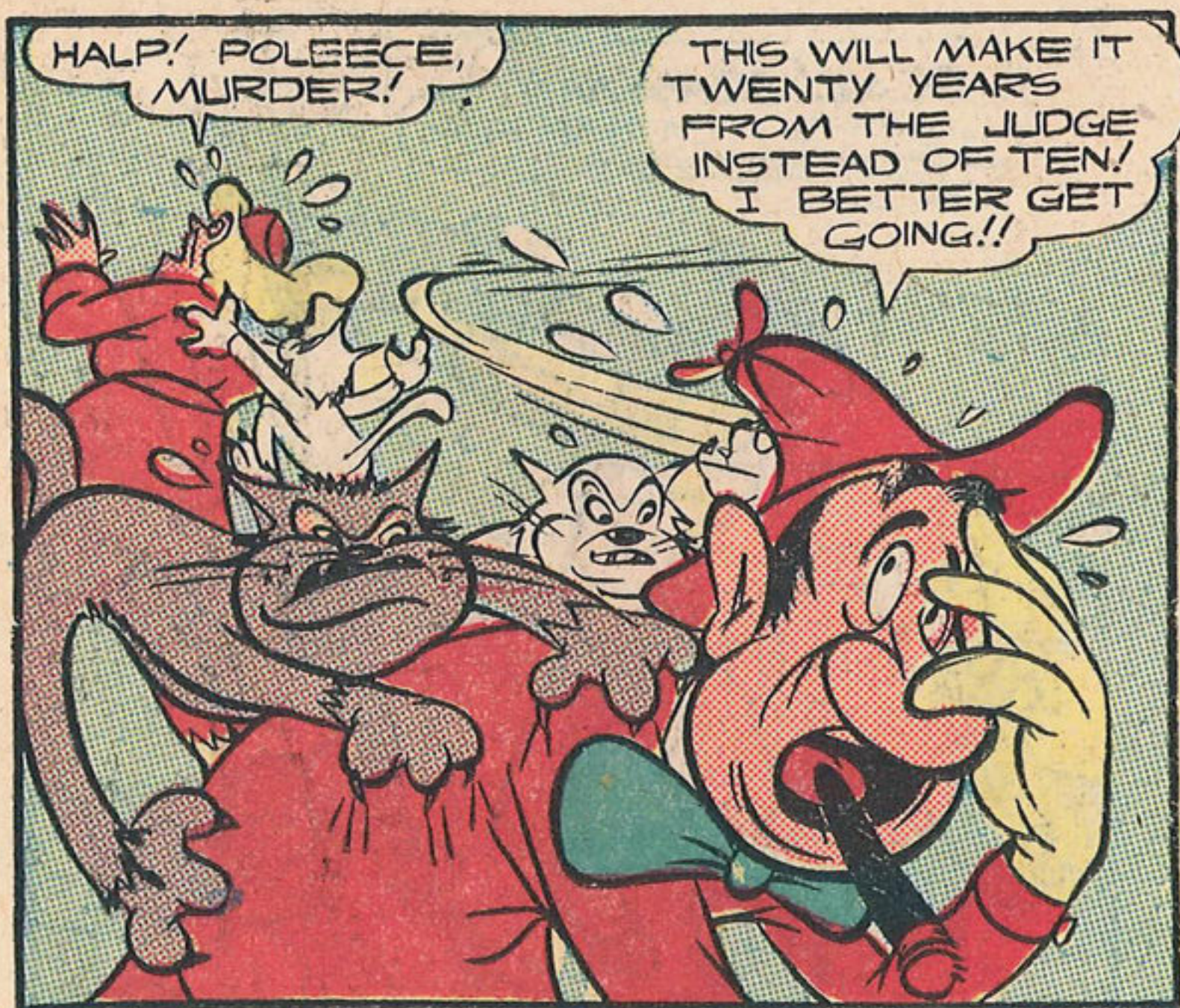
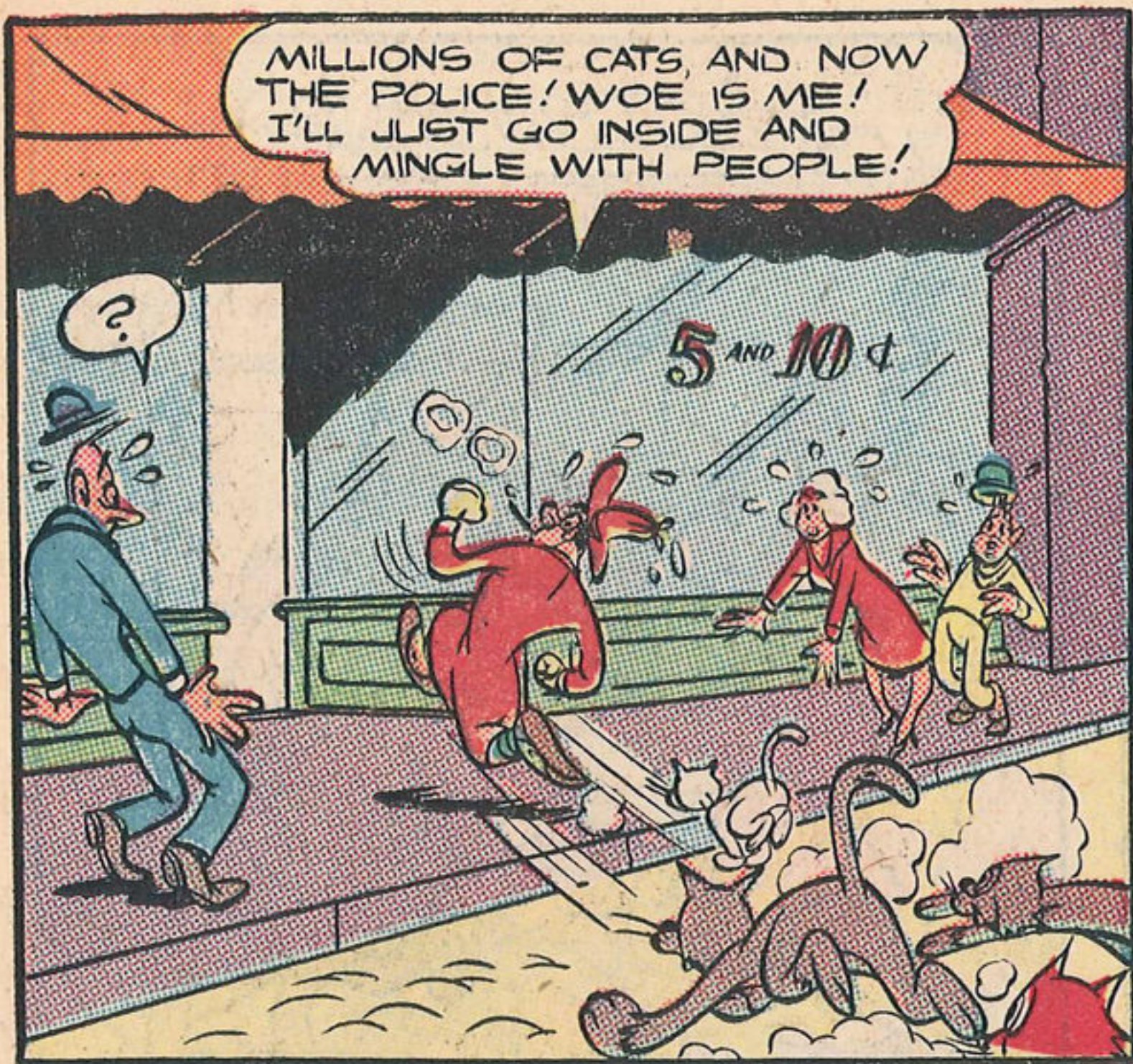


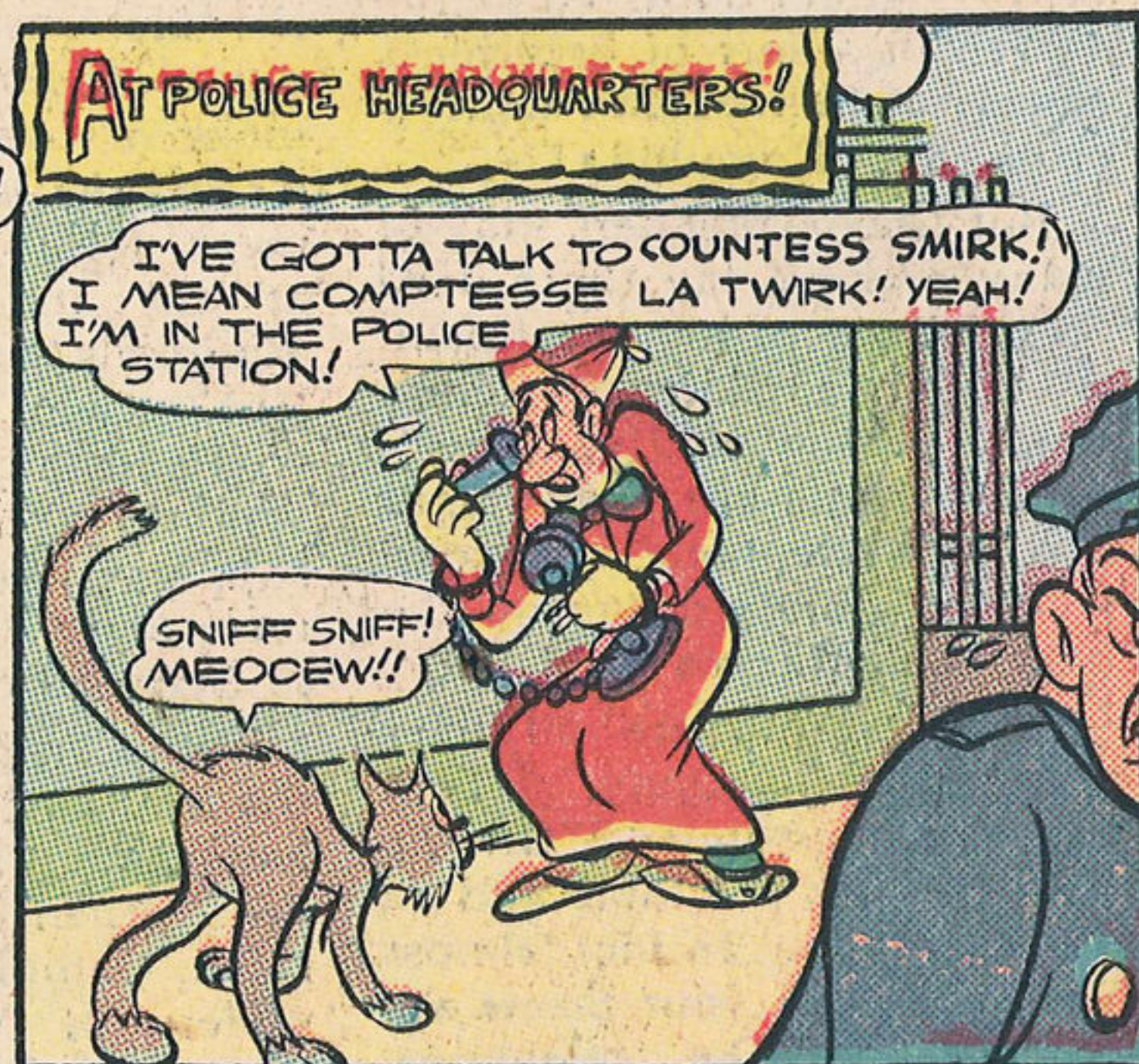
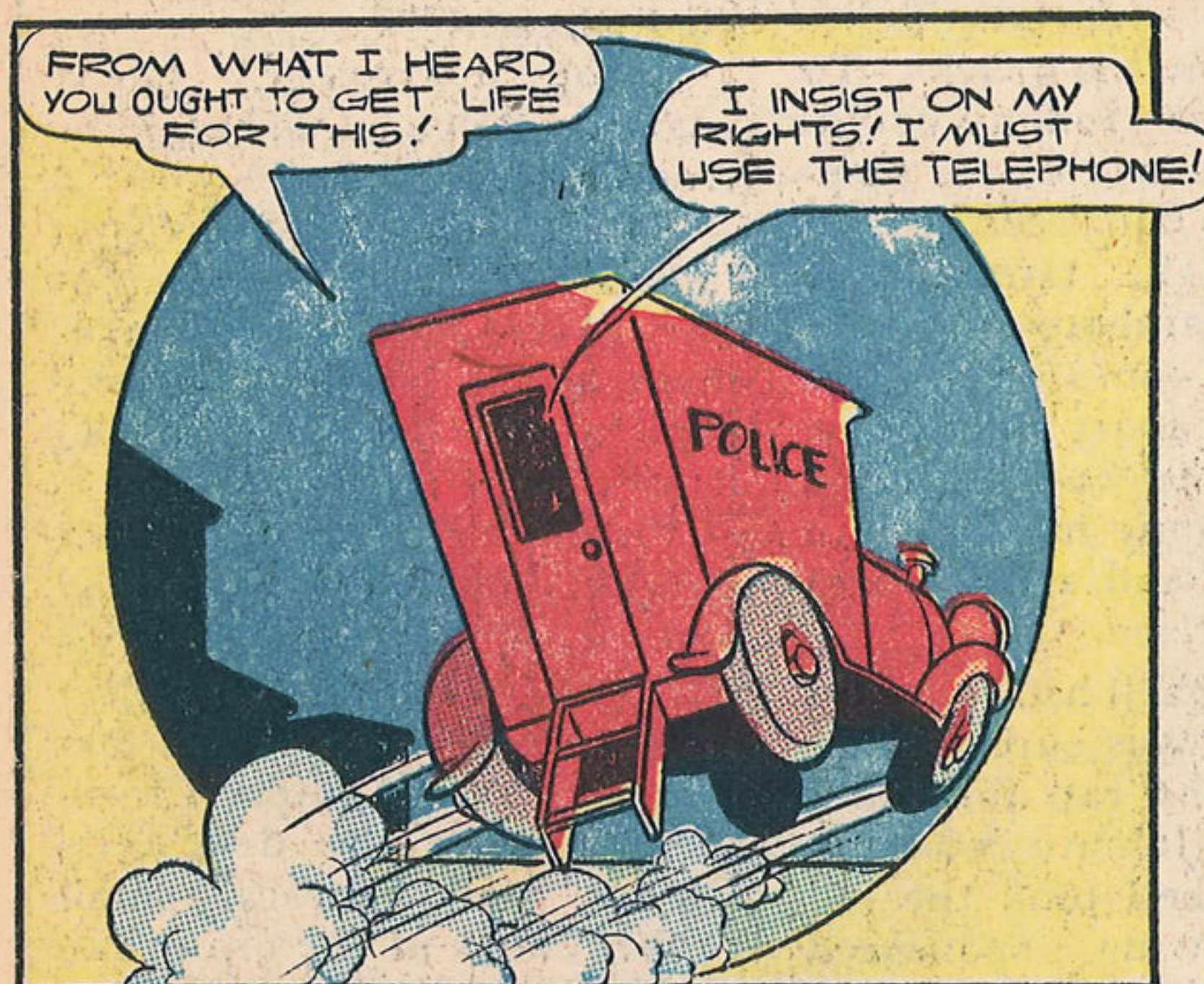












FINGER MARKS

by KENNETH FITCH

DETECTIVE Tom Campbell drew a pack of cigarettes from his pocket, lit one and eyed Johnny Foyle solemnly.

"What about it, Johnny?" Campbell asked.

The kid's lower lip trembled. "I didn't do it, Tom!" he vowed in a sort of breathless sincerity. "I wouldn't double-cross you! I wouldn't!"

But Maxie Madden, king of many rackets, lay there dead on the floor of his apartment. A bullet, striking at close range behind the gangster's ear had come out of his right eye. The telephone, separated from its standard, lay on the floor near Maxie's head.

"Your prints are all over the place, Johnny," Tom Campbell continued. "On the wall safe, on the table and on the door knob. In fact, almost the only place your prints are not is on the telephone. Maxie's are on that. Otto Horst reported he was talking to Maxie on the telephone when Maxie was killed. You know Otto Horst, don't you, Johnny?"

"He's manager for the Madden outfit," Johnny said. Then in desperation he turned hysterically to Campbell. "Listen, Tom, I've been framed! I—I can't account for the prints. But I didn't kill Maxie!"

Driving from headquarters to Otto Horst's apartment, Tom Campbell had time to consider Johnny's plight. Three years earlier Madden had operated a trucking business and Johnny had been one of Madden's drivers. To Johnny one kind of delivery was

very much the same as another.

Then one night Johnny had been stopped by the police and his truck was found to be carrying, along with various kinds of freight, a shipment of illegal beef. Madden denied any knowledge of the black-market meat's being routed in his trucks. To make it worse, Johnny couldn't tell the source of the shipment, for it had been loaded at the freight terminal of Madden's warehouse. Johnny had grown confused at his trial and the court thought he was trying to cover up his supplier. Johnny had drawn a term of two and a half years in State's Prison.

Tom Campbell had followed the trial and was sure Johnny had taken the rap for Madden. When Johnny was paroled, Campbell took the kid under his wing, sponsored him, guided him, but most of all, got him a job. A little job it was, but Johnny had stuck to it. Tom was getting to feel pretty proud of Johnny. And then this brutal murder, these damaging finger prints! Johnny did have plenty of reasons to hate Madden.

Horst was over six feet tall, bull-necked, aggressively square-jawed.

"What do you know about Maxie's death?" Tom Campbell asked.

"What happened I've already told headquarters," he said in rasping tones. "I was talking with Maxie on the phone. I heard a shot, heard Maxie groan."

Tom Campbell walked

slowly, casually, across the room, toward the small desk at the far wall.

"Get away from that desk, copper."

Campbell swung about quickly, whipped out his service automatic from his pocket. But Horst's gun was leveled already.

"Drop it, copper," Horst snarled. "You're asking for trouble."

Tom Campbell let his gun fall to the floor. But the motion covered the swift movement of his left hand to the chair at the desk. He heaved it across the room.

Tom's right shot out straight. The big man groaned and Campbell brought his left up hard. Horst's gun flew into the air. His gun still leveled at Horst, Campbell fumbled through the desk. His fingers found several small rubber cubes in the top drawer. He held them up to Horst.

"Rubber engravings of Johnny's finger prints," he said. "So you could kill Maxie and take over his rackets and frame Johnny for the job. So that it would look as if you were talking with Madden on the phone, you pressed Maxie's fingers against the telephone after you shot him."

"You lie!" Horst shouted. "You can't prove it!"

Campbell grinned. "No, not much. Maxie's prints show that all the time he was on the phone he had the hearing end to his mouth and the transmitter to his ear!"

Horst gasped.

"Yeah," said Tom. "Looks like you planted yourself right in the electric chair."

TONI GAYLE

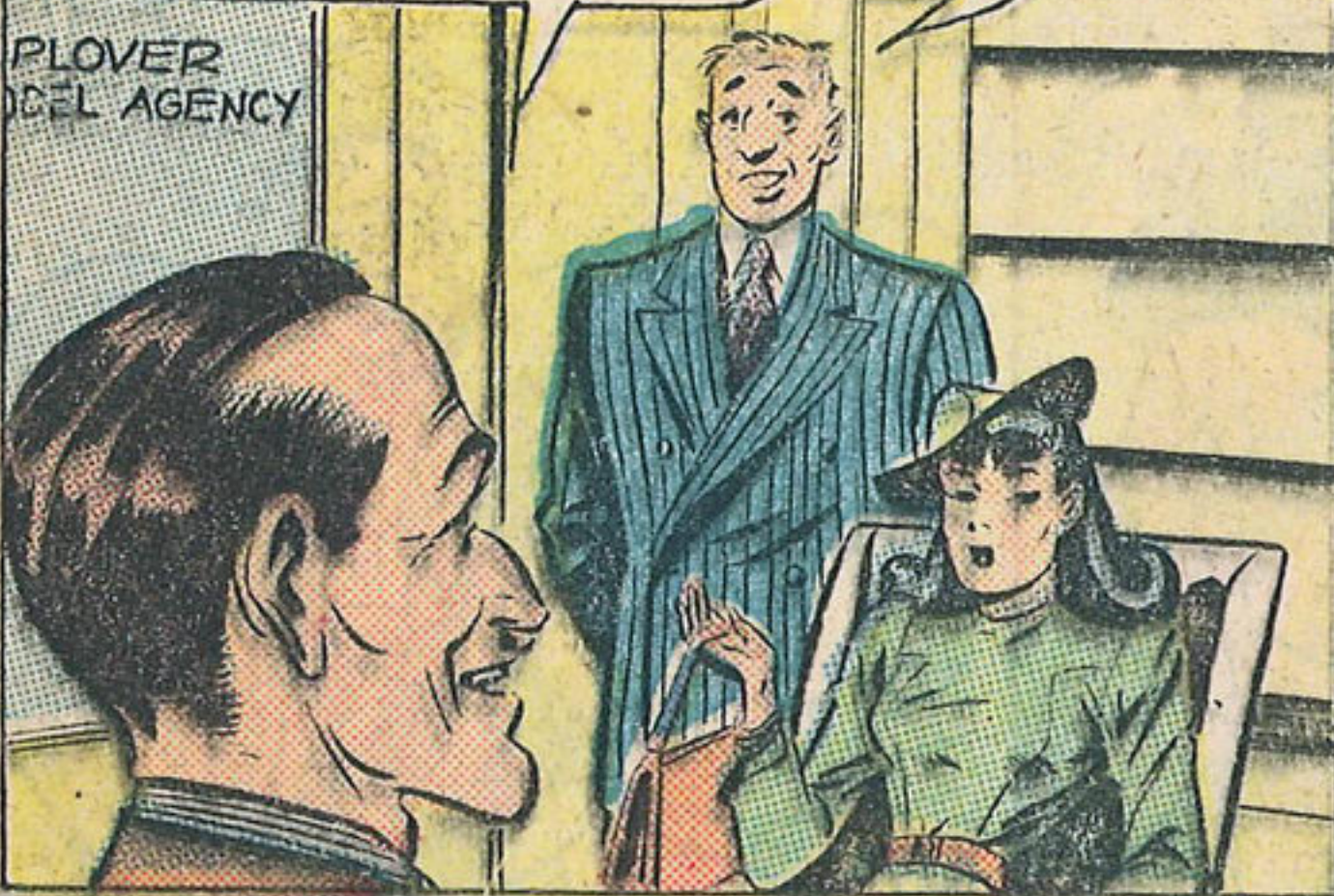
WHEN A WAVE OF PETTY ANNOYANCES ON THE COLLEGE CAMPUS GROWS INTO A MURDEROUS MENAGE, TONI GIVES THE PROFESSORS A LESSON IN CRIME DETECTION!



YOU WON'T NEED A BODYGUARD TO MAKE CO-ED FASHION SHOTS AT LANE COLLEGE! TONI!

I BETCHA SHE GETS IN TROUBLE, EVEN IN SCHOOL, MR. PLOYER!

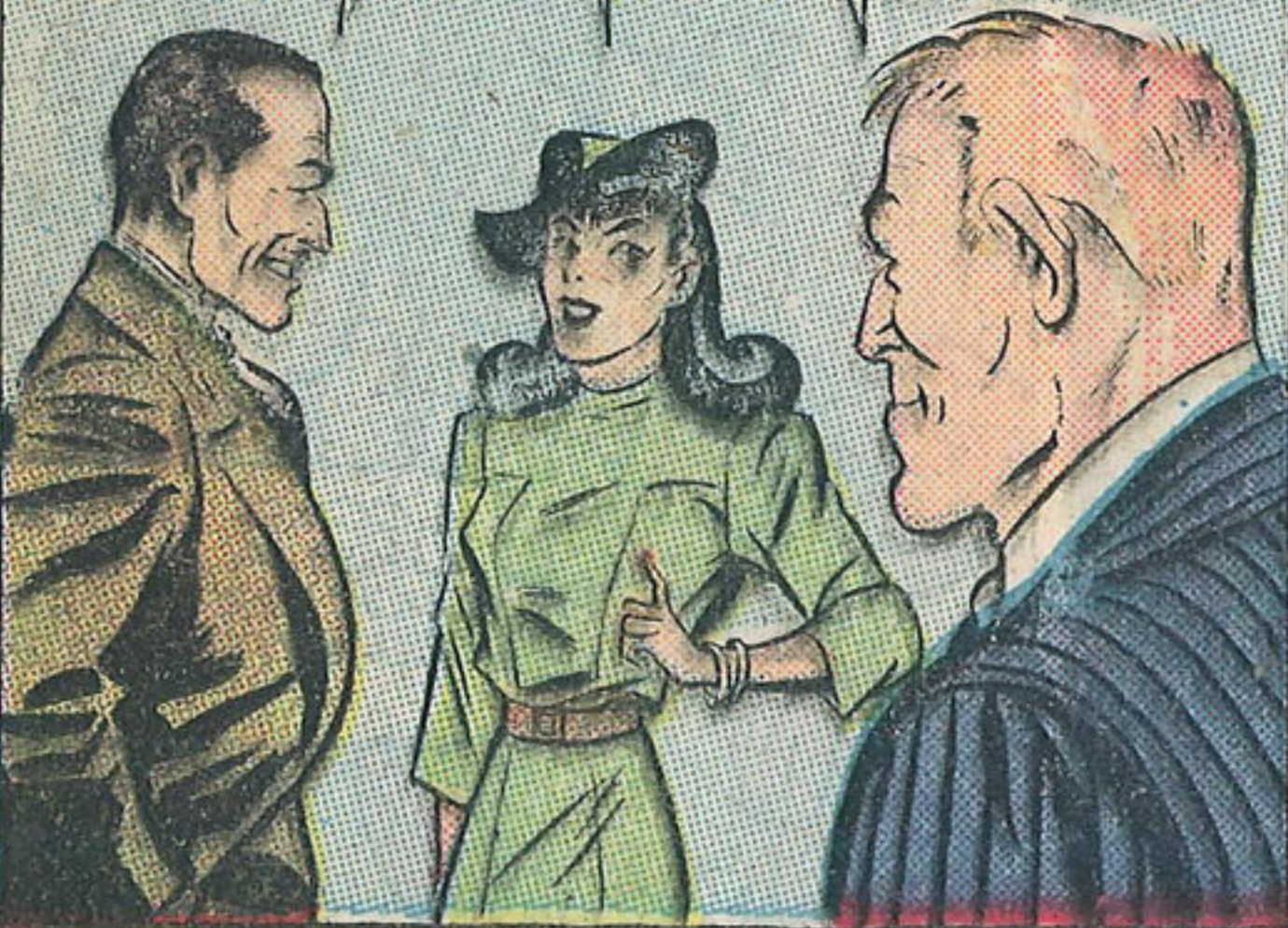
PLOYER
MODEL AGENCY



NONSENSE! YOU'LL BE A GOOD LITTLE GIRL, WON'T YOU, TONI?

I'LL TRY HARD, BUT I'M TAKING BIFF—JUST IN CASE!

SWELL! ME MOTHER ALWAYS WANTED ME TO GO TO COLLEGE!



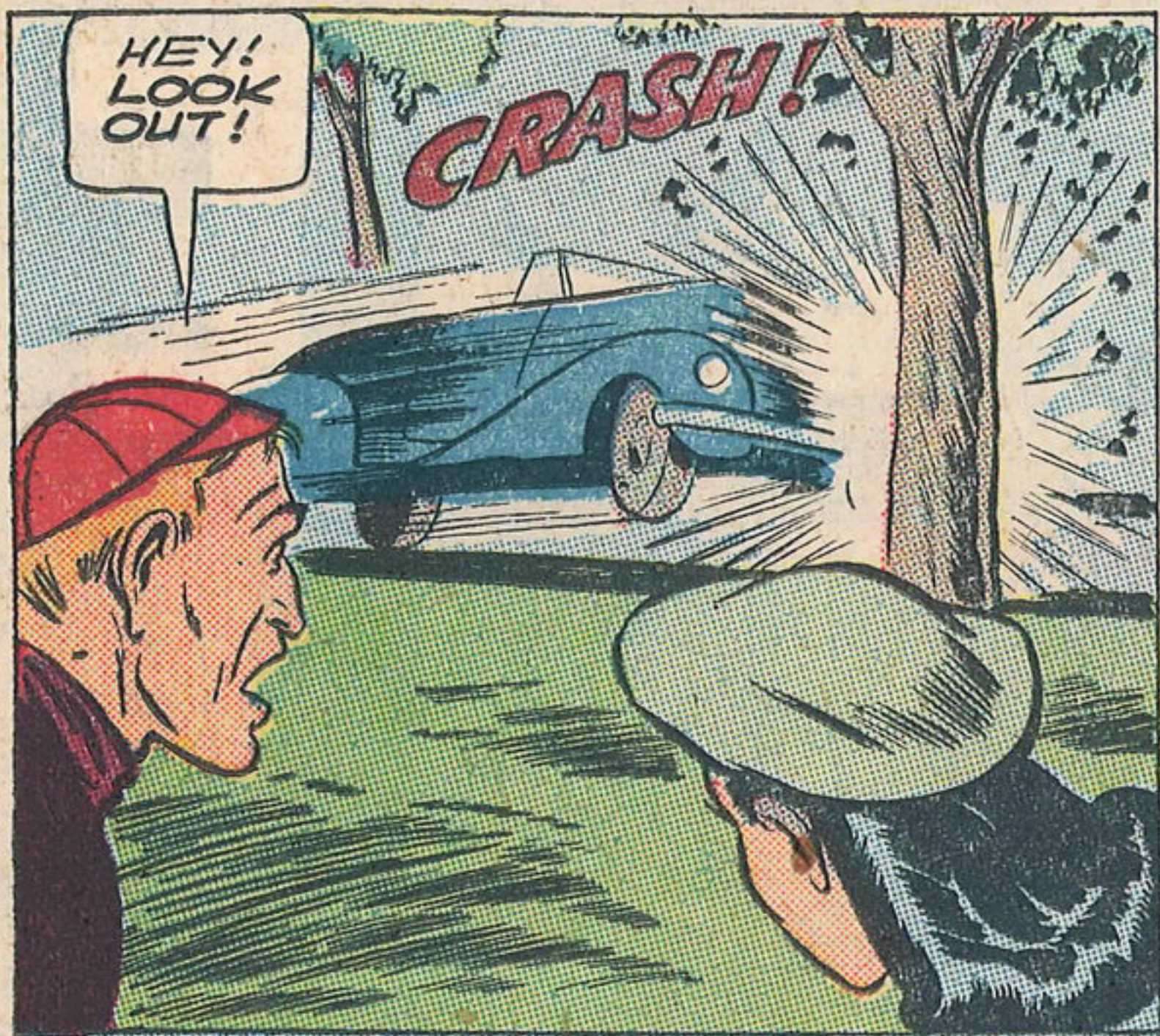
SOON—

LOOKS LIKE A NICE, PEACEFUL PLACE TO SPEND A FEW DAYS.

I SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE STAYING OUT OF TROUBLE!

LOOKA THAT CAR!





HEY!
LOOK
OUT!

CRASH!



YOU
OKAY,
KID?

I AM- BUT THE
DOGGONE CAR
SUDDENLY SWERVED-
IT'S MIGHTY
PECULIAR!

ANYONE'S
APT TO LOSE
CONTROL OF
A CAR, EVEN
A SOPHOMORE!



MAYBE. BUT
THIS IS THE
FIFTH CAR TO
CRACK UP ON
THE CAMPUS
TODAY!

WHEW! THAT
DOES SOUND
SUSPICIOUS!
HAS IT BEEN
TAMPERED
WITH?



HMM! SOMEBODY'S
MEDDLED WITH THIS
WHEEL-BUT WHO'D
HARM A BUNCH OF
INNOCENT COLLEGE
KIDS?

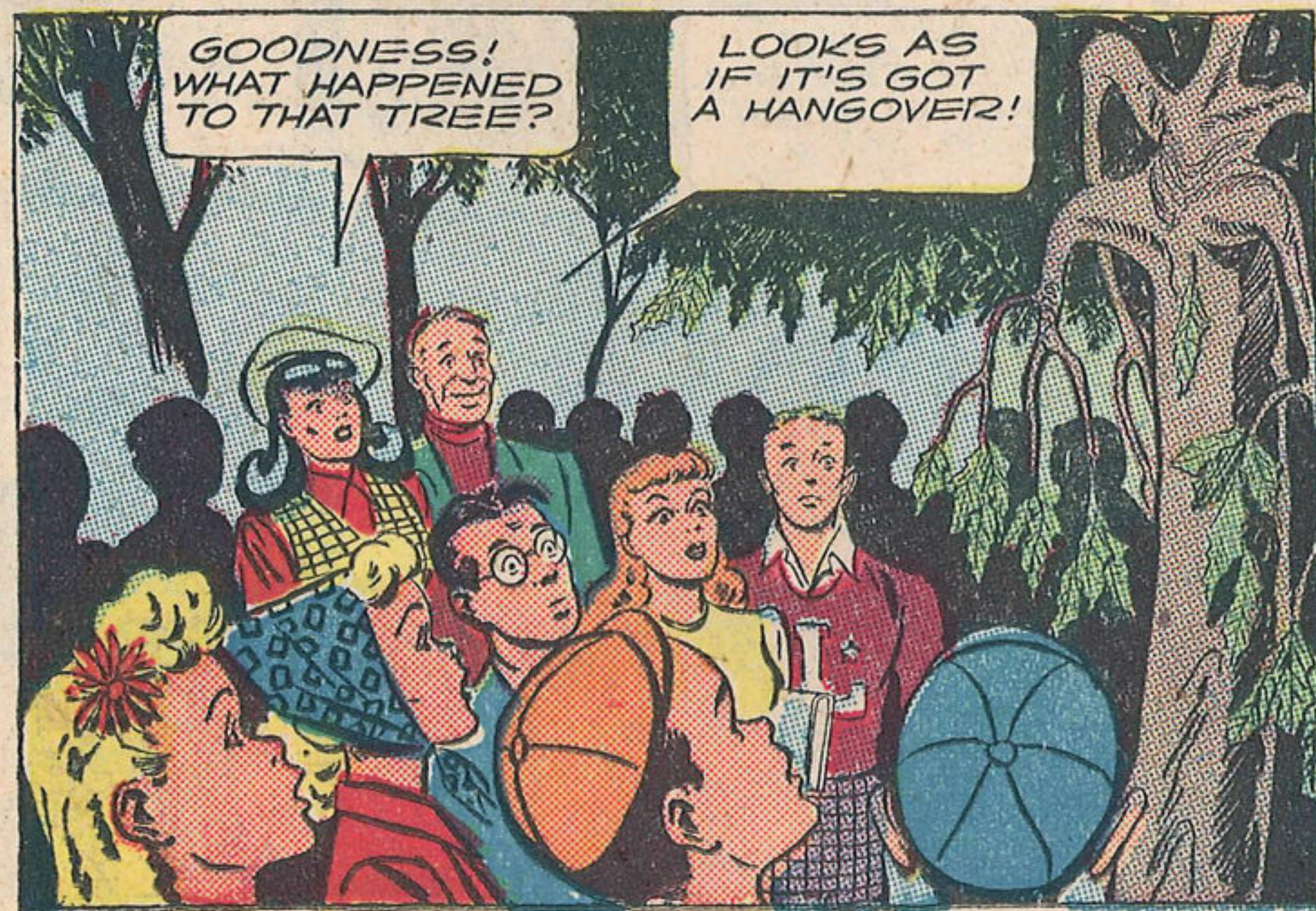
IXNAY,
TONI!!
YOU'RE
LOOKING
FOR
TROUBLE!



OKAY, BIFF,
BUT IT
REALLY
SHOULD BE
INVESTIGATED!

LEAVE IT
TO THE
BULLS!
WE'LL GO
HAVE SOME
ICE CREAM!

GOOD
IDEA!



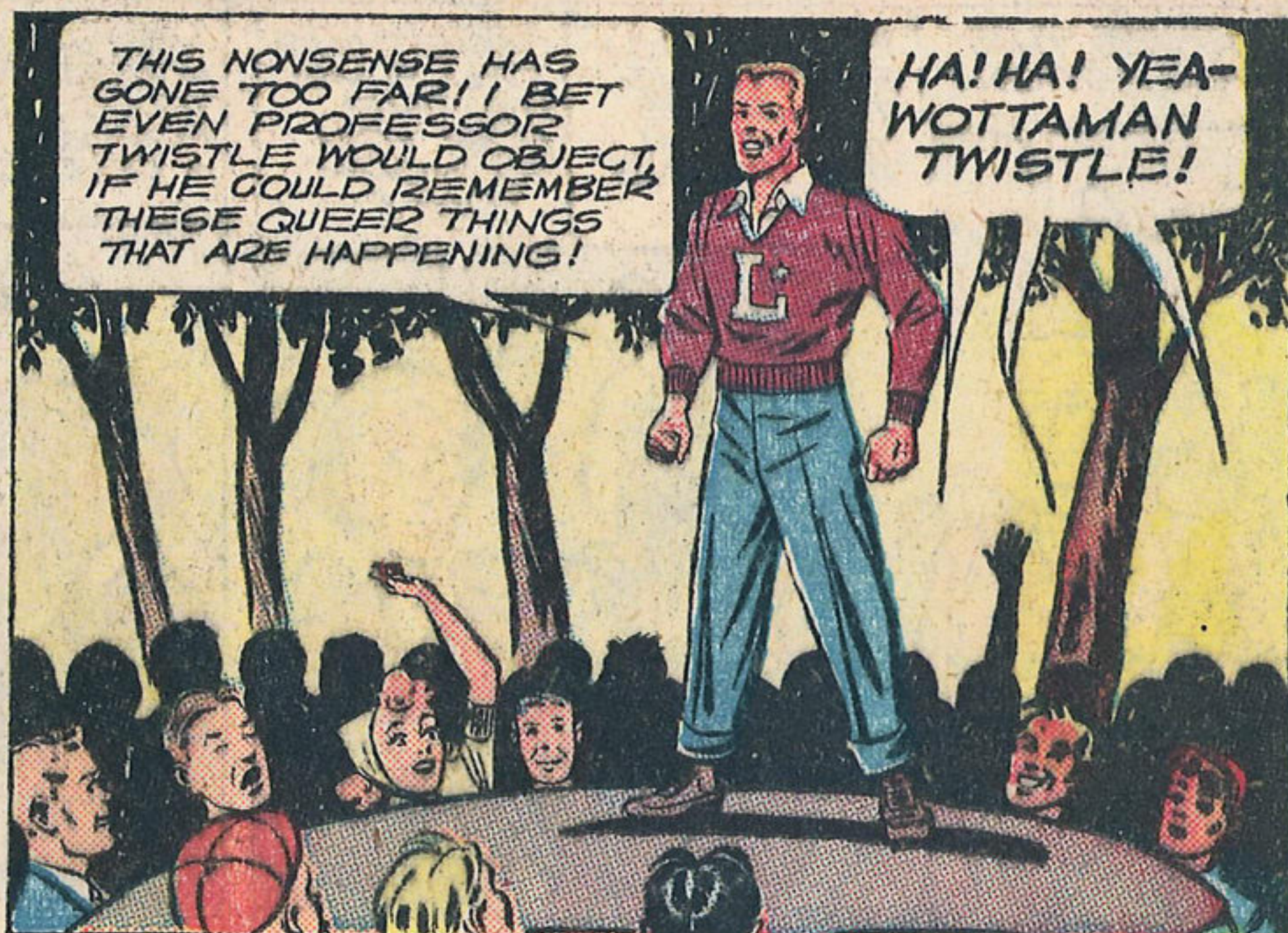
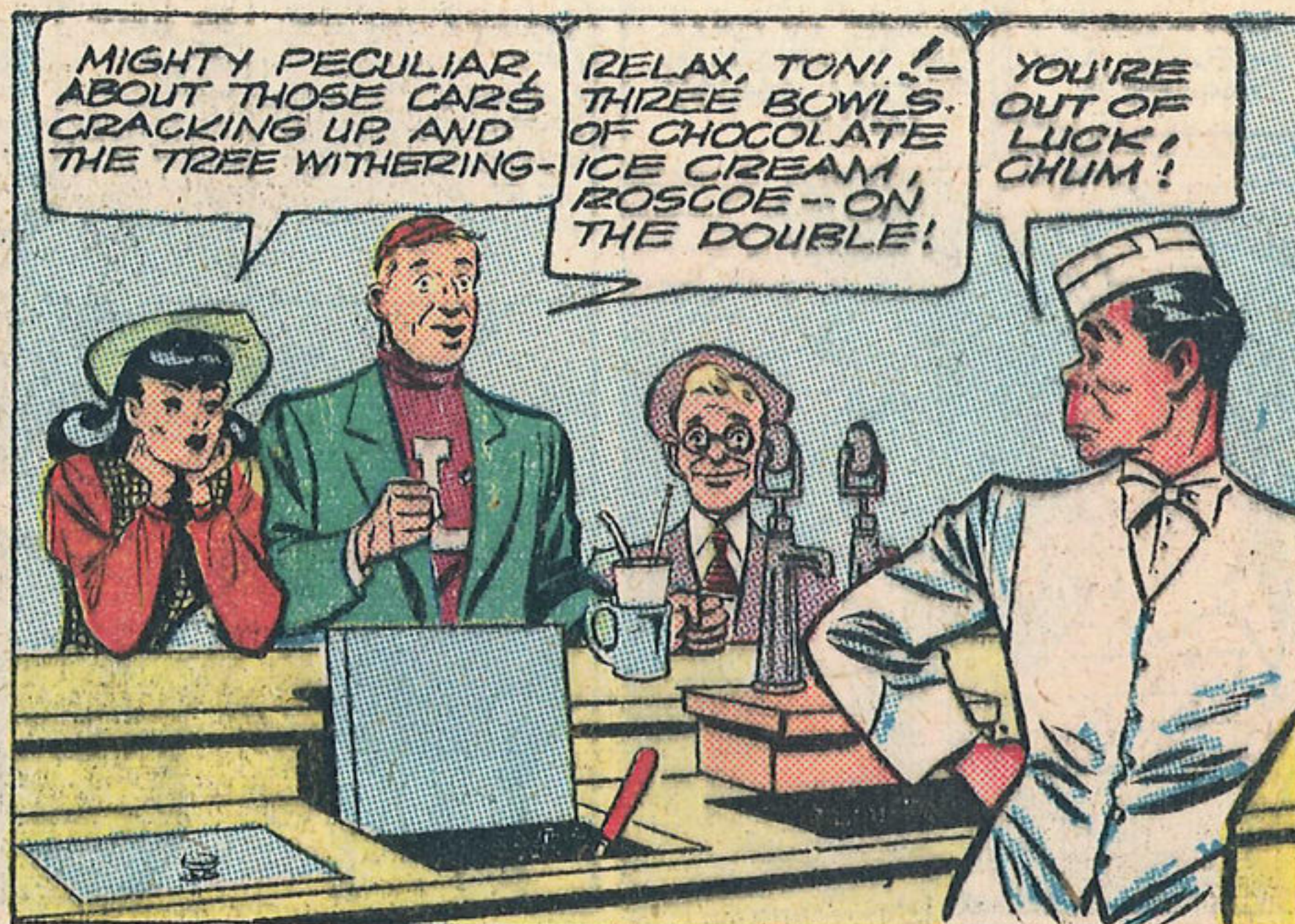
GOODNESS!
WHAT HAPPENED
TO THAT TREE?

LOOKS AS
IF IT'S GOT
A HANGOVER!



GOSH! THAT'S
OUR TRADITIONAL
GOOD LUCK
TREE!

LOOKS MORE
LIKE A BAD
LUCK TREE, NOW!
IT'S WITHERING!





EH-DID I HEAR MY NAME?

COME IN OUT OF THE RAIN, PROF! HAW! HAW!



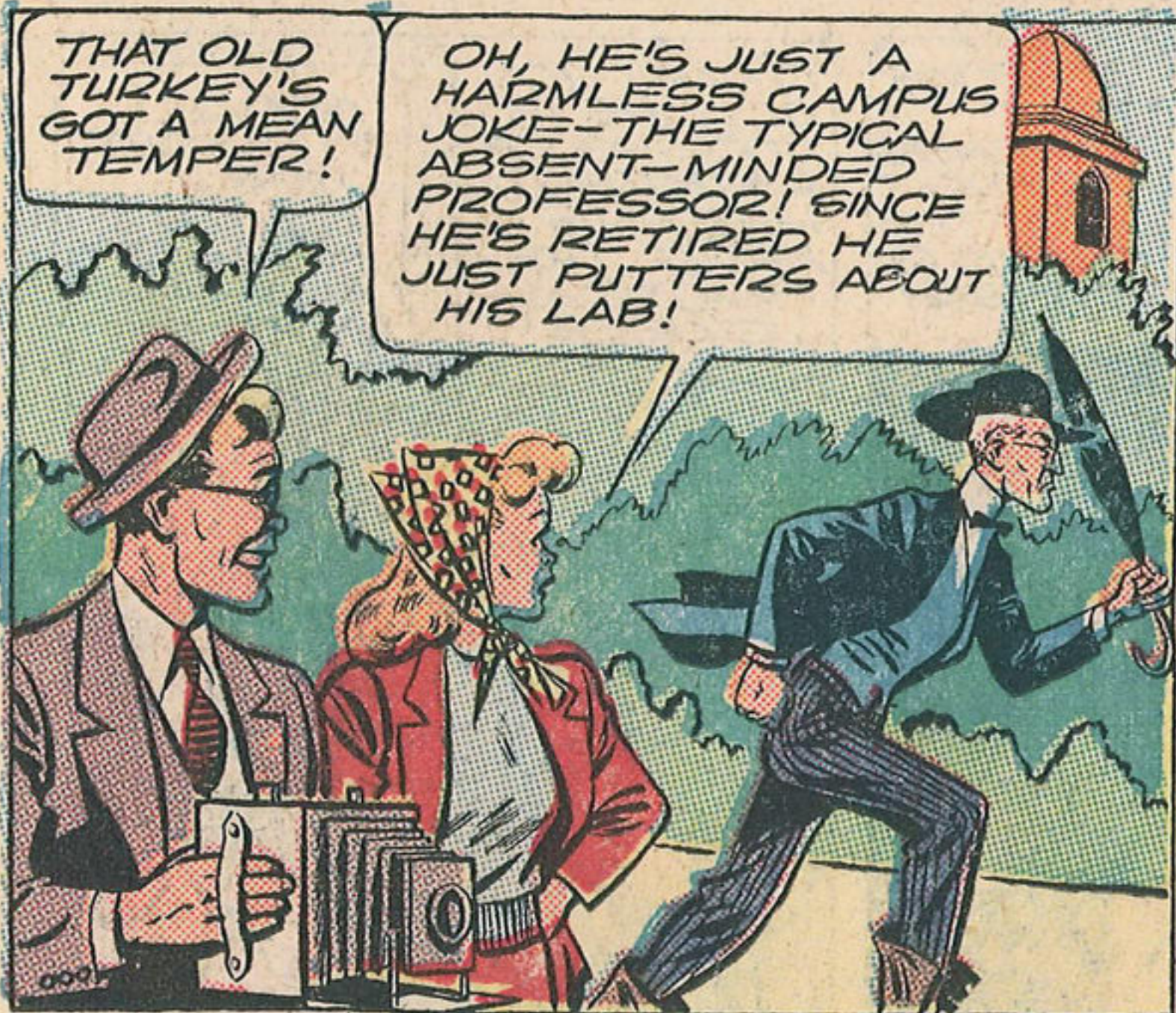
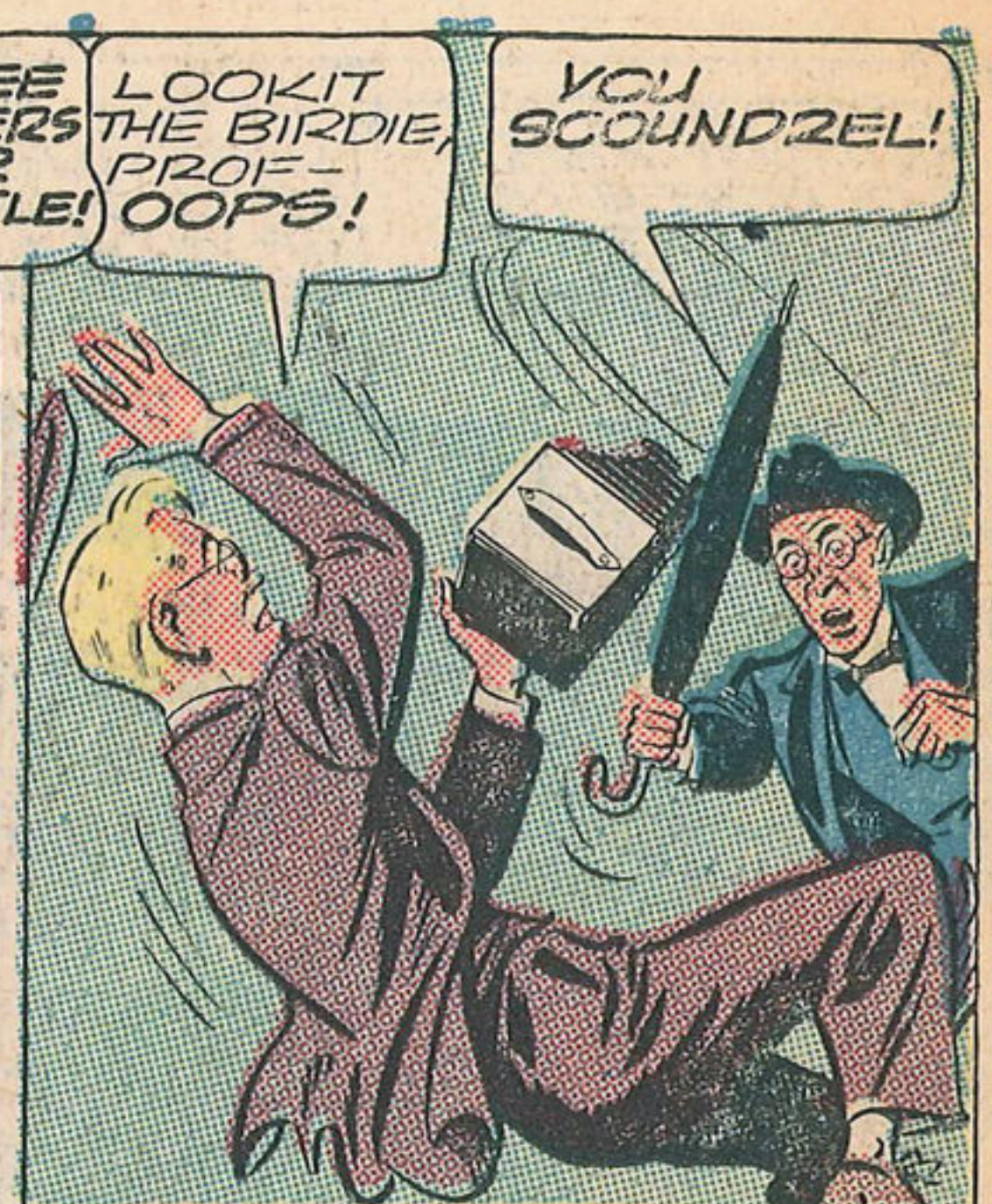
STEP RIGHT UP! THIS IS LANE COLLEGE, REMEMBER? YOU USED TO BE A PROFESSOR HERE!

BLAST YOUR IMPERTINENCE, SIR! I'LL NOT BE MADE A FOOL OF!

THREE CHEERS FOR TWISTLE!

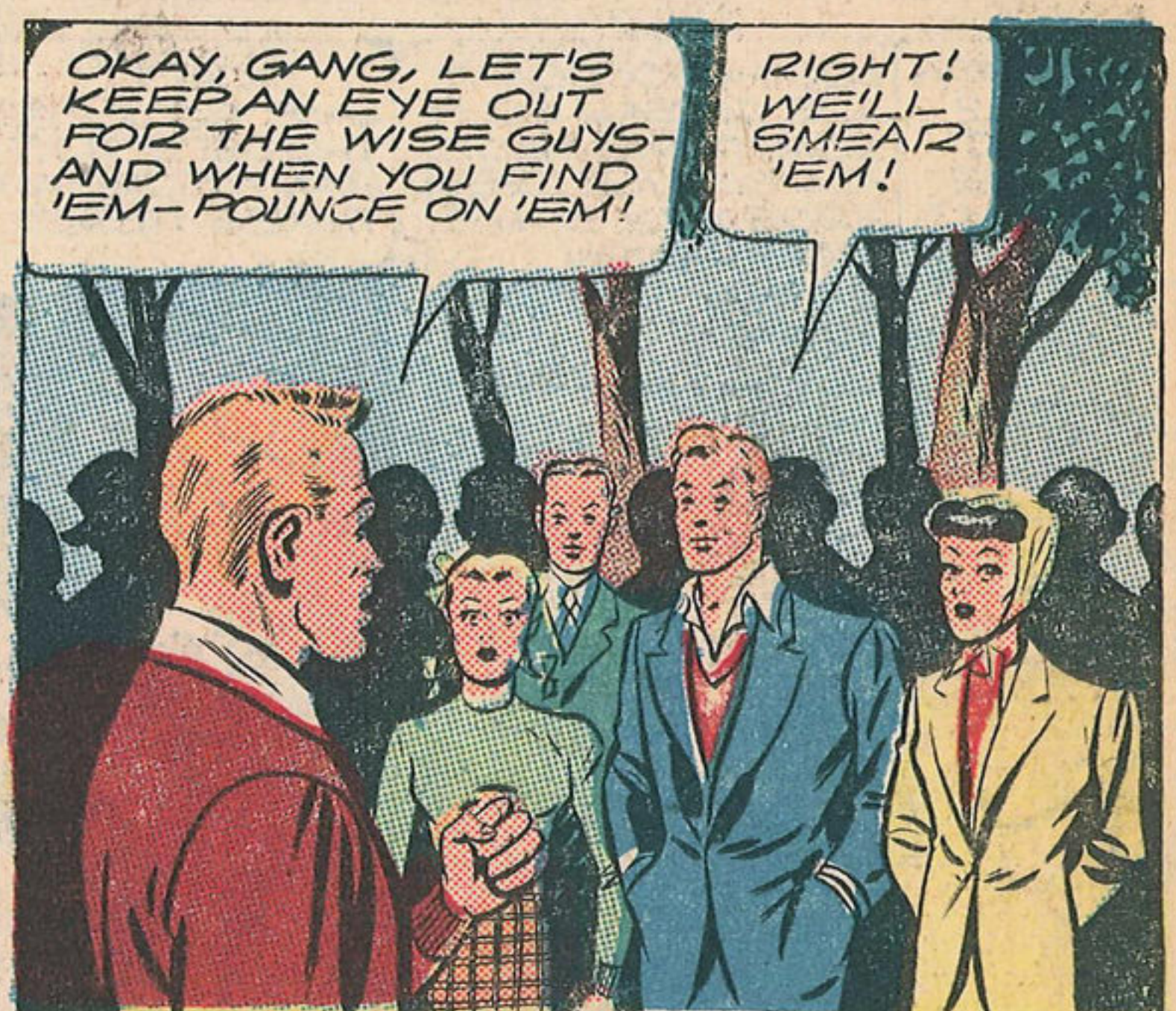
LOOKIT THE BIRDIE, PROF-OOPS!

YOU SCOUNDZEL!



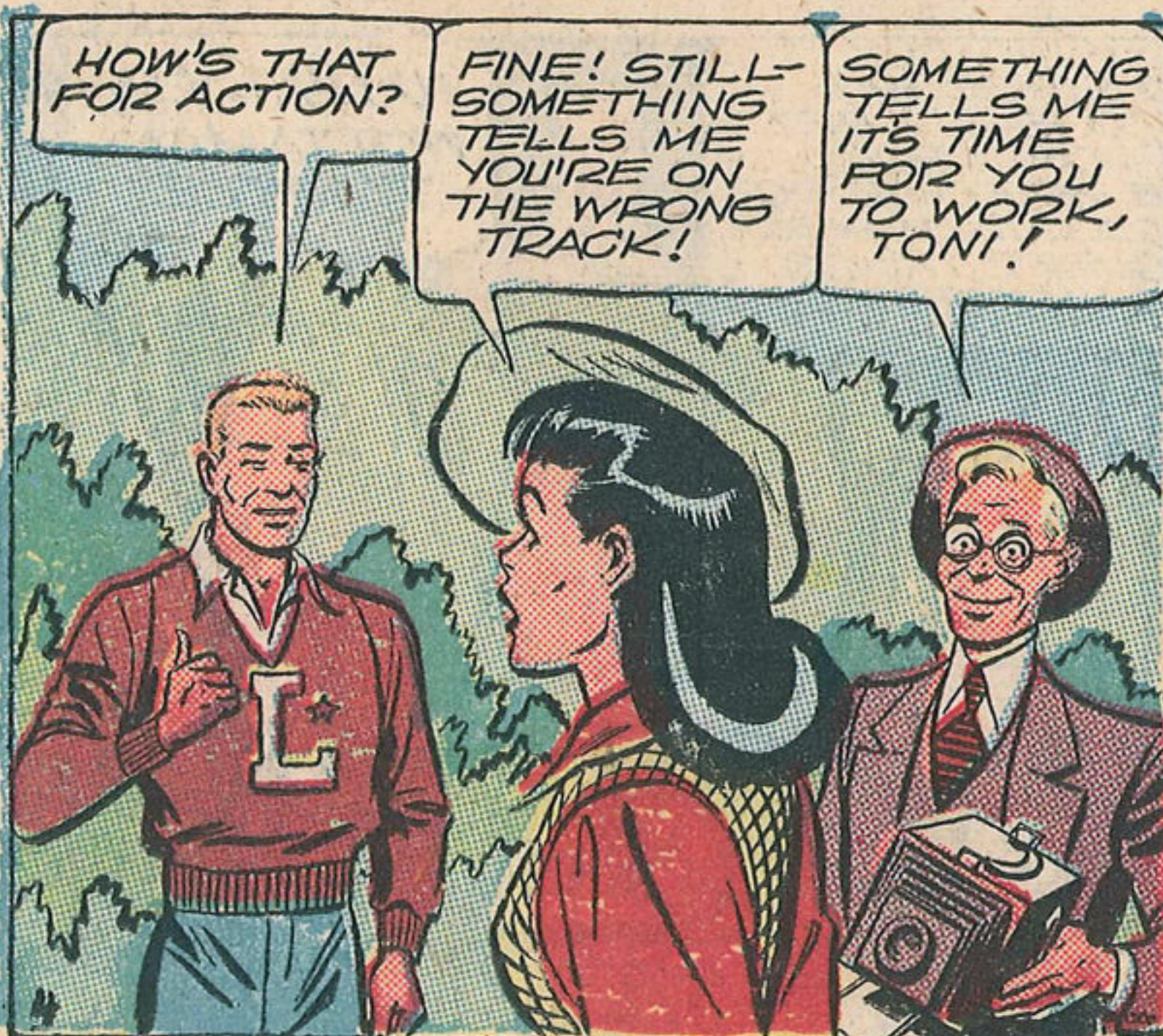
THAT OLD TURKEY'S GOT A MEAN TEMPER!

OH, HE'S JUST A HARMLESS CAMPUS JOKE-THE TYPICAL ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR! SINCE HE'S RETIRED HE JUST PUTTERS ABOUT HIS LAB!



OKAY, GANG, LET'S KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR THE WISE GUYS-AND WHEN YOU FIND 'EM-POUNCE ON 'EM!

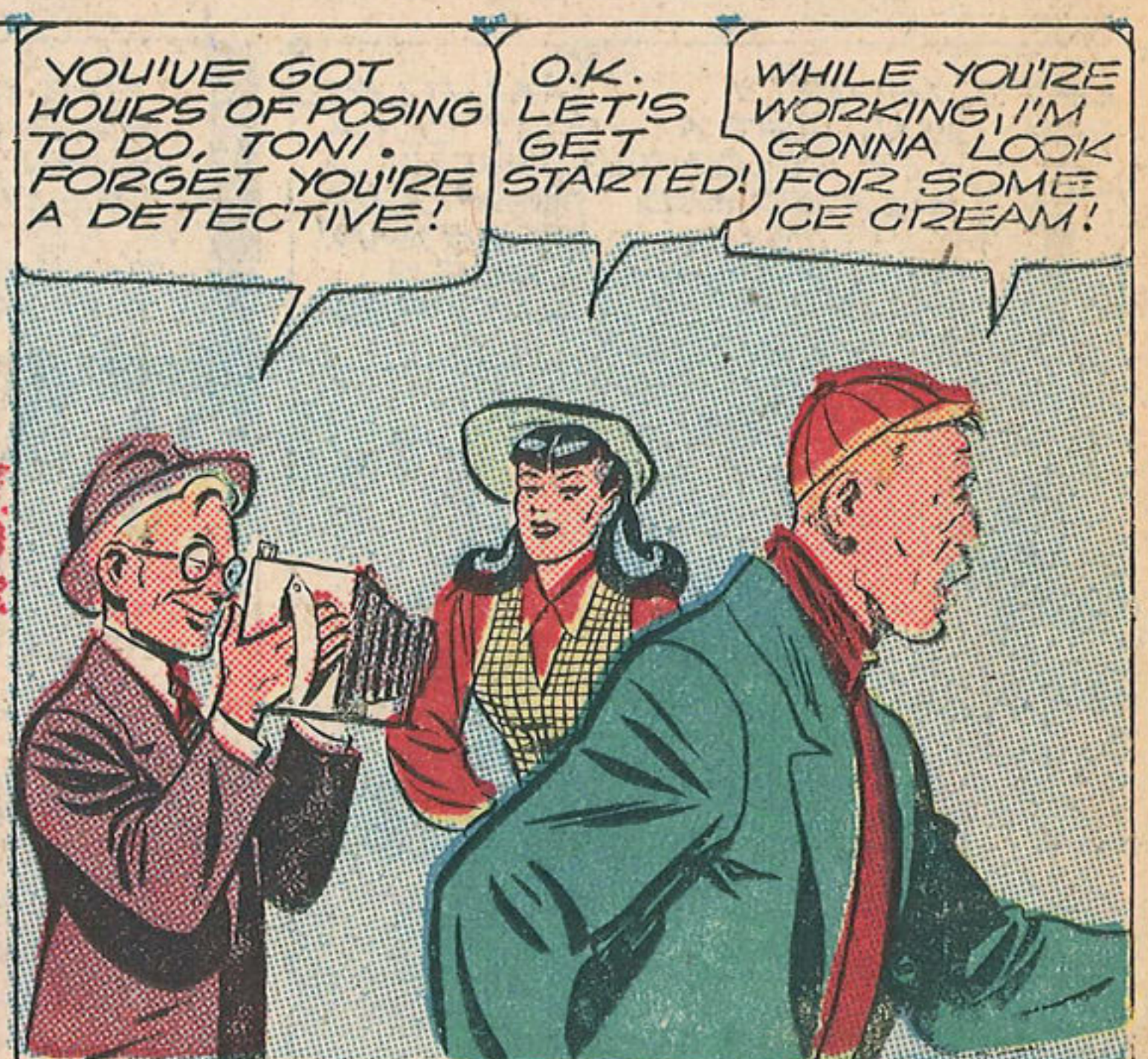
RIGHT! WE'LL SMEAR 'EM!



HOW'S THAT FOR ACTION?

FINE! STILL-SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU'RE ON THE WRONG TRACK!

SOMETHING TELLS ME IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO WORK, TONI!



YOU'VE GOT HOURS OF POSING TO DO, TONI! FORGET YOU'RE A DETECTIVE!

O.K. LET'S GET STARTED!

WHILE YOU'RE WORKING, I'M GONNA LOOK FOR SOME ICE CREAM!

LATER-

GOSH, I'M TIRED!
I WOULDN'T STIR OUT
OF HERE FOR A
THOUSAND DOLLARS!

R-RING!
R-RING!

GOOD HEAVENS!
MURDER?

YOP! I FOUND THAT
CHEER LEADER IN THE
BUSHES, WITH A KNIFE
STICKING FROM HIS
CHEST! YOU GO TO BED
-I'LL TAKE CARE OF
EVERYTHING!

MURDER IS NO CAMPUS
PRANK! I CAN'T LET BIFF
MESS UP THE INVESTIGATION!

GAMMA GA
OPEN
HOUSE

SATURDAY
DECEMBER

STAGS #2

GEE, THE
POOR KID!
LEAD ME
TO HIM,
BIFF!

HOW CAN I LEAD
YOU, WHEN YOU'RE
RUNNIN' AHEAD OF
ME? (PUFF)

HE'S RIGHT
(PUFF) OVER
THERE!

EEEEEEK!
SOMETHING'S
MOVING, BIFF!

JOE! WE
THOUGHT
YOU WERE
KILLED!

SO DID I! WHOEVER
JUMPED AT ME, STUCK
THE KNIFE INTO MY
BOOK, AND LEFT ME
FOR DEAD! I WAS
JUST STUNNED!



WHO DONE IT??

IT'S A MYSTERY TO ME! I HAVE NO ENEMIES-IN FACT, I WAS VOTED MOST POPULAR IN MY CLASS!

WELL, YOU'RE EXTREMELY UNPOPULAR WITH SOMEONE!



AS I TUSSLED WITH HIM, I SNATCHED THIS CHEMISTRY CLUB KEY FROM HIS KEY CHAIN!

MAY I HAVE IT?



TAKE IT! I'M GOING HOME TO CLEAN THESE BURRS OUT OF MY CLOTHES AND TO CALM MY JUMPY NERVES.

THANKS, JOE.



YOU MAY AS WELL RUN ALONG, BIFF. AFTER I SEE PROFESSOR TWISTLE, I'M GOING TO SCOOT HOME FOR MY BEAUTY REST!

WADDAYA WANT TO SEE THAT OLD ROCK-HEAD FOR?



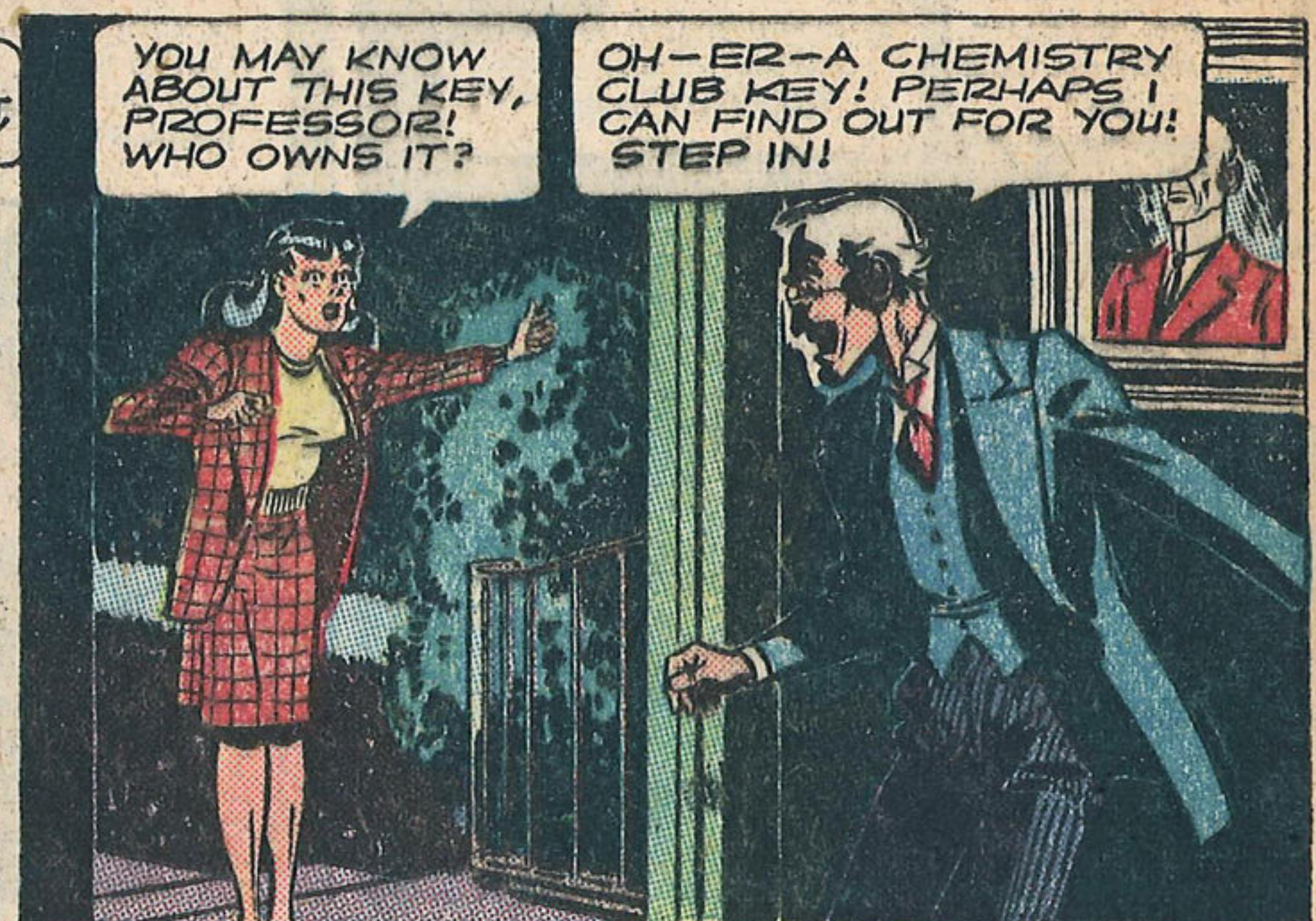
IF HE USED TO BE CHEMISTRY PROFESSOR, HE MAY KNOW WHO OWNS THIS KEY!

NAAA! HE WOULDN'T REMEMBER IT EVEN IF IT WAS HIS OWN! SO LONG-AND KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE!



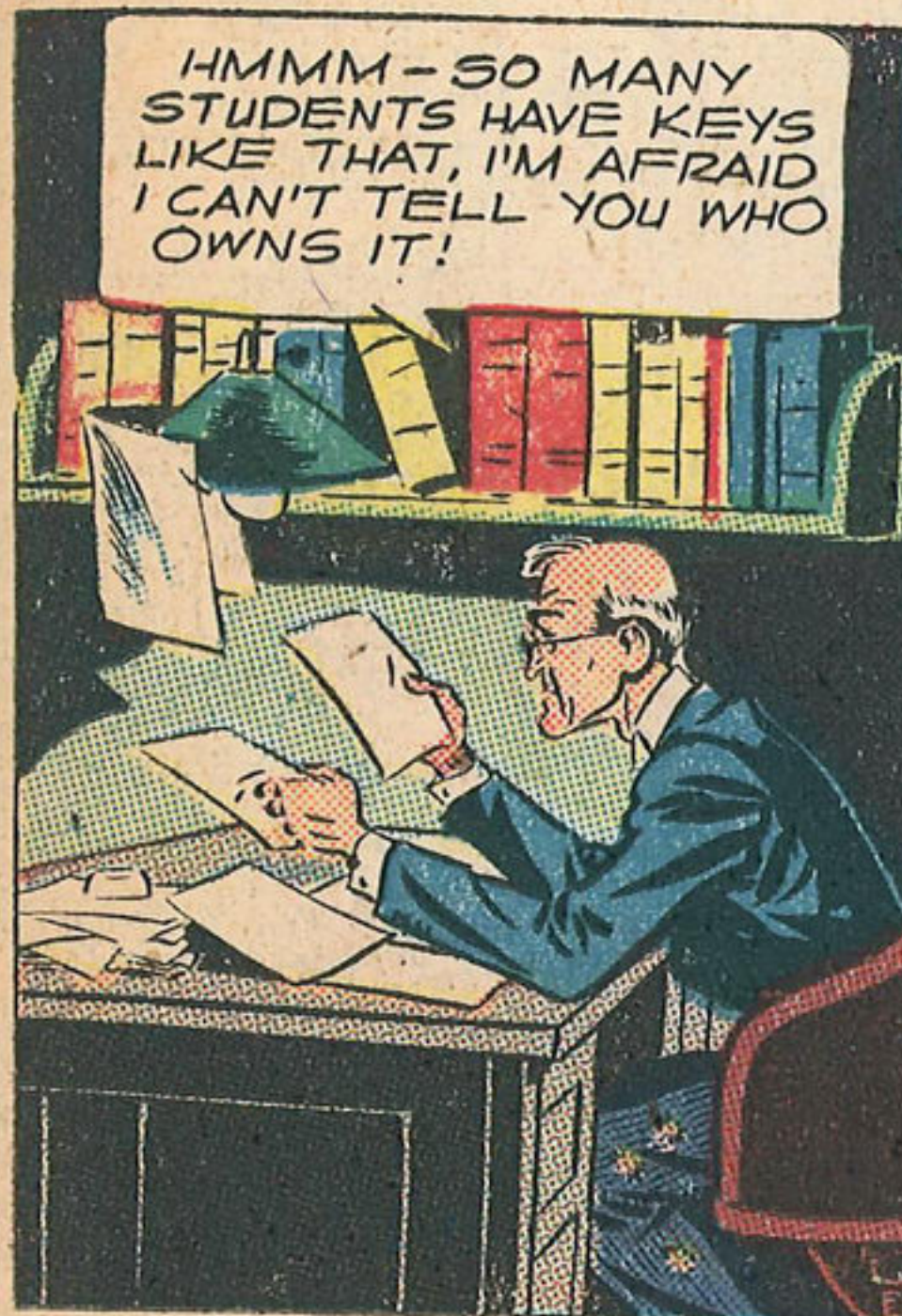
BOON- I MUST SEE YOU! IT'S ABOUT A KEY!

KEY? I'M NOT THE SUPERINTENDENT, YOUNG LADY! RUN ALONG!



YOU MAY KNOW ABOUT THIS KEY, PROFESSOR! WHO OWNS IT?

OH-ER-A CHEMISTRY CLUB KEY! PERHAPS I CAN FIND OUT FOR YOU! STEP IN!



HMMM—SO MANY STUDENTS HAVE KEYS LIKE THAT, I'M AFRAID I CAN'T TELL YOU WHO OWNS IT!

(GOOD GRIEF! THOSE BURRS ON HIS TROUSERS ARE LIKE THE BURRS ON JOE!)



I CAN'T HELP YOU, MISS! IT'S LATE! I SUGGEST YOU LEAVE!

I SUGGEST YOU LISTEN! YOU'RE NOT AS HARMLESS AS YOU LOOK!



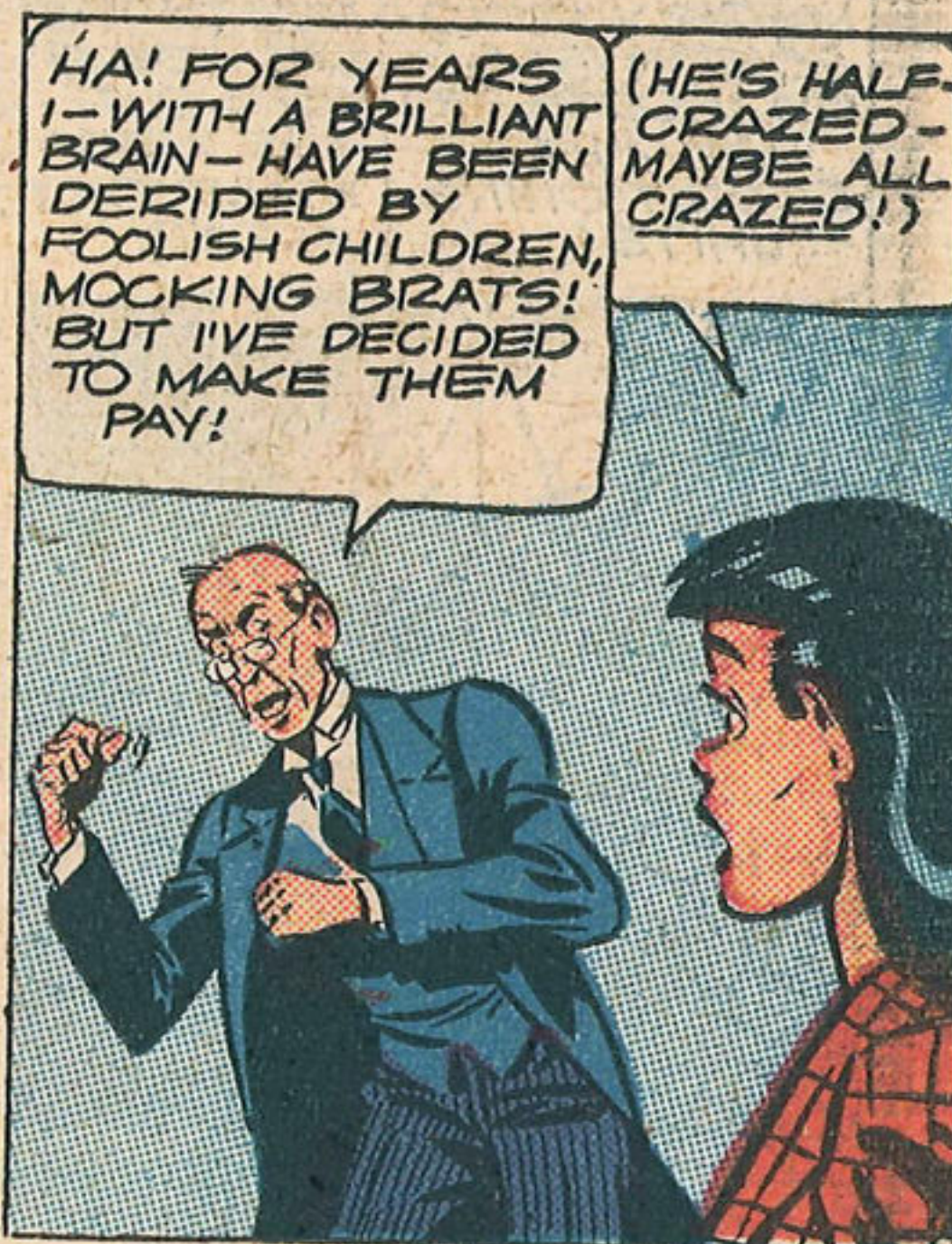
THIS KEY BELONGS TO YOU, DOESN'T IT? AND THOSE BURRS PROVE YOU TRIED TO KILL JOE COLLINS!

TRIED? DEAR, DEAR, DON'T TELL ME I FAILED!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! I THOUGHT I HAD SURELY KILLED THAT CONTEMPTIBLE BRAT!

YOU CERTAINLY ARE COLD-BLOODED ABOUT IT!



HA! FOR YEARS I—WITH A BRILLIANT BRAIN—HAVE BEEN DERIDED BY FOOLISH CHILDREN, MOCKING BRATS! BUT I'VE DECIDED TO MAKE THEM PAY!

(HE'S HALF-CRAZED—MAYBE ALL CRAZED!)



I DAMAGED THEIR CARS, WITHERED THEIR TREE AND MELTED THEIR ICE CREAM WITH CHEMICALS ALL PETTY STUFF, BUT THAT COLLINS ENRAGED ME INTO EMBARKING ON MURDER!

JUST TRY TO FORGET IT ALL, PROF. NO PERMANENT HARM'S BEEN DONE!



PERMANENT HARM WILL BE DONE! THESE SIMPERING IDIOTS MUST BE EXTERMINATED!

ULP! HE'S MORE DANGEROUS THAN I THOUGHT!



ONE MOMENT, FAIR MAID! YOU CAN'T HAVE YOUR FREEDOM!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? (GOSH! THE OLD BOY'S GOT THE GRIP OF A FOOTBALL PLAYER!)



I CAN'T HAVE YOU BLABBING TO THE POLICE, JUST WHEN I'M ABOUT TO ELIMINATE THE ENTIRE STUDENT BODY!

YOU'RE INSANE! YOU CAN'T KILL TWO THOUSAND STUDENTS AT ONCE!



IT'S SIMPLE! I MERELY ATTACH POISON GAS CYLINDERS TO THE AIR CONDITIONING UNITS!

YOU'RE A FIEND! THE GAS WOULD WIPE OUT THE KIDS WHILE THEY SLEEP!



PRECISELY! FIRST, HOWEVER, YOU DIE IN THIS AIRTIGHT ROOM! BUT DON'T BE FRIGHTENED—YOUR DEATH WILL BE PAINLESS!

LET IT NEVER BE SAID YOU'RE NOT A GENTLEMAN!



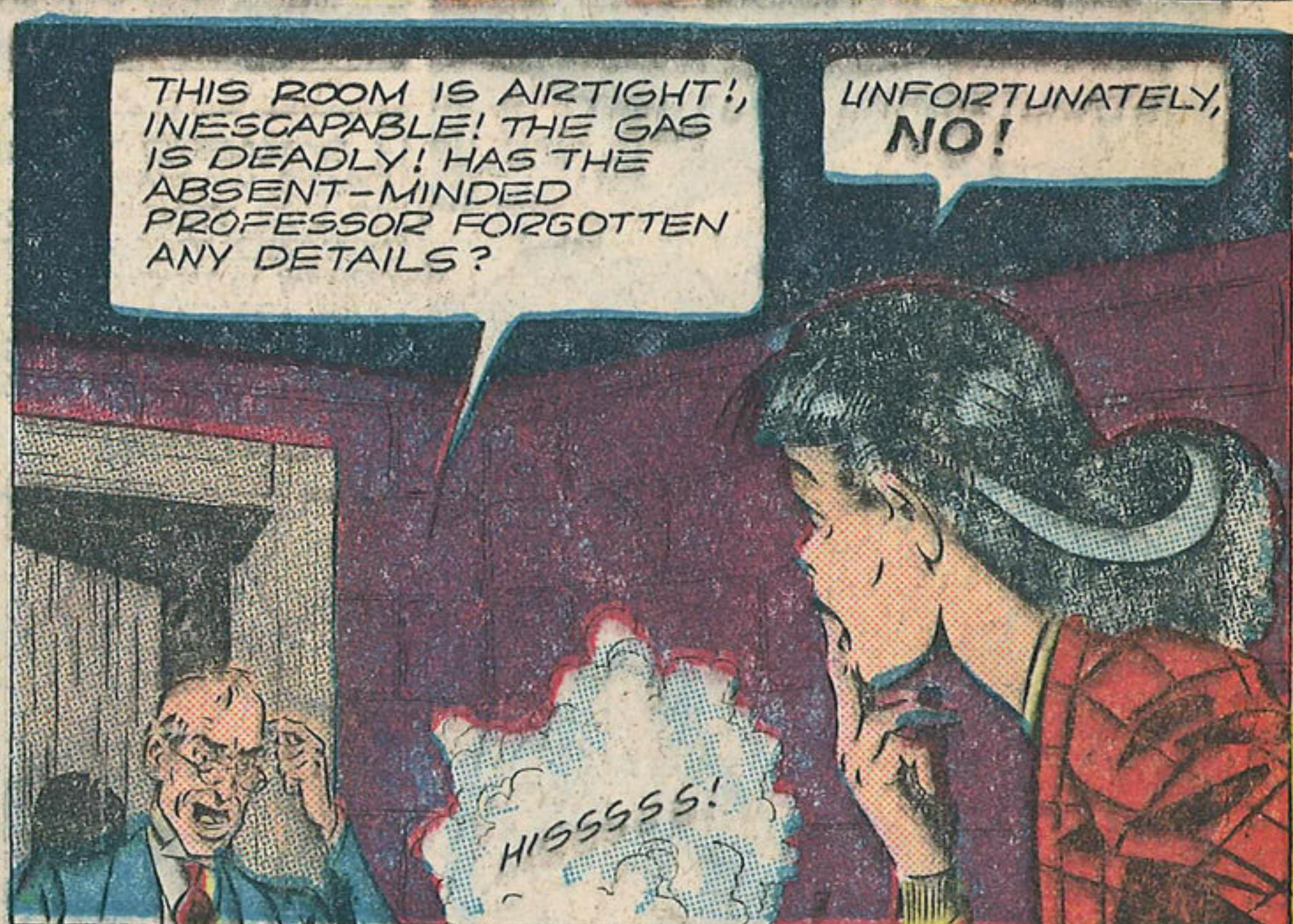
THIS HEAVY GAS WILL GREEP UP SLOWLY TOWARD YOUR HEAD, GIVING YOU PLENTY OF TIME FOR REGRETS!

YOU'RE FAMOUS AS BEING ABSENT-MINDED! YOU'RE BOUND TO FORGET SOMETHING, MAKE SOME MISTAKE—(I HOPE!)



YOU'RE ONLY THE FIRST OF TWO THOUSAND! NO LONGER WILL I BE LAUGHED AT!

ANYBODY WHO DOES, WILL PROBABLY DIE LAUGHING!



THIS ROOM IS AIRTIGHT! INESCAPABLE! THE GAS IS DEADLY! HAS THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR FORGOTTEN ANY DETAILS?

UNFORTUNATELY, NO!

HISSESSS!

I'LL SEE YOU
LATER! YOU, HOW-
EVER, WON'T BE
ABLE TO SEE ME!

HOMELY AS YOU ARE,
I'D BE GLAD TO SEE
YOUR FACE AGAIN—
AND PUSH IT IN!

BANG!

I CAN'T STOP
THE FLOW OF
GAS! I'VE GOT
TO CRACK OUT
OF THIS CELL!

MMMPPH! NO USE!
EVEN A GORILLA
COULDN'T BEND THESE
BARS!—BUT MAYBE I
CAN BREAK THE WINDOW!
I COULD USE A LITTLE
FRESH AIR!

OH, GOSH! THE GLASS
IS UNBREAKABLE! THEY
CALL HIM ABSENT-MINDED,
BUT HE THOUGHT OF
EVERYTHING!

(SOB!) WHY WON'T I
LEARN? WHY DON'T I
STAY HOME AND MIND
MY OWN BUSINESS!

(IF I WRENCH HARD, MAYBE I
CAN RATTLE THE DOOR—MAYBE
SOMEBODY WILL HEAR ME, AND
MIGHT OPEN THE DOOR—IF THEY
CAN!—MAYBE!)

TONI'S TREMBLING HAND TWISTS
THE KNOB—AND THE DOOR OPENS!

OH! I—
I'M SAVED!

GEE! IF HE HADN'T FORGOTTEN TO LOCK THE DOOR-BUT I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!

I NEED BIFF! THAT PROFESSOR'S TOO STRONG FOR ME!

QUICK, BIFF! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME!

AW, GEE! I'VE BEEN LOCKED OUT OF MY ROOM ALL DAY!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

MEANWHILE-

SNORE AWAY, YOU TWO THOUSAND VULGAR GAMINS! THE SANDMAN IS COMING TO GIVE YOU ETERNAL SLEEP!

CLICK! WHIRR-RRR

THIS INTAKE FAN SUCKS IN FRESH AIR FOR ALL THE DORMITORIES- ONLY NOW IT WILL SUCK IN POISON GAS! I'LL ADJUST IT TO TOP SPEED!

SCATTERBRAINED, AM I? THIS WILL PROVE I'M THEIR MASTER!

I'M AFRAID IT'S TOO LATE! IT WON'T TAKE LONG FOR THAT GAS TO PENETRATE THE ENTIRE COLLEGE!

MAYBE THE OLD CLUCK WILL MAKE ANOTHER MISTAKE- BUT JUST THE SAME WE BETTER HURRY!

MEN'S DORMITORIES
LANE UNIVERSITY

COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE THE MAIN VENTILATING UNIT IS?

SURE. RIGHT UP THERE! BUT I'M SUPERINTENDENT, AND NO CO-ED IS GOING TO PLAY ANY PRANKS WITH IT, SEE?



THERE'S BEEN TOO MUCH FUNNY BUSINESS AROUND HERE! RUN ALONG BEFORE I REPORT YOU!

LET HIM HAVE IT, BIFF! MOMENTS ARE PRECIOUS!

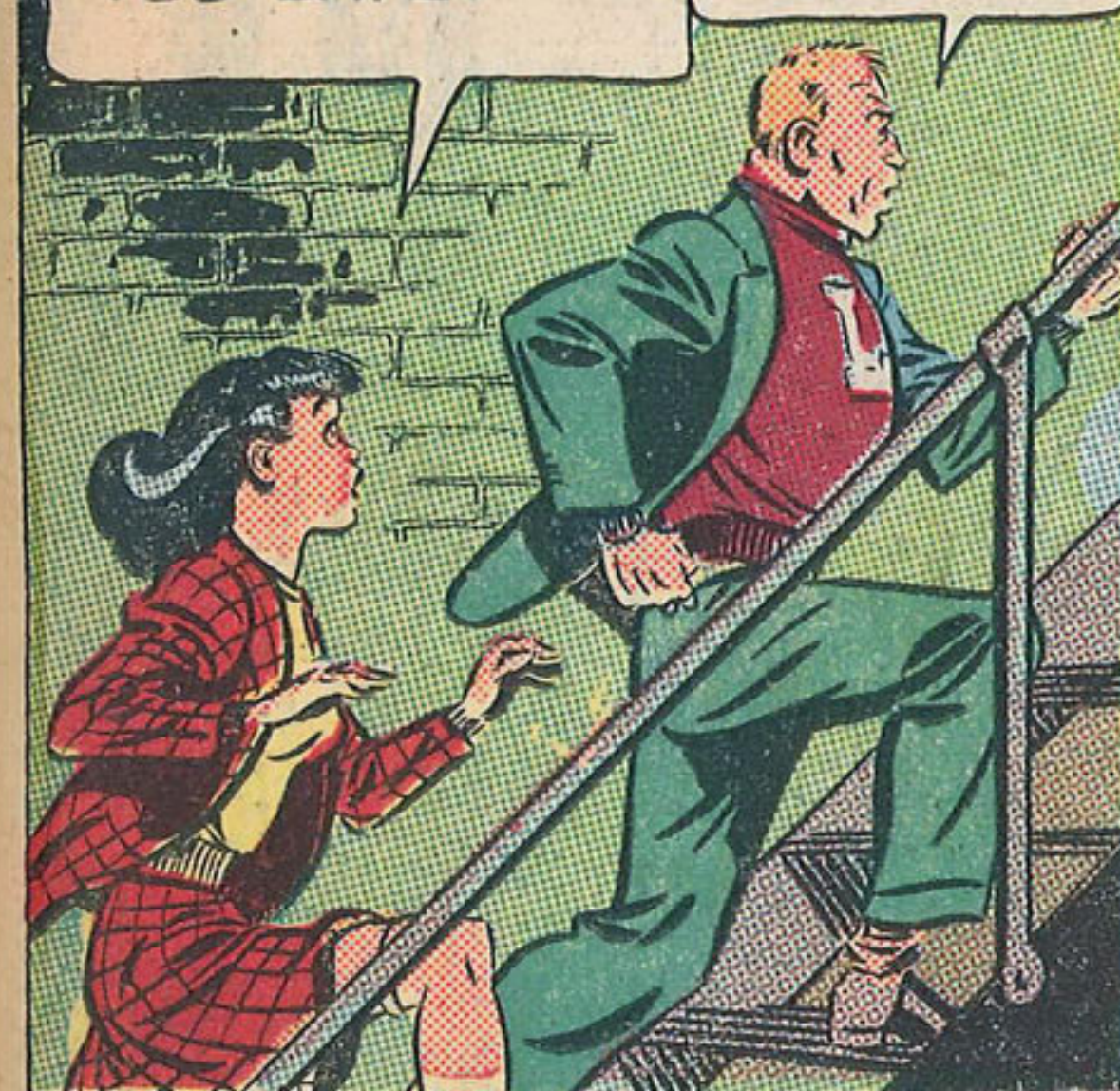
I HATE TO DO THIS, MISTER!



CHEE! I HOPE THE DEAN DON'T EXPEL ME—
HAW! HAW!

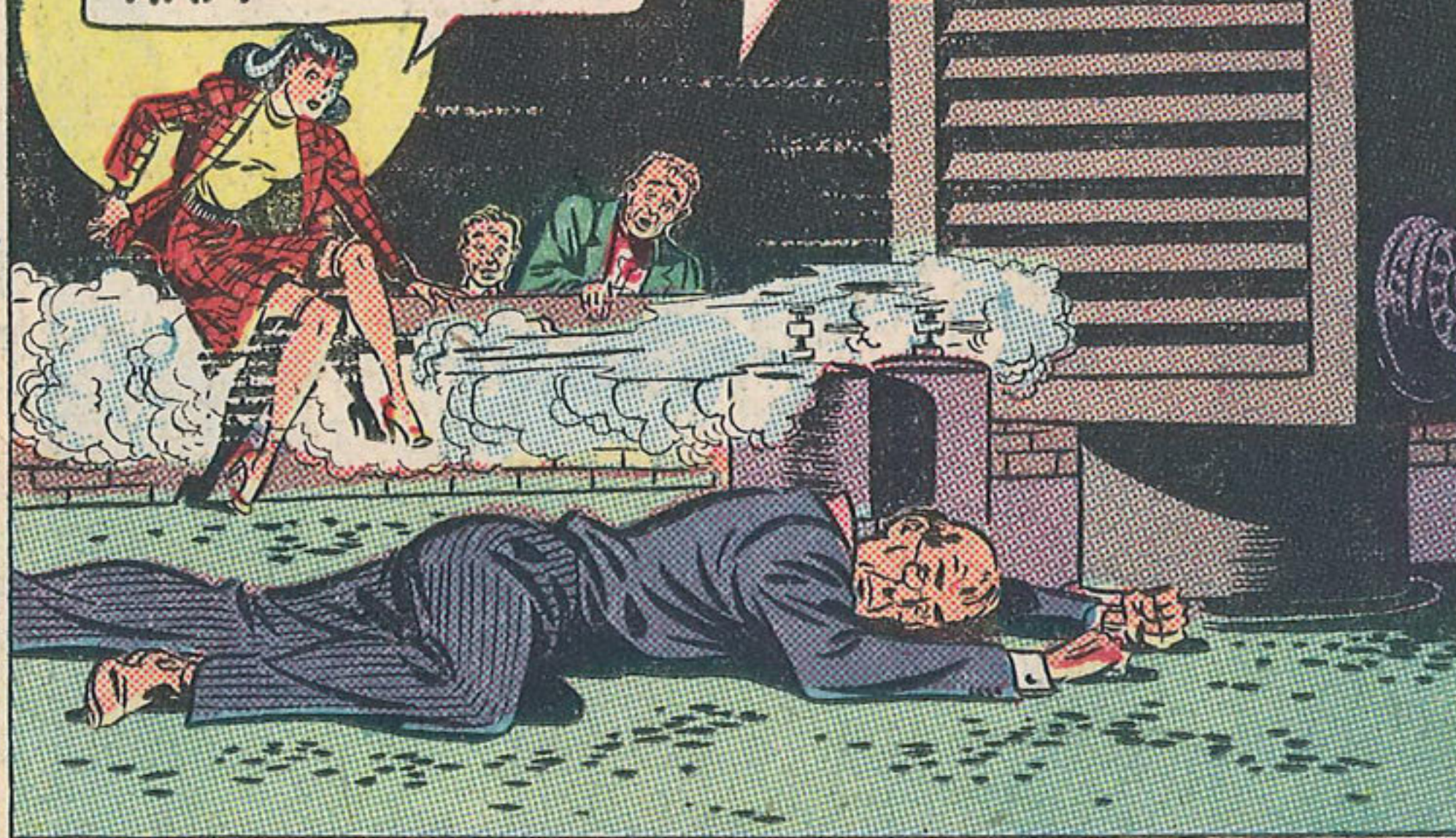
HE MUST HAVE DONE IT ALREADY, BIFF! WE'RE TOO LATE!

I'LL MAKE HASH OUTA THAT CLUCK!



HEAVENS! CAREFUL, BIFF! THE GAS IS BLOWING THE WRONG WAY!

THE PROF IS KNOCKED OUT!



GOLLY, GEE! HE ABSENTMINDEDLY REVERSED THE DIRECTION OF THE FAN AND BLEW THE GAS OVER HIMSELF!

IT'S A LUCKY THING HE'S SUCH A JIGGERANT DOPE!

ODOH!



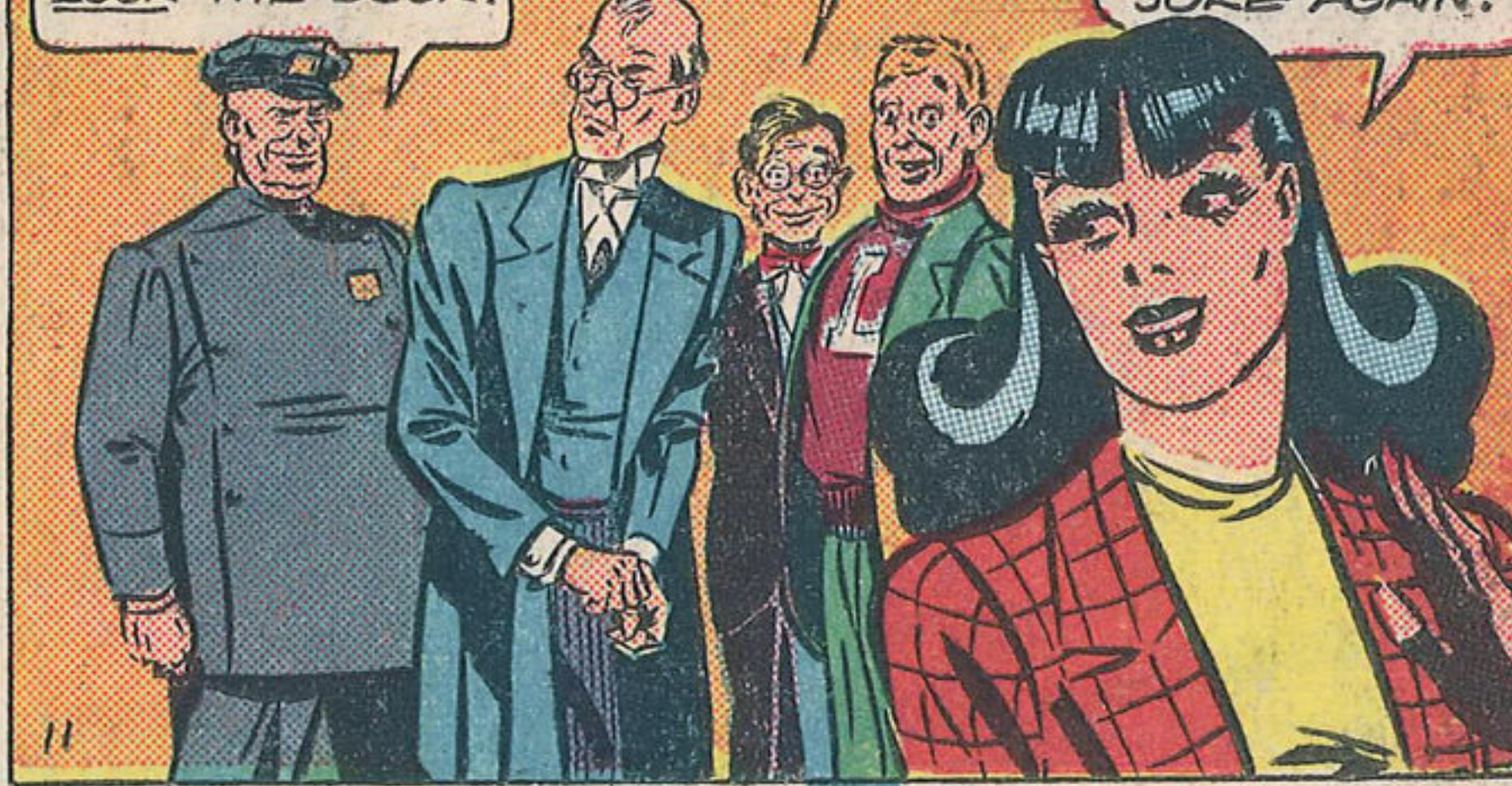
LATER—

WE GOT AN ESCAPE-PROOF CELL, TOO, PROFESSOR! ONLY WE ALWAYS LOCK THE DOOR!

I'M HUMILIATED!

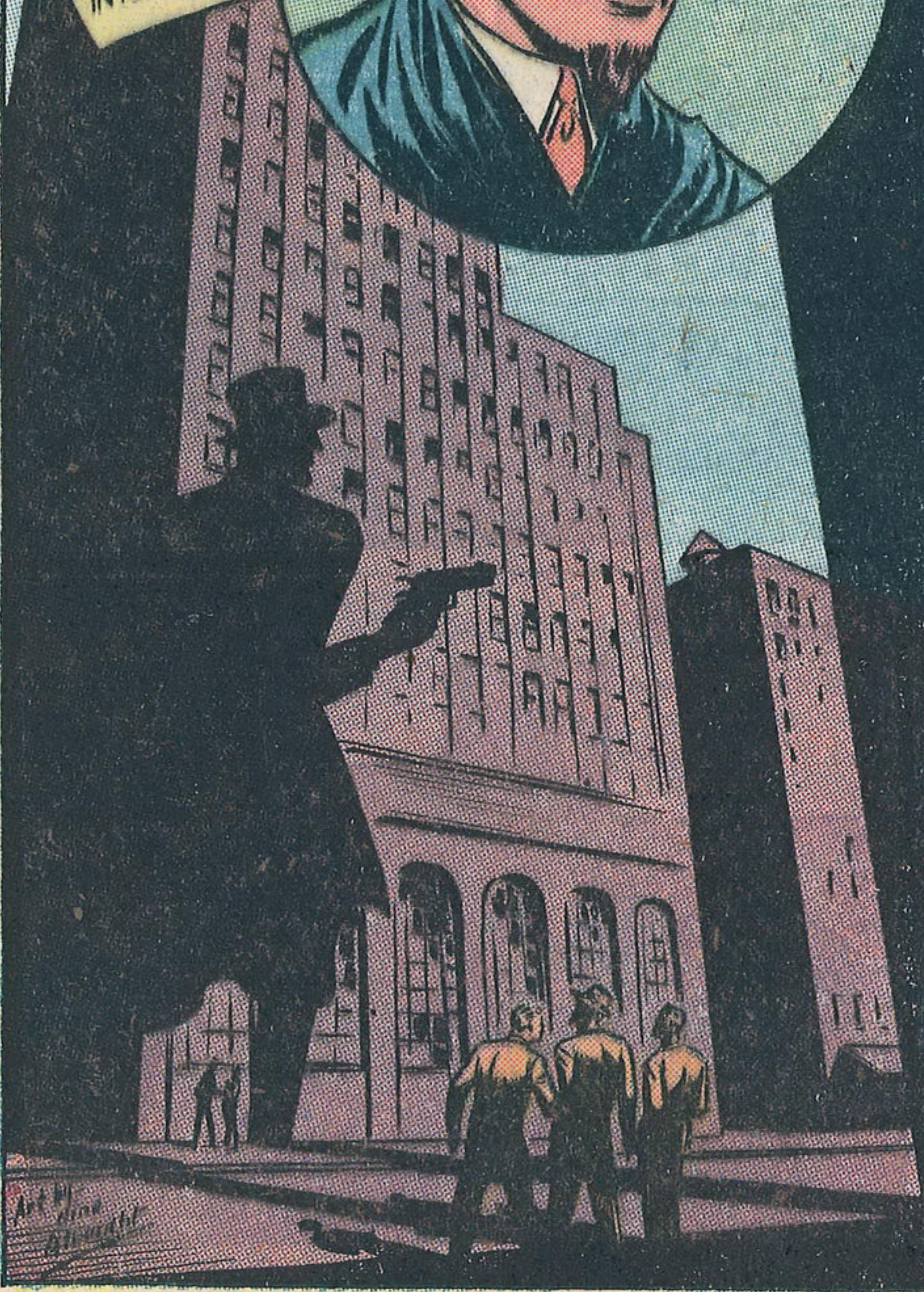
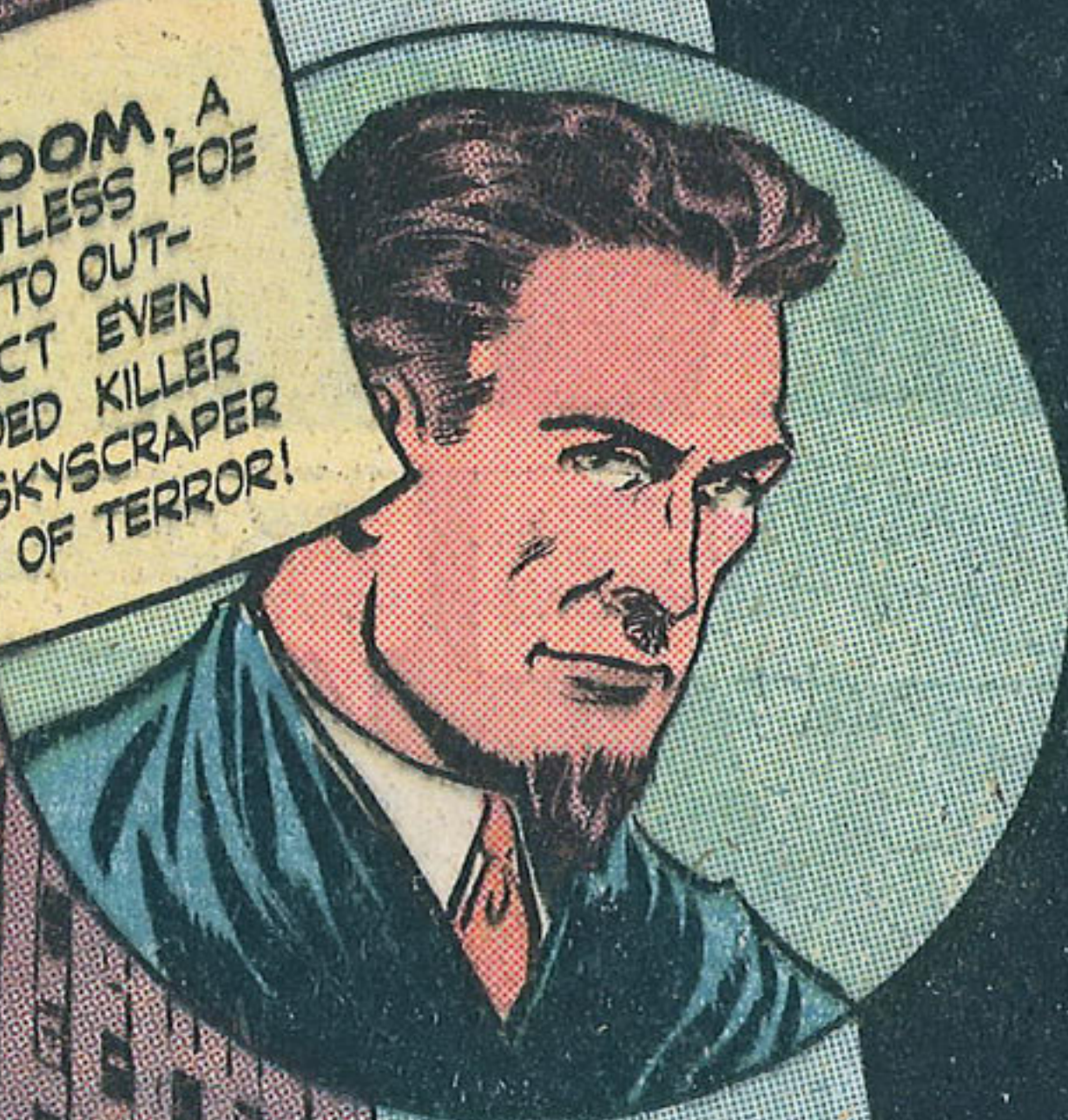
YOU BETTER HIT THE HAY, TONI! BIG DAY TOMORROW!

I CAN SLEEP IN PEACE NOW! BUT I'LL NEVER LAUGH AT AN ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR JOKE AGAIN!

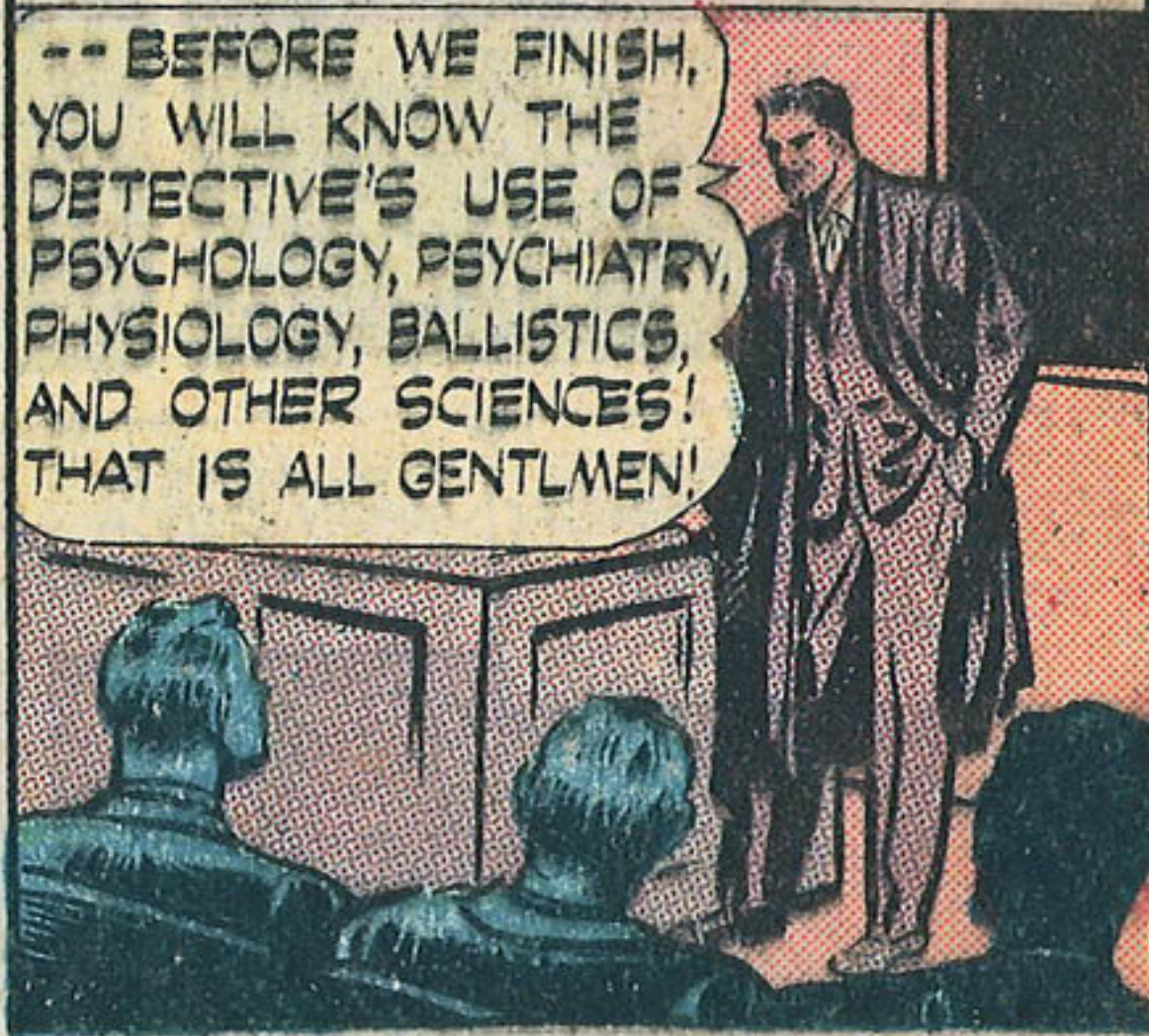


DR. DOOM

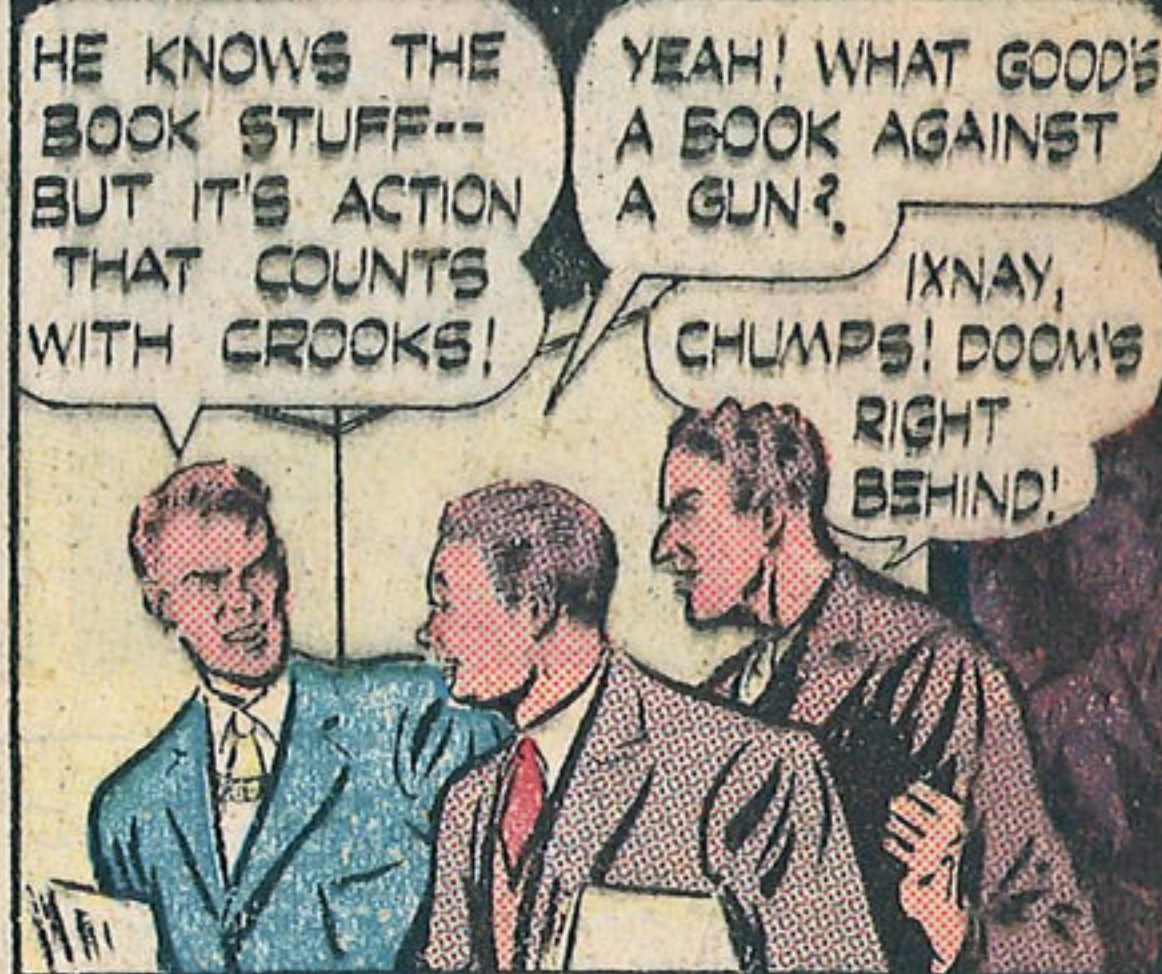
INTRODUCING ~
DOCTOR DOOM, A
WISE AND RELENTLESS FOE
OF CRIME, READY TO OUT-
THINK AND OUTACT EVEN
THE COLD BLOODED KILLER
WHO TURNS A SKYSCRAPER
INTO A HOUSE OF TERROR!



DR. DOOM, NEW HEAD OF THE
CRIME DETECTION SCHOOL OF
CITY UNIVERSITY, FINISHES HIS
FIRST LECTURE.



-- BEFORE WE FINISH,
YOU WILL KNOW THE
DETECTIVE'S USE OF
PSYCHOLOGY, PSYCHIATRY,
PHYSIOLOGY, BALLISTICS,
AND OTHER SCIENCES!
THAT IS ALL GENTLEMEN!



HE KNOWS THE
BOOK STUFF--
BUT IT'S ACTION
THAT COUNTS
WITH CROOKS!

YEAH! WHAT GOOD'S
A BOOK AGAINST
A GUN?

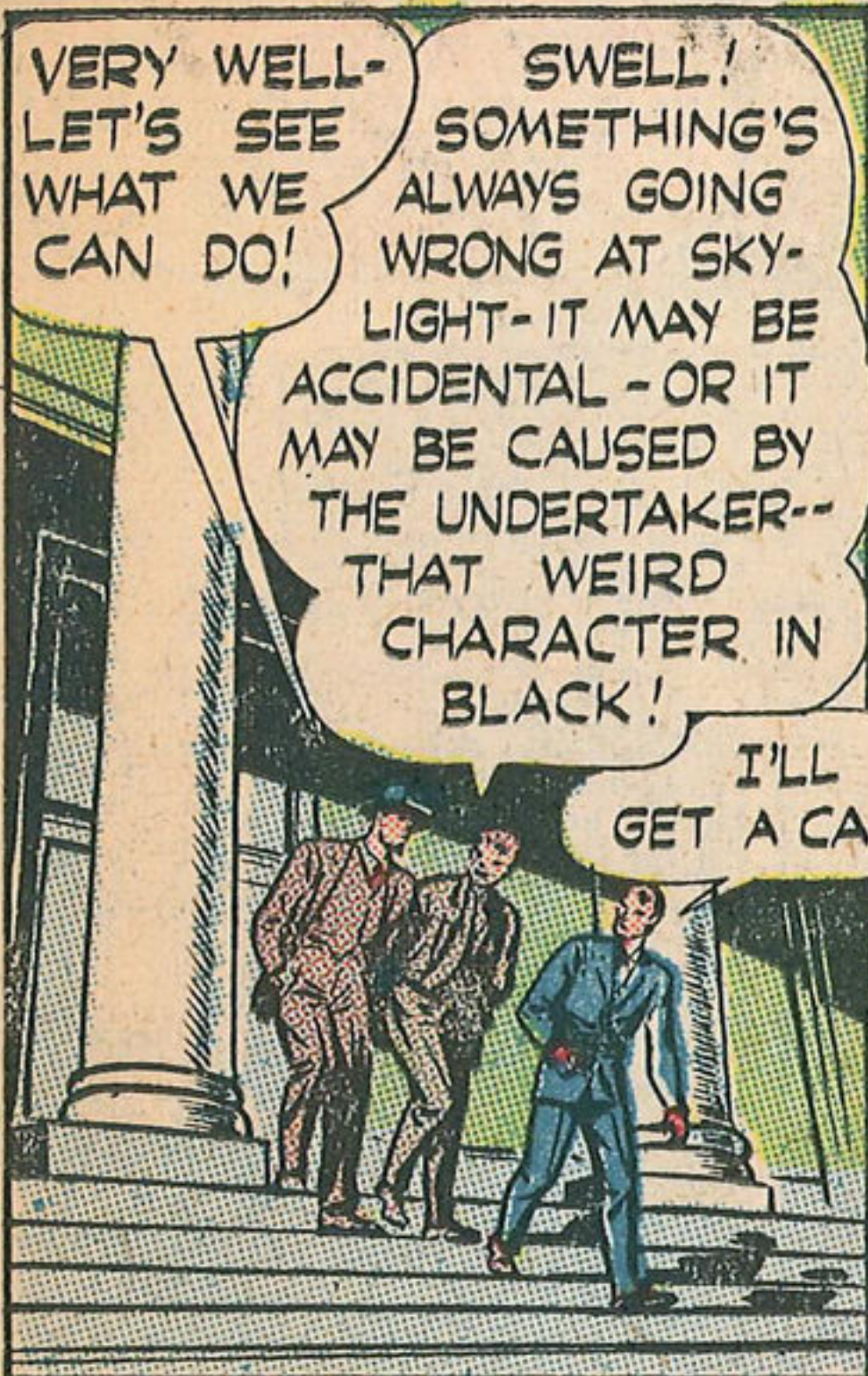
IXNAY,
CHUMPS! DOOM'S
RIGHT
BEHIND!



WHAT'S
THIS ALL
ABOUT?

BOOKS ARE FINE, SIR,
BUT IF YOU COULD
SHOW US SOME ACTION--

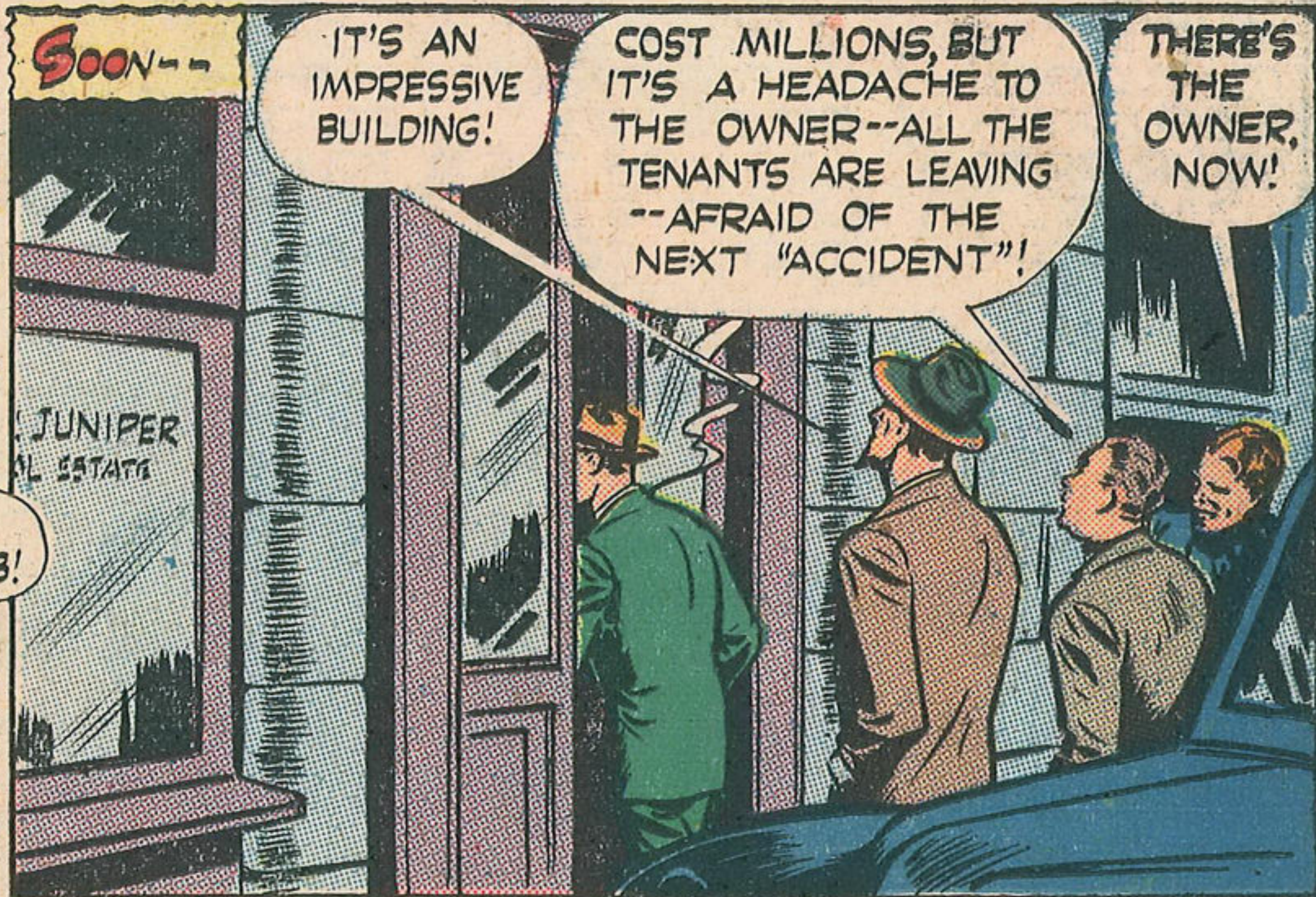
LIKE SOLVING THE
SKYLIGHT MURDERS!
THE POLICE ARE
STUMPED!



VERY WELL--
LET'S SEE
WHAT WE
CAN DO!

SWELL!
SOMETHING'S
ALWAYS GOING
WRONG AT SKY-
LIGHT--IT MAY BE
ACCIDENTAL--OR IT
MAY BE CAUSED BY
THE UNDERTAKER--
THAT WEIRD
CHARACTER IN
BLACK!

I'LL
GET A CAB!



SOON--

IT'S AN
IMPRESSIVE
BUILDING!

COST MILLIONS, BUT
IT'S A HEADACHE TO
THE OWNER--ALL THE
TENANTS ARE LEAVING
--AFRAID OF THE
NEXT "ACCIDENT"!

THERE'S
THE
OWNER,
NOW!



FIRST LESSON! MAKE
YOURSELVES INCONSPICUOUS!
WE MAY LEARN
SOMETHING HERE!

JUNIPER--YOU CAN
HAVE THE BUILDING FOR
TWENTY THOUSAND!

NO, THANKS! THE
TENANTS ARE
TERRIFIED OF
THE "UNDERTAKER"
-- I WOULDN'T MAKE
ENOUGH TO PAY
MY TAXES!

RIDICULOUS!
EVERYTHING THAT
HAPPENED WAS
ACCIDENTAL! THE
"UNDERTAKER"
IS A MYTH!

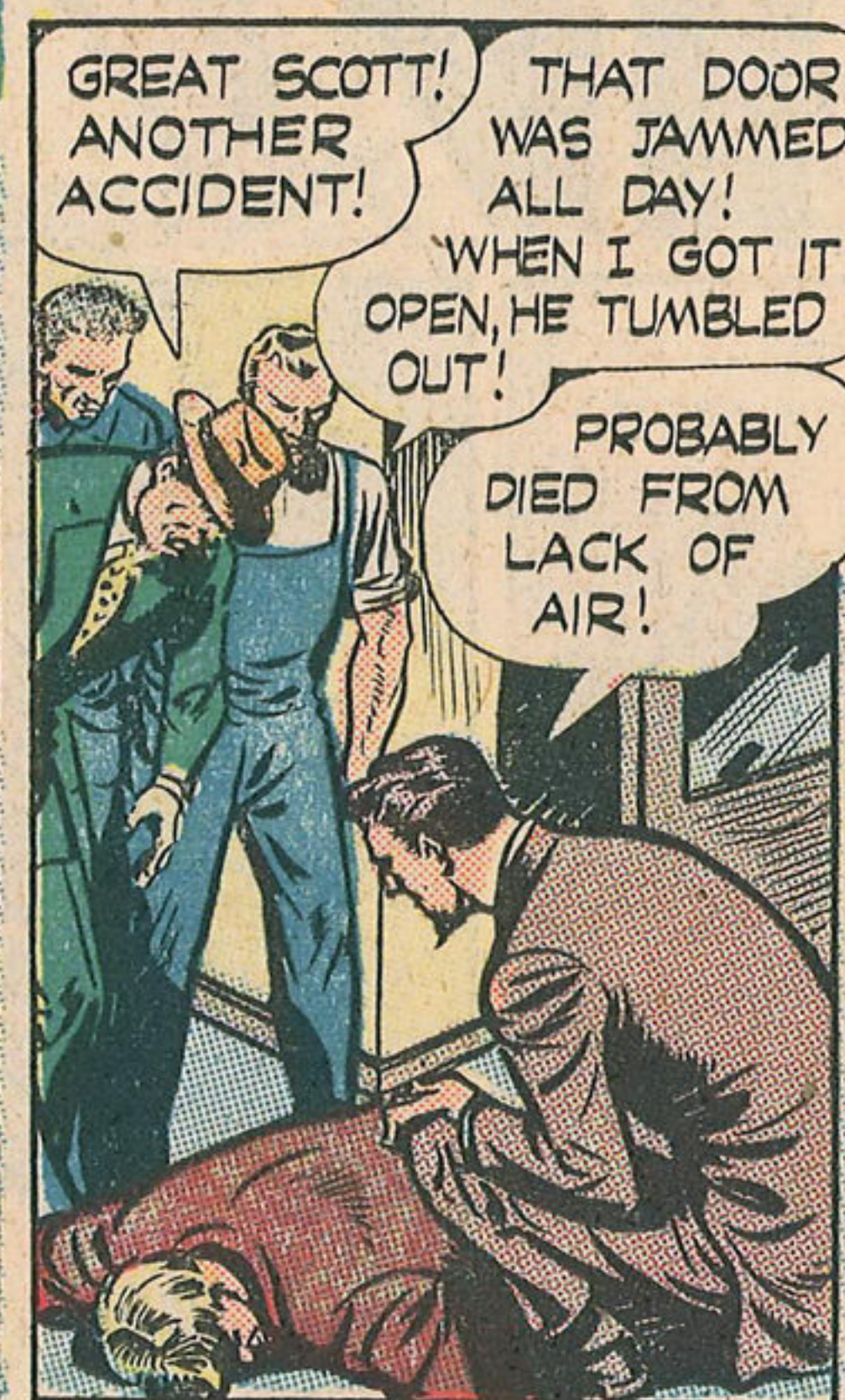
TELL IT TO THE
TENANTS --
WHAT'S LEFT
OF 'EM! I
WON'T PAY A
CENT MORE
THAN TEN THOUSAND!



THAT'S ROBBERY!
I WON'T SELL!

BOSS!
LOOK WHAT
I FOUND IN
THE SIDE
REVOLVING
DOOR!

SUIT
YOURSELF!
I'LL
WAIT!



GREAT SCOTT!
ANOTHER
ACCIDENT!

THAT DOOR
WAS JAMMED
ALL DAY!
WHEN I GOT IT
OPEN, HE TUMBLED
OUT!

PROBABLY
DIED FROM
LACK OF
AIR!



THIS WEDGE
WAS DRIVEN
BENEATH THE
DOOR TO JAM IT!

THEN --
IT WAS
MURDER!

THAT SETTLES IT!--I'LL SELL --EVEN AT **YOUR** PRICE, JUNIPER!

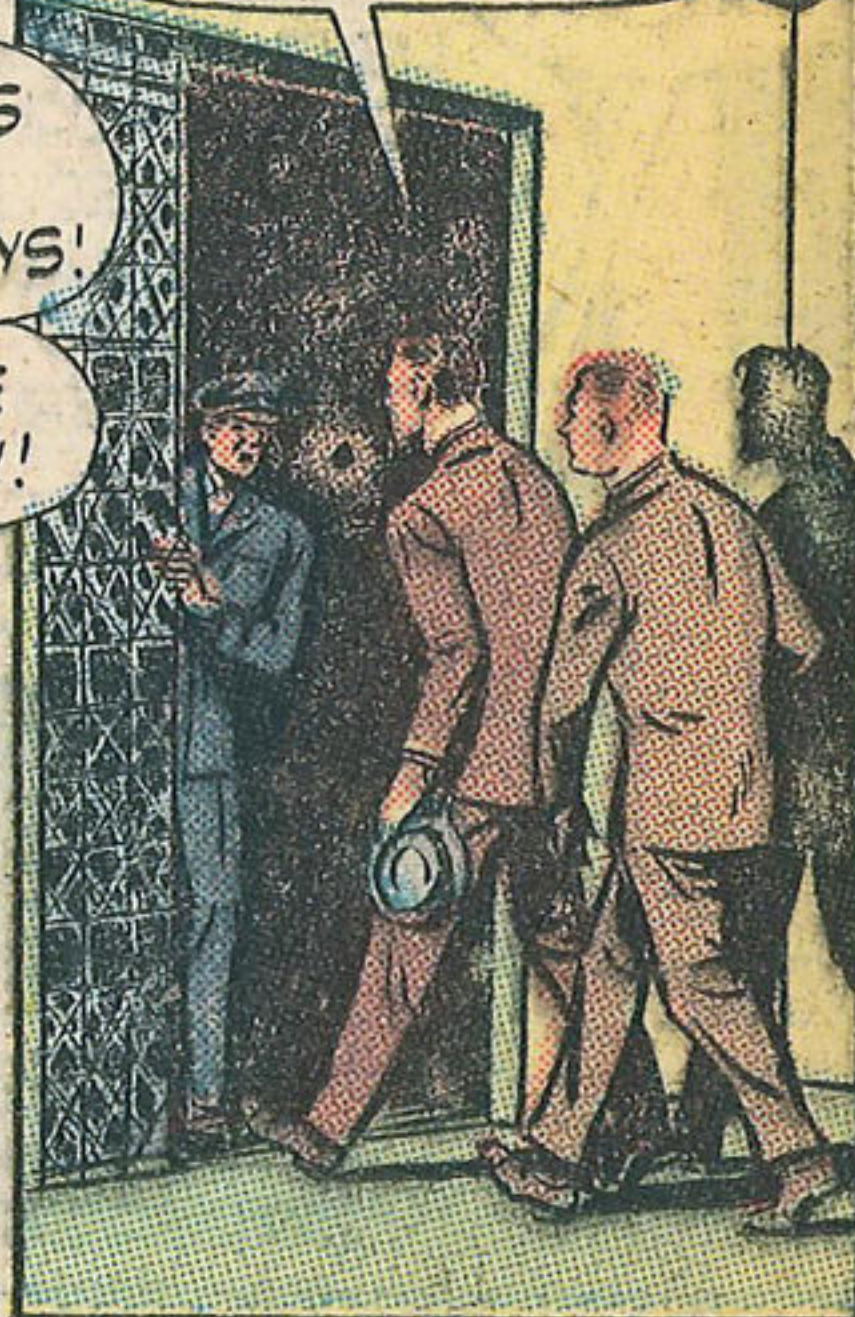
IF WE CATCH THE MURDERER, YOUR OLD TENANTS WILL KNOW THE BUILDING IS SAFE. THEY'LL COME BACK!

BY GOLLY, YOU'RE RIGHT--BUT THE POLICE HAVEN'T EVEN FOUND A SUSPECT!

FIRST, WE'LL LOOK THE BUILDING OVER! UP, PLEASE!

MAYBE WE AMATEURS WILL HAVE BETTER LUCK! COME ON, BOYS!

YOU'RE CRAZY!



THE ELEVATOR ZOOMS UP, BUT SUDDENLY---

WE'RE STARTING TO DROP! WHAT'S WRONG, OPERATOR?

GOSH! I DON'T KNOW! CONTROLS ARE JAMMED! WE'LL CRASH TO THE BASEMENT!

QUICK! CRAWL TO THE TOP!

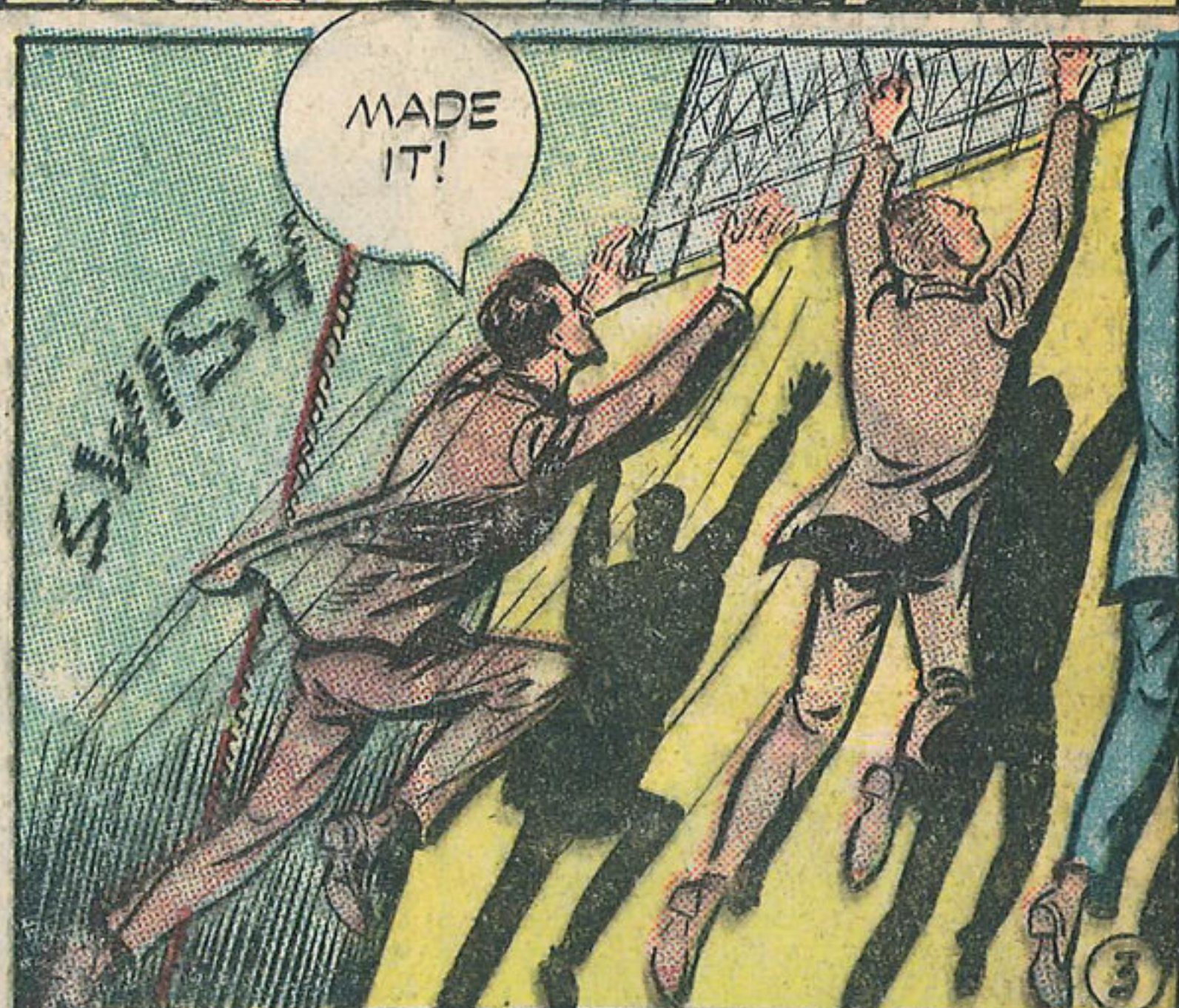
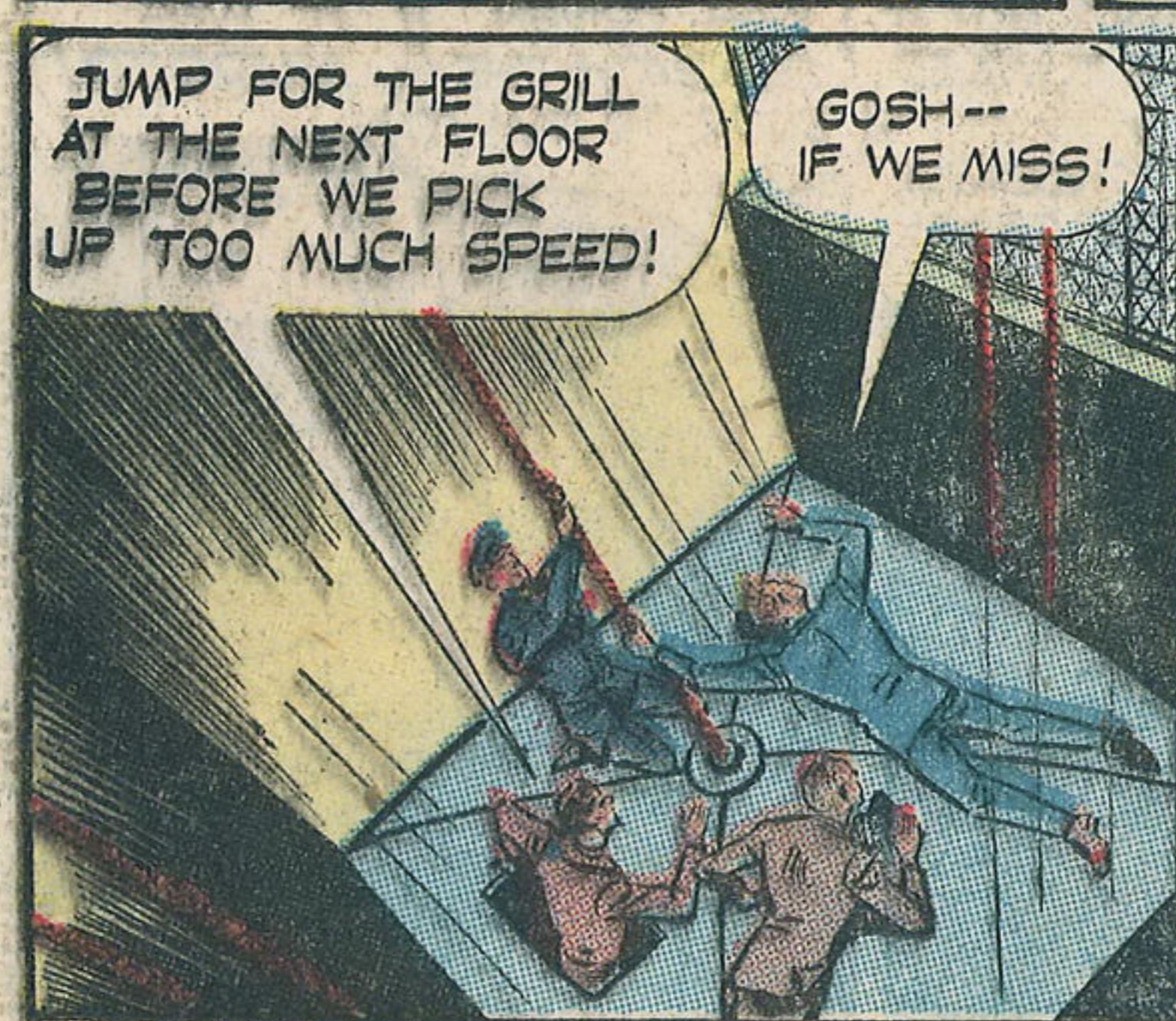
WHAT FOR?



JUMP FOR THE GRILL AT THE NEXT FLOOR BEFORE WE PICK UP TOO MUCH SPEED!

GOSH-- IF WE MISS!

MADE IT!

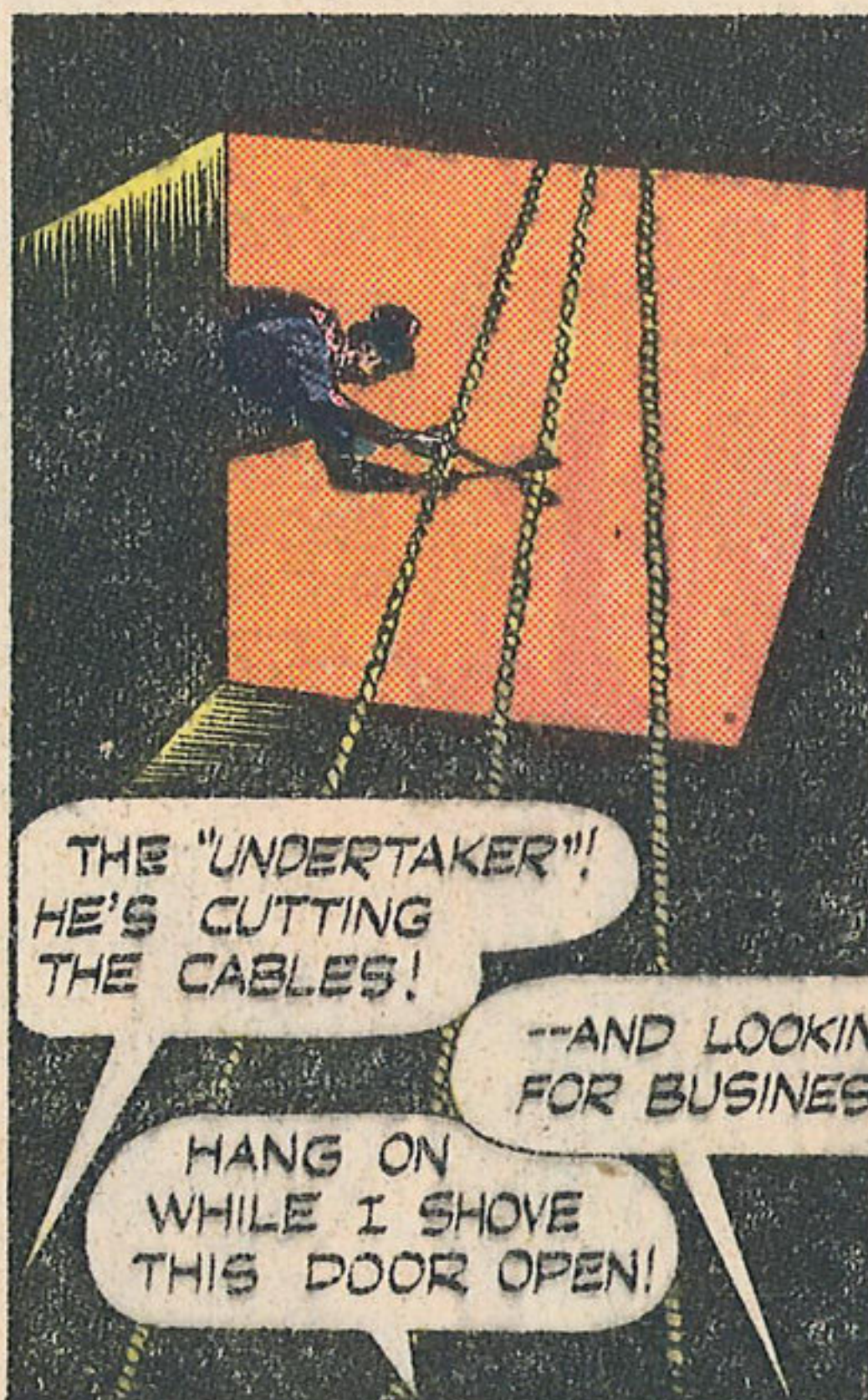




OUCH! THAT HURTS EVEN UP HERE!

LOOK! UP ABOVE!

CRASH!



THE "UNDERTAKER"! HE'S CUTTING THE CABLES!

--AND LOOKING FOR BUSINESS!

HANG ON WHILE I SHOVE THIS DOOR OPEN!



I'LL HAVE YOU OUT IN A JIFFY--AND THEN I'M THROUGH RUNNING ELEVATORS.

HURRY! WE CAN STILL NAB THAT KILLER!

SOON--

DID WE SAY WE WANTED ACTION?

THAT CRASH STOPPED ALL THE ELEVATORS! THE "UNDERTAKER" IS TRAPPED BETWEEN US AND THE ROOF!



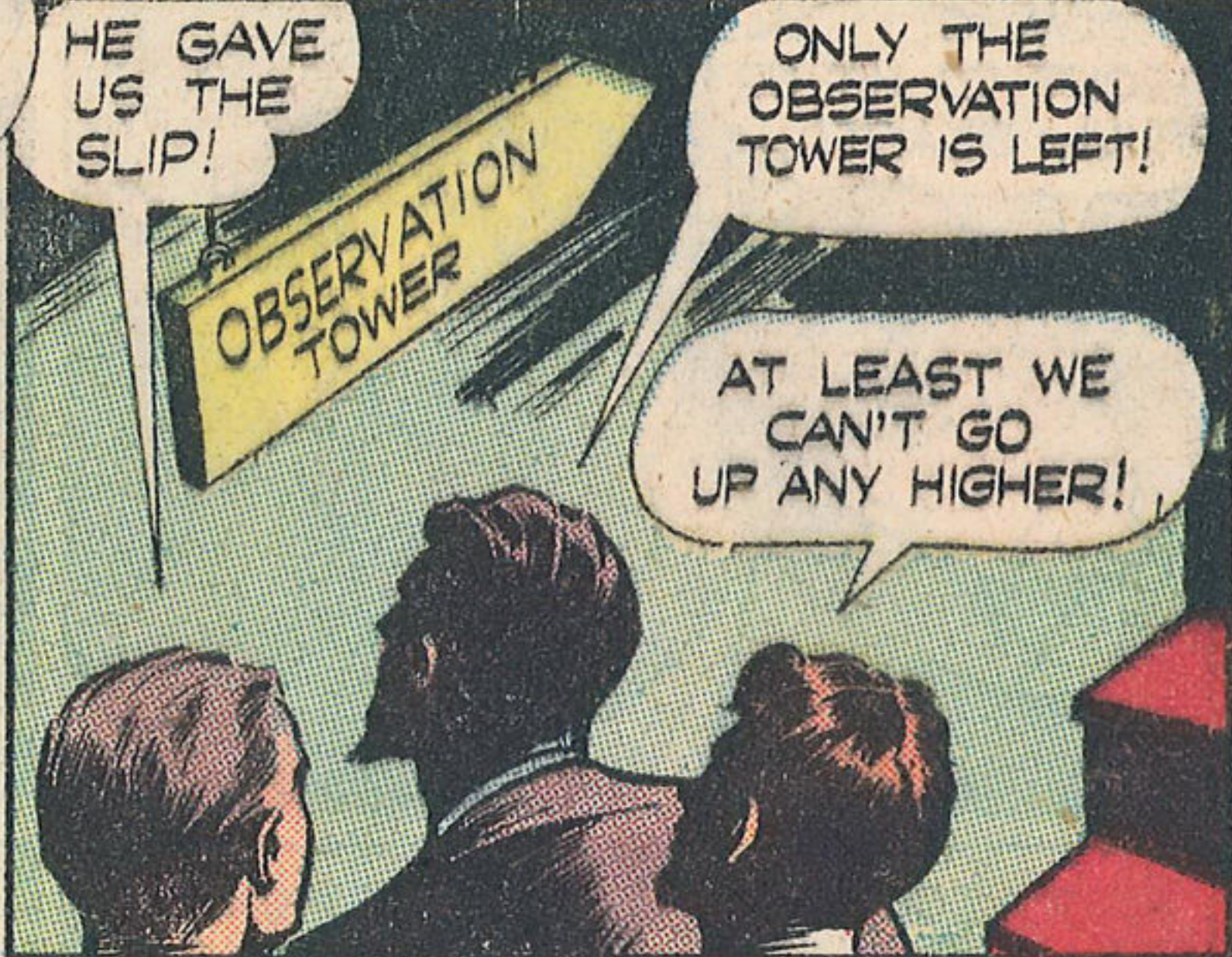
BUT AFTER A CAREFUL SEARCH OF MANY FLOORS--

HE GAVE US THE SLIP!

ONLY THE OBSERVATION TOWER IS LEFT!

OBSERVATION TOWER

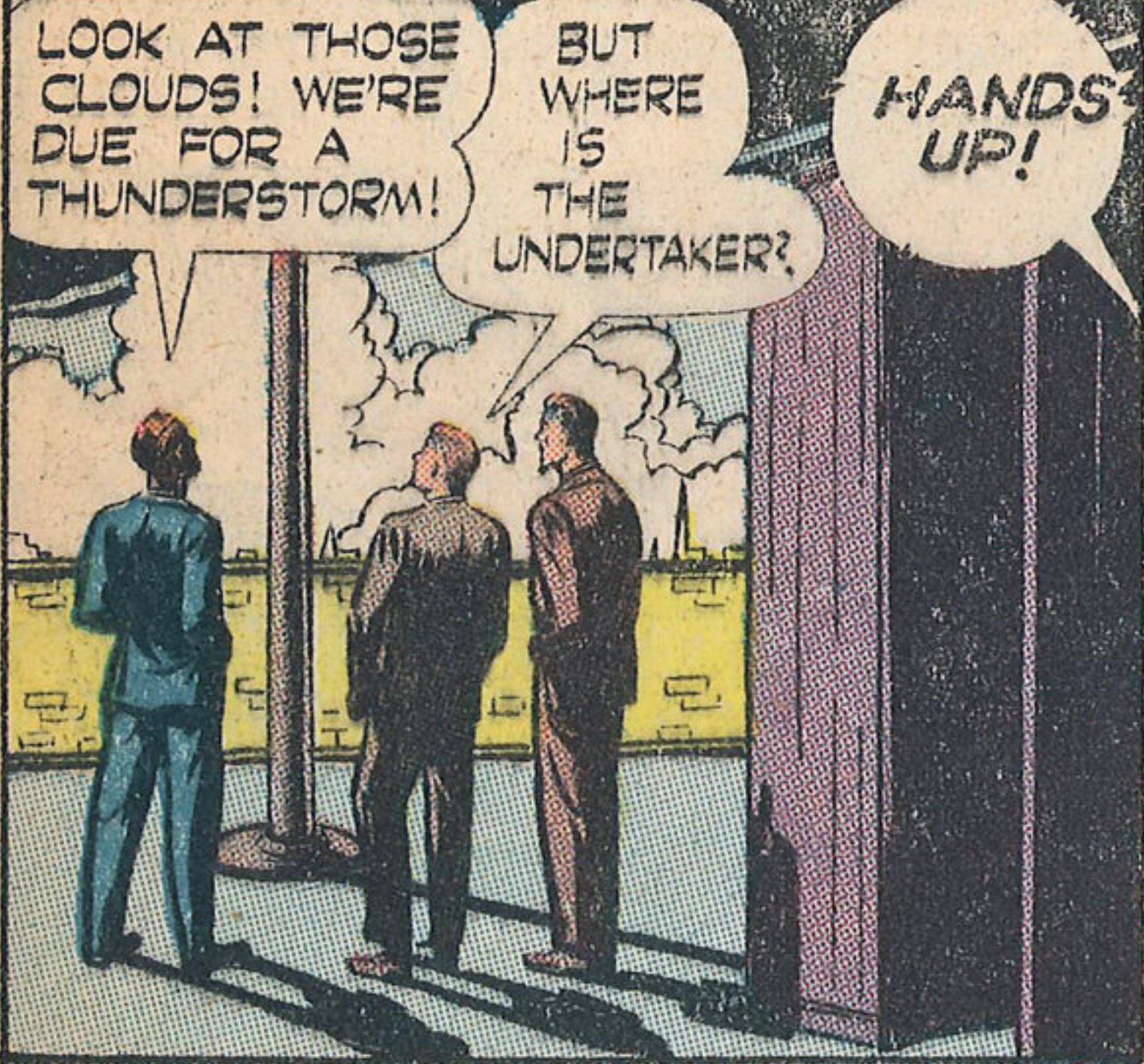
AT LEAST WE CAN'T GO UP ANY HIGHER!



LOOK AT THOSE CLOUDS! WE'RE DUE FOR A THUNDERSTORM!

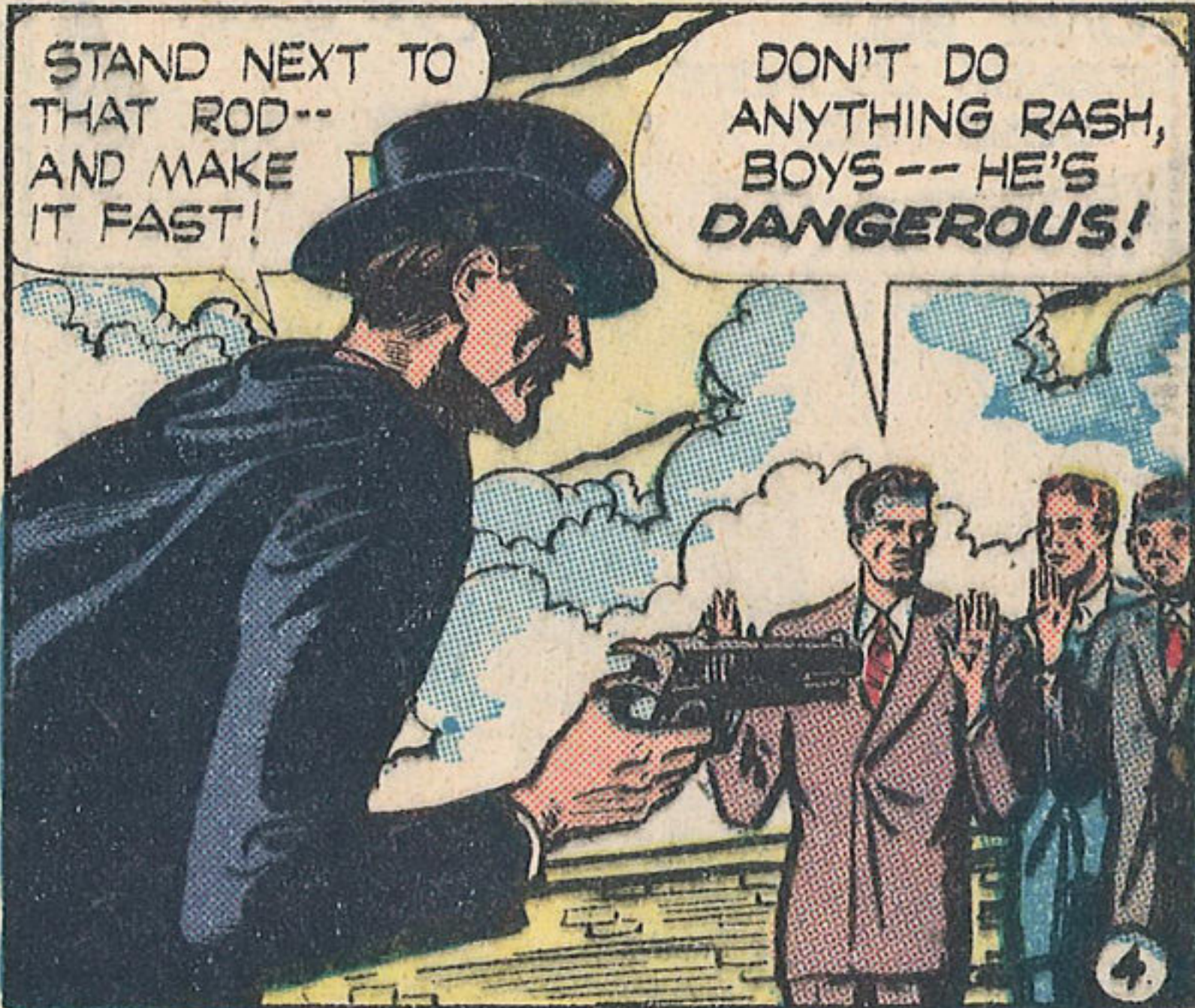
BUT WHERE IS THE UNDERTAKER?

HANDS UP!



STAND NEXT TO THAT ROD-- AND MAKE IT FAST!

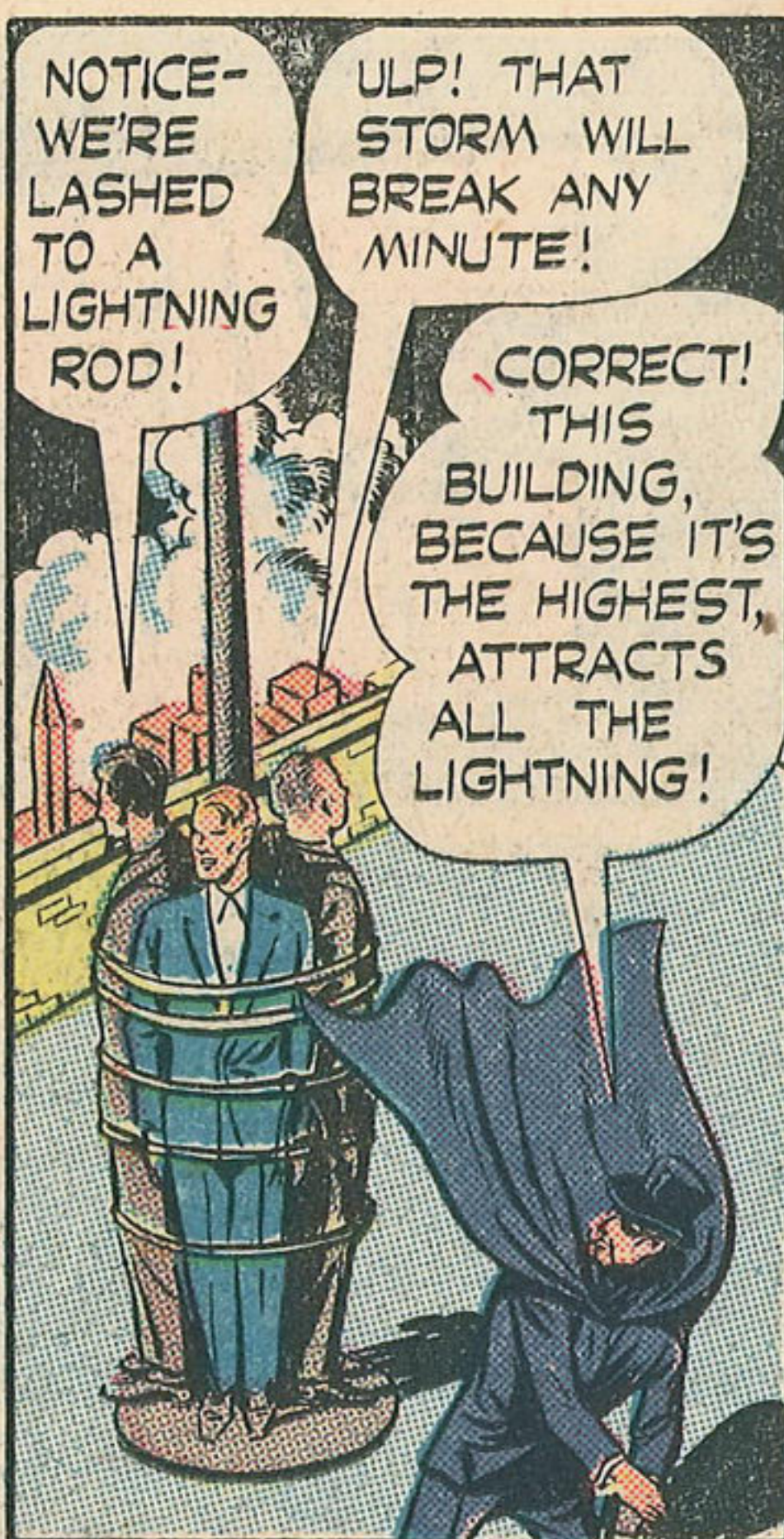
DON'T DO ANYTHING RASH, BOYS-- HE'S DANGEROUS!





GOOD!
WE'RE ONLY
BEING TIED UP!
I EXPECTED
TO BE
BUMPED OFF!

YOU WERE
RIGHT
THE
FIRST TIME,
WINDY!



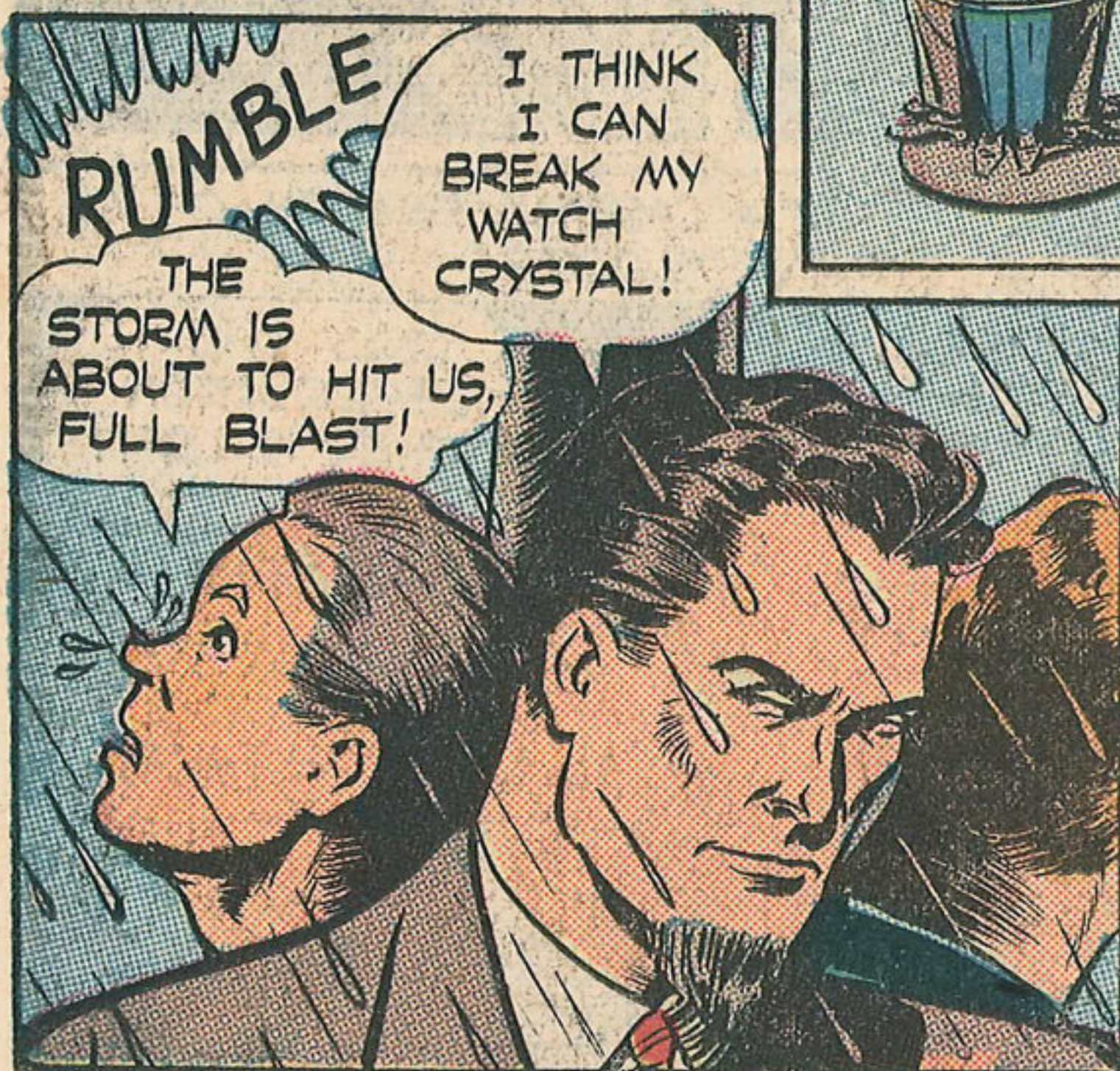
NOTICE-
WE'RE
LASHED
TO A
LIGHTNING
ROD!

ULP! THAT
STORM WILL
BREAK ANY
MINUTE!

CORRECT!
THIS
BUILDING,
BECAUSE IT'S
THE HIGHEST,
ATTRACTS
ALL THE
LIGHTNING!



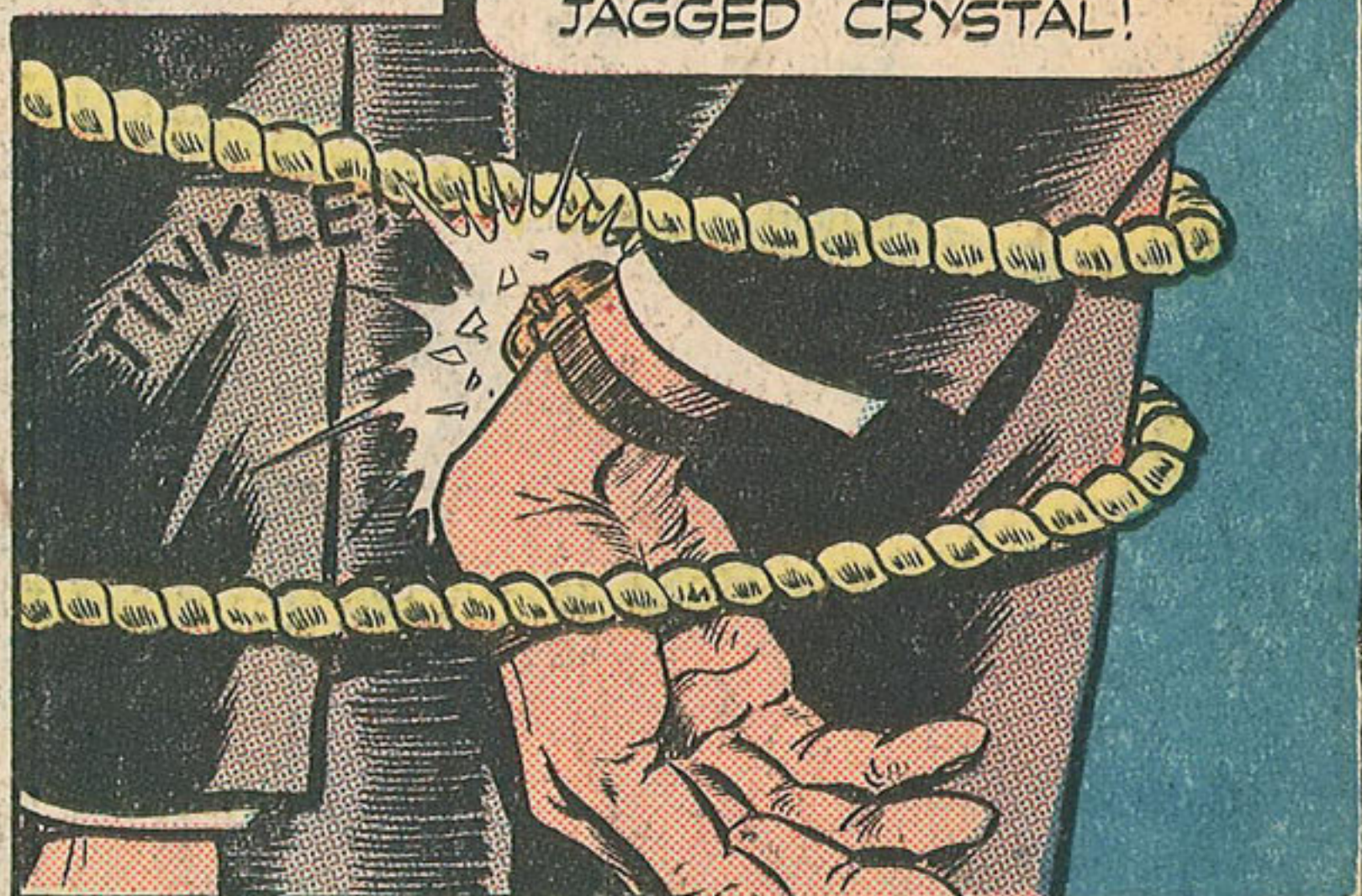
THIS IS IRONY! I AM THE
MURDERER, -BUT YOU GET
ELECTROCUTED! **FAREWELL!**



RUMBLE

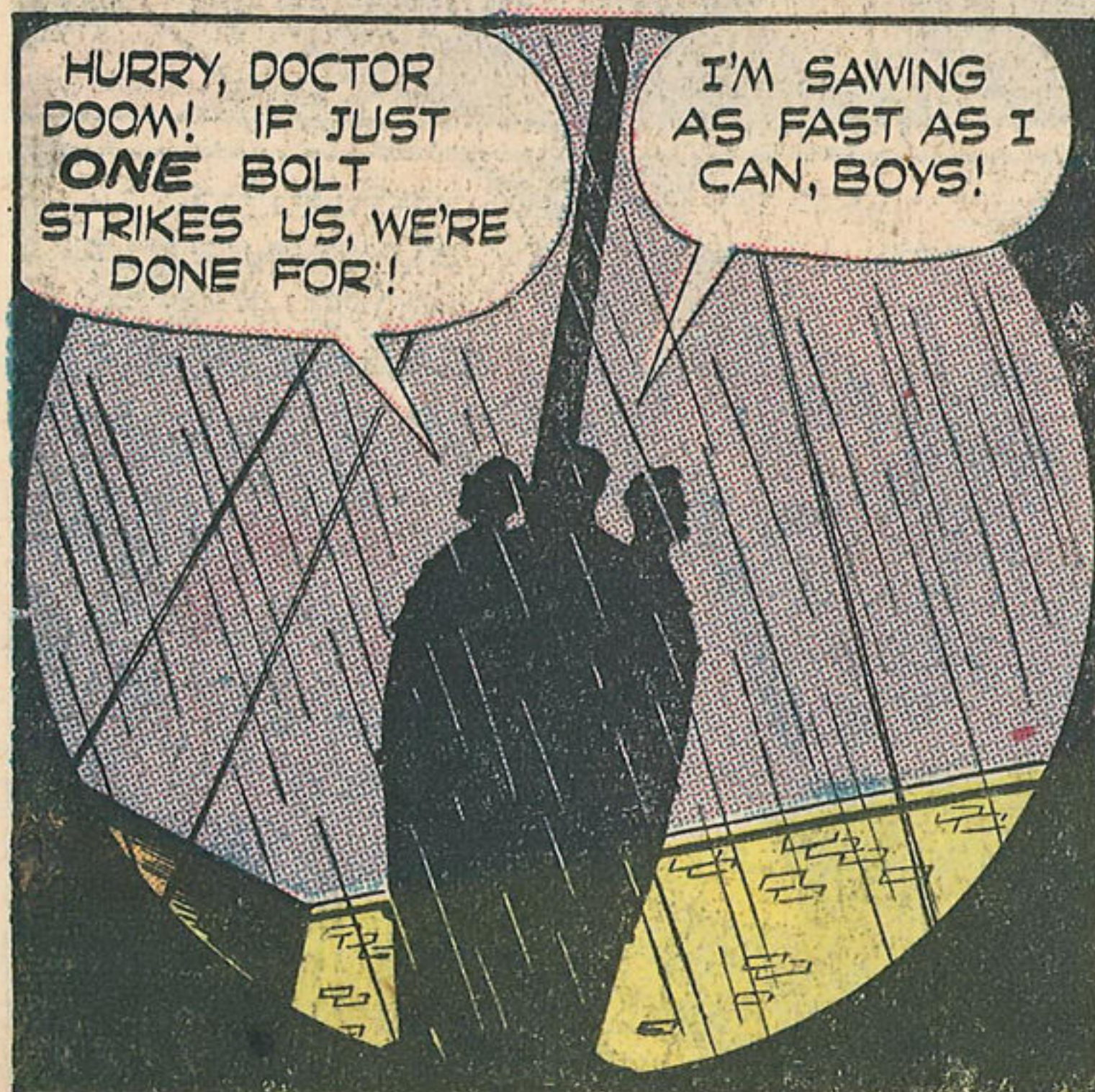
THE
STORM IS
ABOUT TO HIT US,
FULL BLAST!

I THINK
I CAN
BREAK MY
WATCH
CRYSTAL!



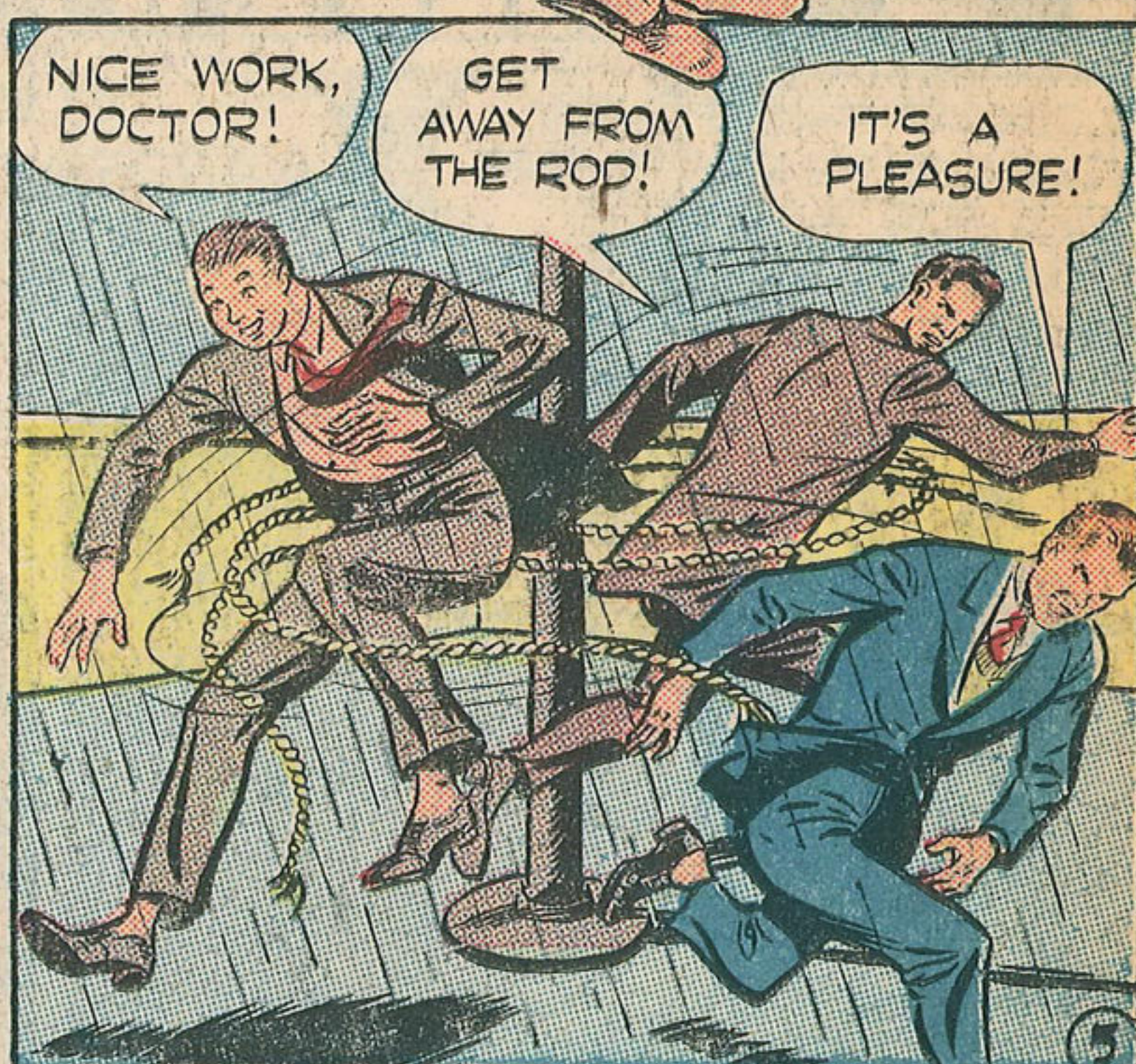
DR. DOOM SMASHES HIS WRIST
WATCH AGAINST THE ROD!

MAYBE I CAN SAW THROUGH
THE ROPE WITH THE
JAGGED CRYSTAL!



HURRY, DOCTOR
DOOM! IF JUST
ONE BOLT
STRIKES US, WE'RE
DONE FOR!

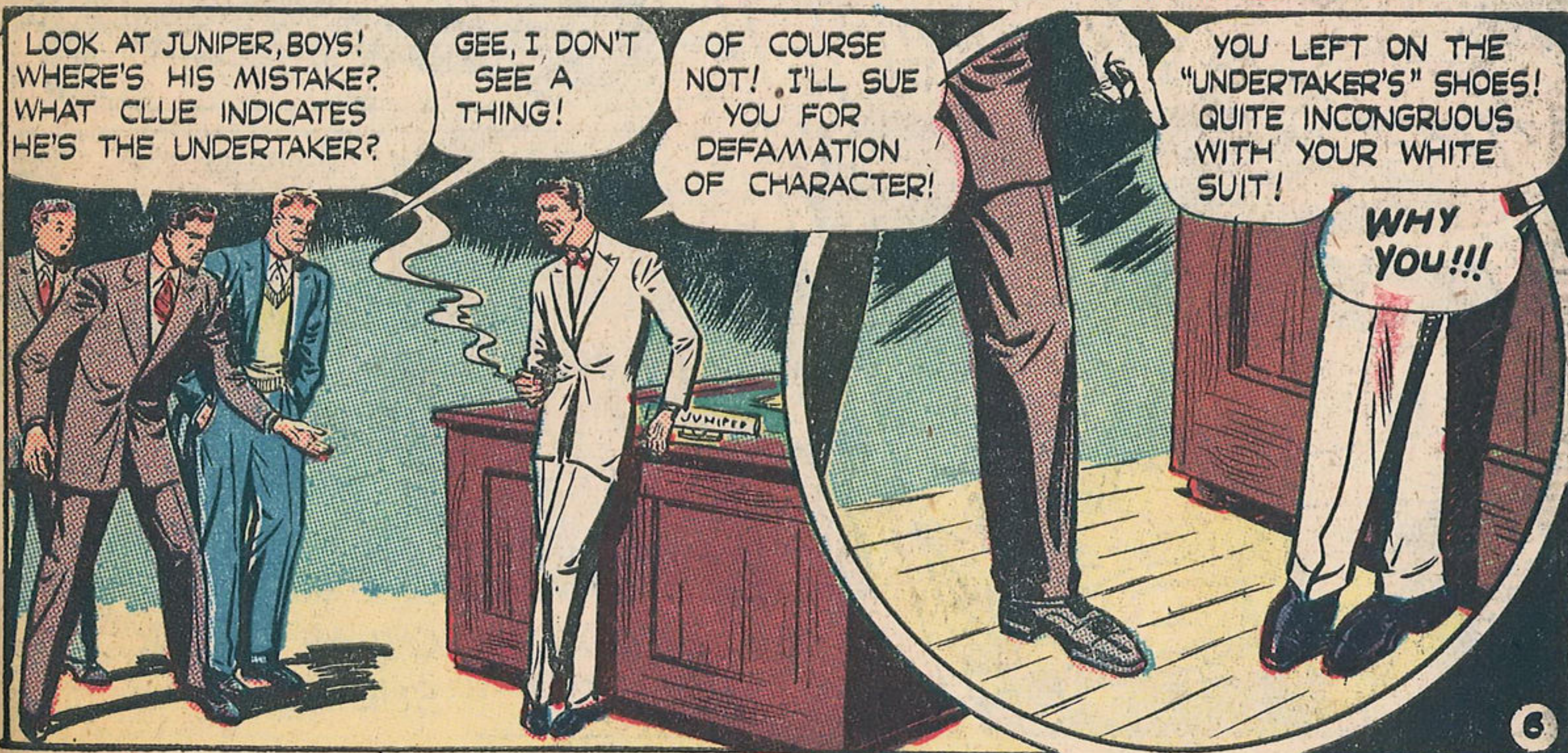
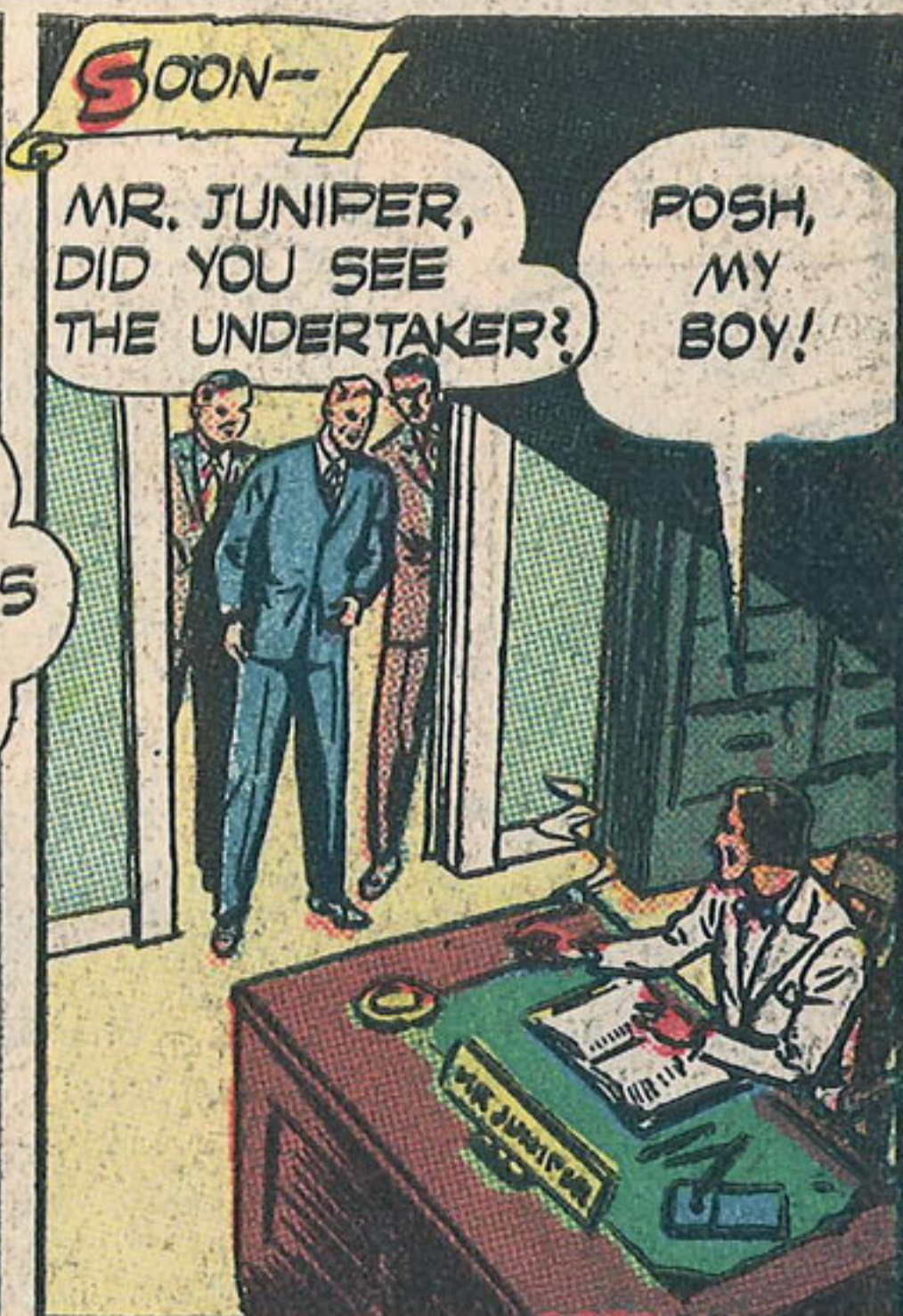
I'M SAWING
AS FAST AS I
CAN, BOYS!



NICE WORK,
DOCTOR!

GET
AWAY FROM
THE ROD!

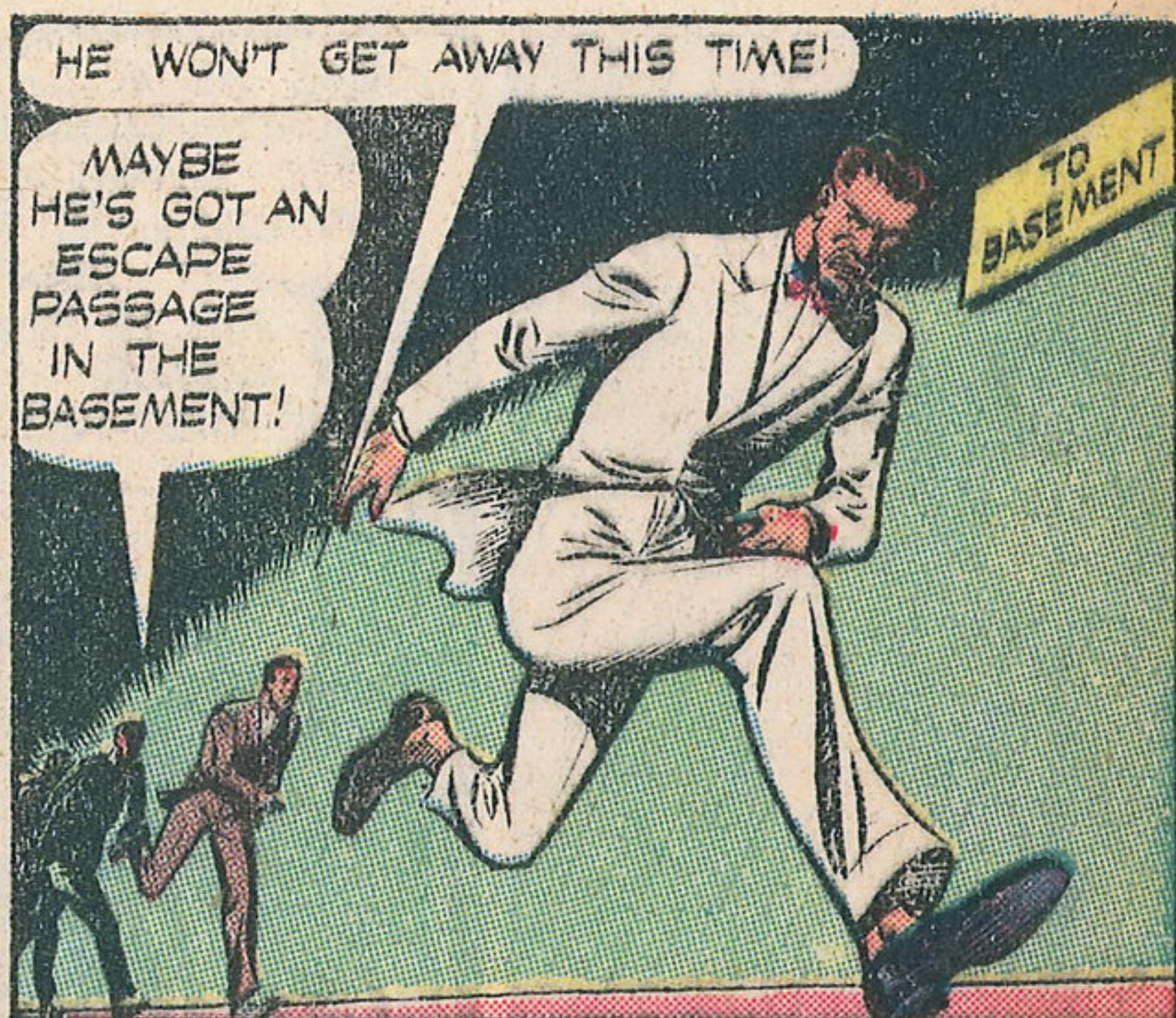
IT'S A
PLEASURE!





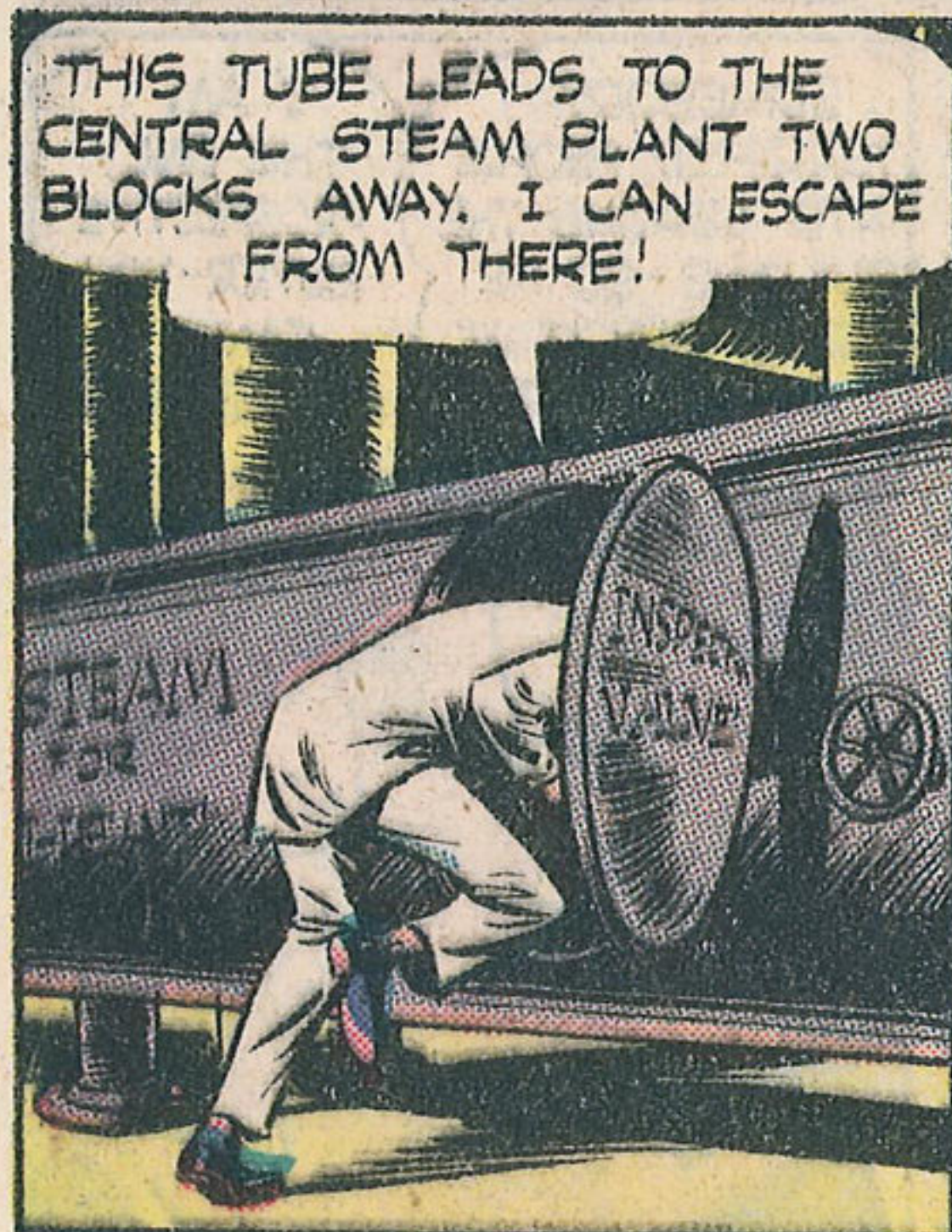
LOOK AROUND FOR HIS COSTUME, BOYS!

YOU'LL NEVER SEND ME UP!



HE WON'T GET AWAY THIS TIME!

MAYBE HE'S GOT AN ESCAPE PASSAGE IN THE BASEMENT!



THIS TUBE LEADS TO THE CENTRAL STEAM PLANT TWO BLOCKS AWAY. I CAN ESCAPE FROM THERE!



DOGGONE IT-- HE DISAPPEARED!

THERE'S ONLY ONE POSSIBLE EXIT-- AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT!



WHAT'S THE IDEA?

THIS PARTICULAR TUBE IS CLOSED TO STEAM, BUT IT'S EASY TO TURN ON!

IF HE'S IN THERE-- HE'LL STEAM OUT IN A HURRY!



SOON--

LET ME OUT! I CONFESS!

LATER--



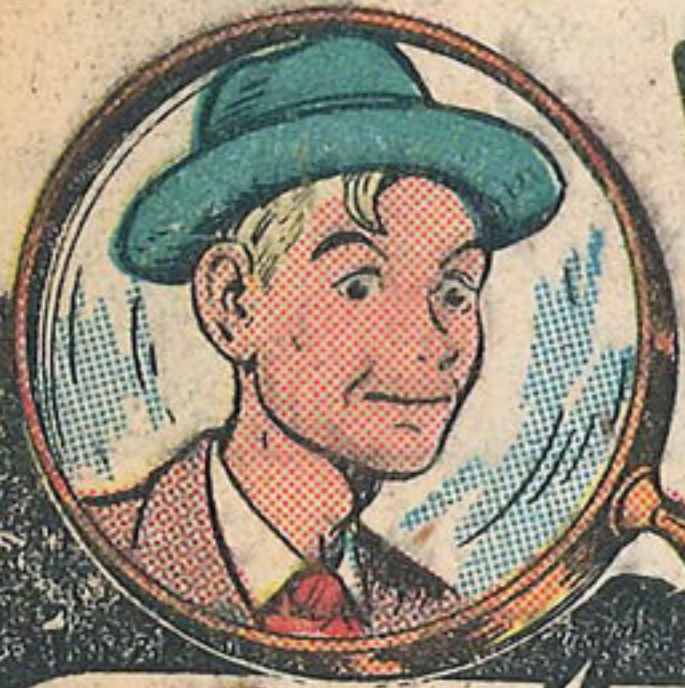
NOW, WILL YOU BE CONTENT TO LISTEN TO MY CLASSROOM THEORIES?

WE SURE WILL, DR. DOOM!

BRING ON THE BOOKS, DOC-- WE'RE SOLD!

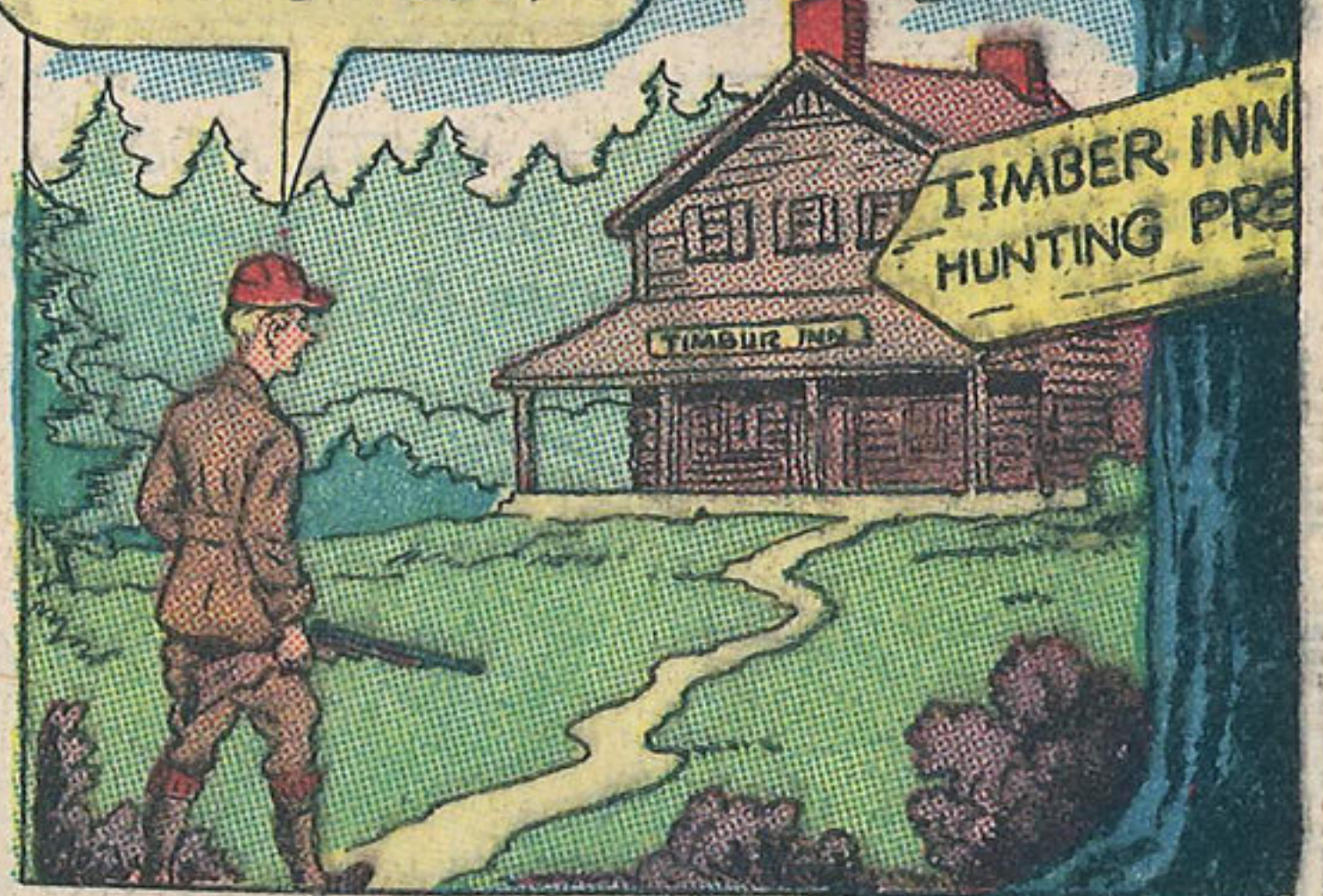
Join DR. DOOM'S CRIME CLINIC IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

Homer K. BEAGLE



THE BLUNDERING DETECTIVE HARKS TO THE CALL OF THE WILD, AND GOES HUNTING FOR A FABULOUS WHITE MOOSE-- BUT MORE VICIOUS HUNTERS ARE OUT FOR EVEN STRANGER GAME--HOMER K. BEAGLE, HIMSELF!

AH! FRESH AIR AND THE GREAT OUTDOORS! THAT'S WHAT I NEED!

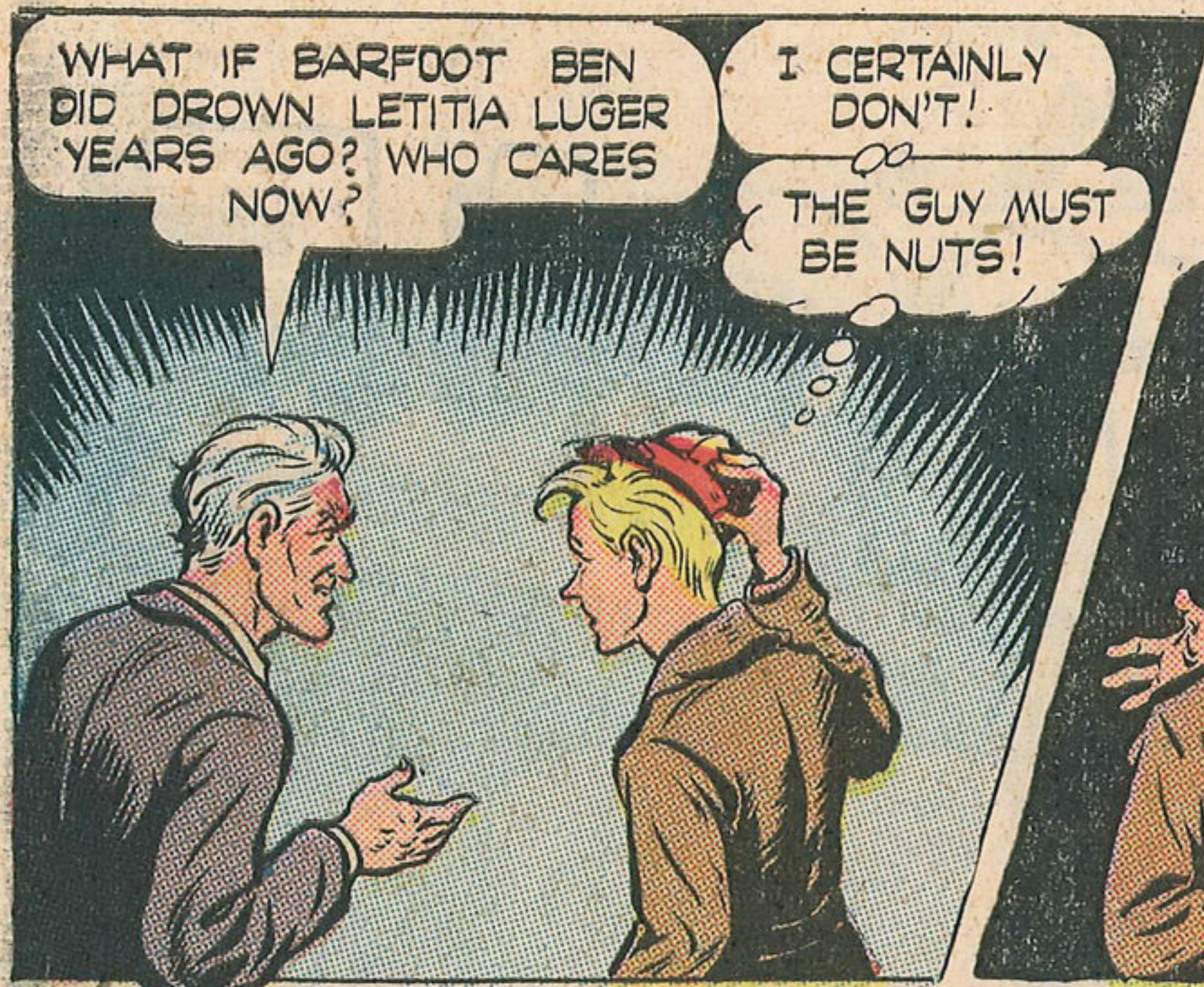


HIYA! BETCHA AIN'T GOT ANY GAME THAT'LL ELUDE A BIG TIME DETECTIVE!

DETECTIVE!

I HEARD YOU WERE COMING. WHY NOT FORGET THE WHOLE AFFAIR?

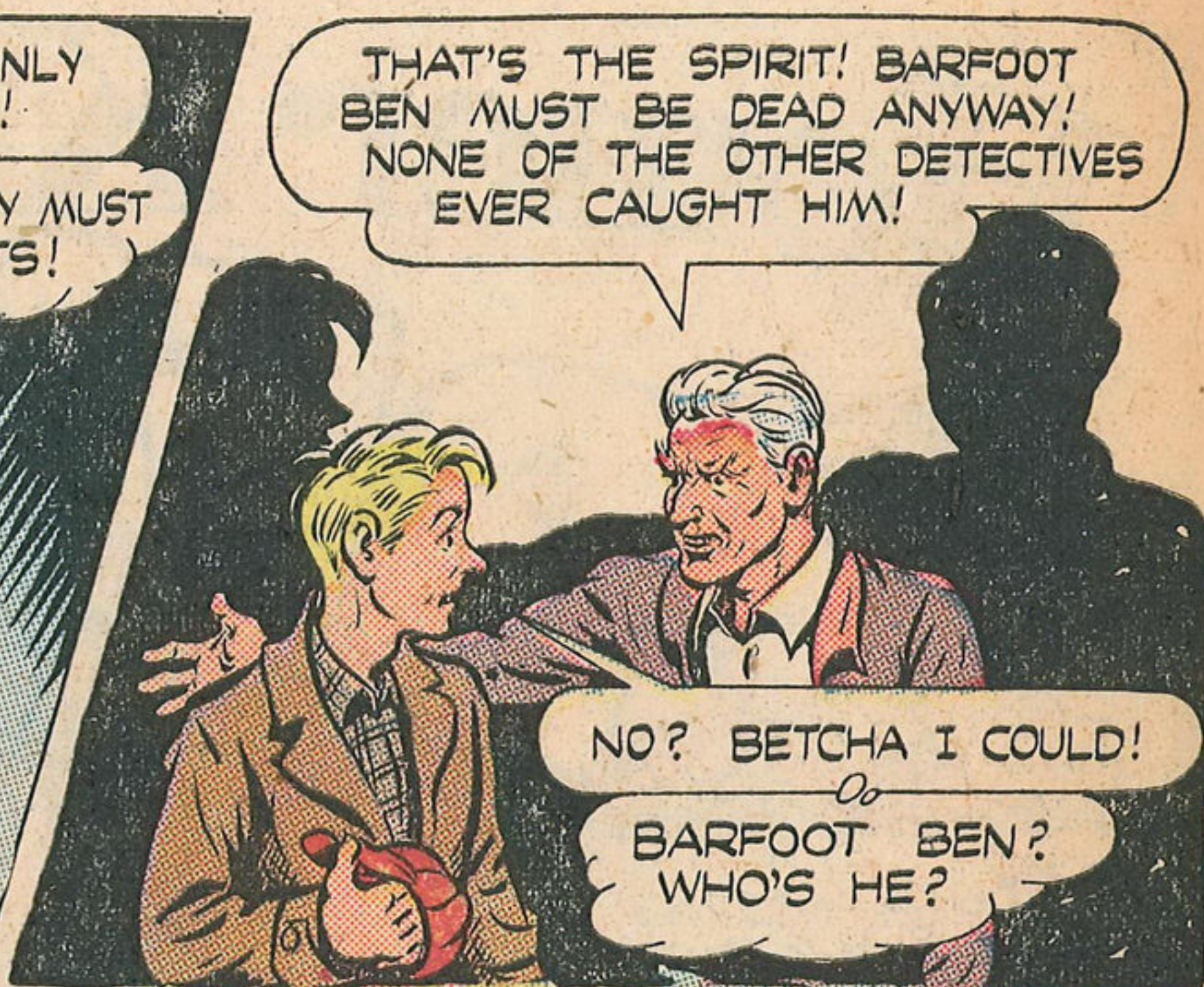
HUH? BUT I'M RARIN' TO GO!



WHAT IF BARFOOT BEN DID DROWN LETITIA LUGER YEARS AGO? WHO CARES NOW?

I CERTAINLY DON'T!

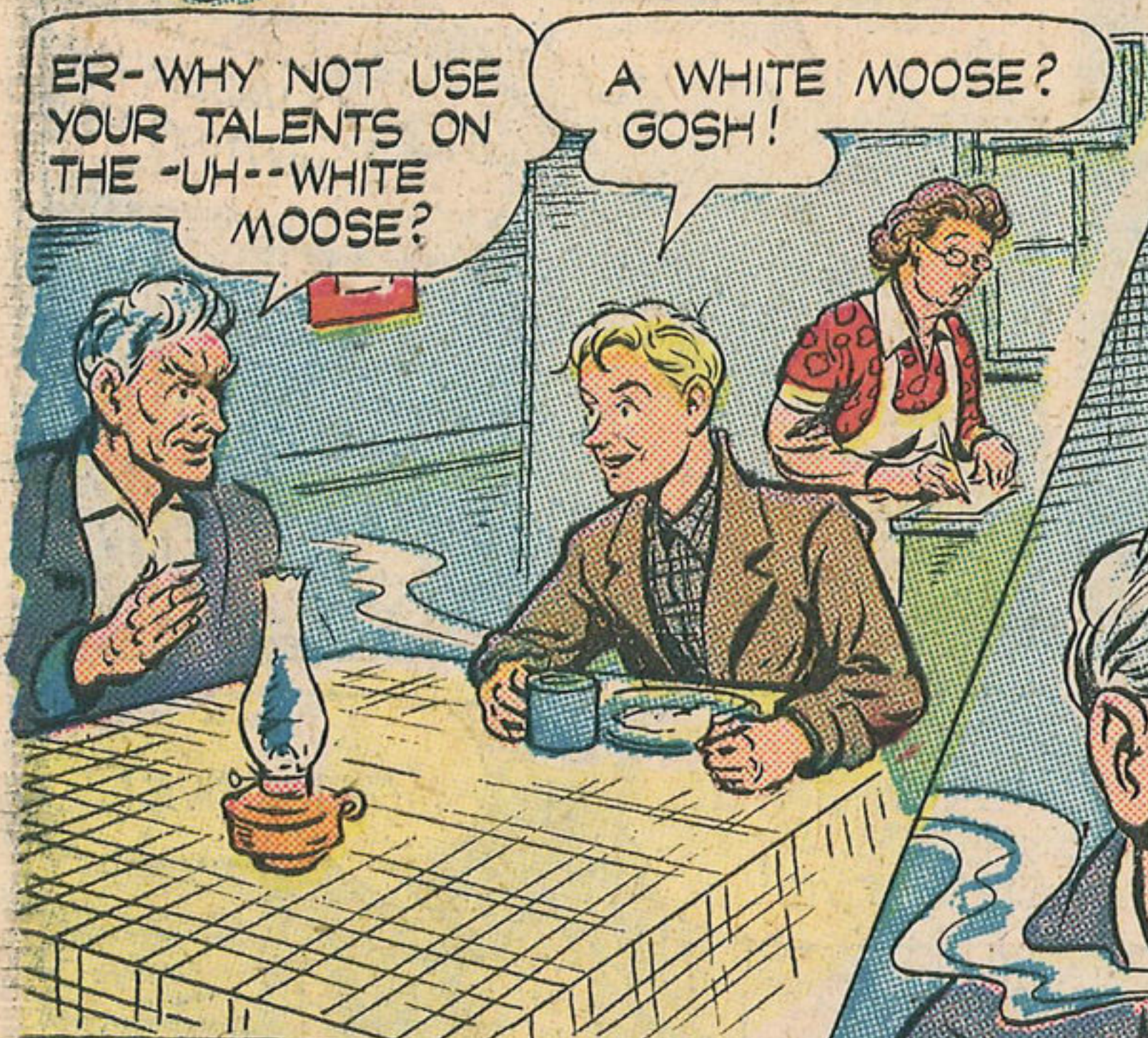
THE GUY MUST BE NUTS!



THAT'S THE SPIRIT! BARFOOT BEN MUST BE DEAD ANYWAY! NONE OF THE OTHER DETECTIVES EVER CAUGHT HIM!

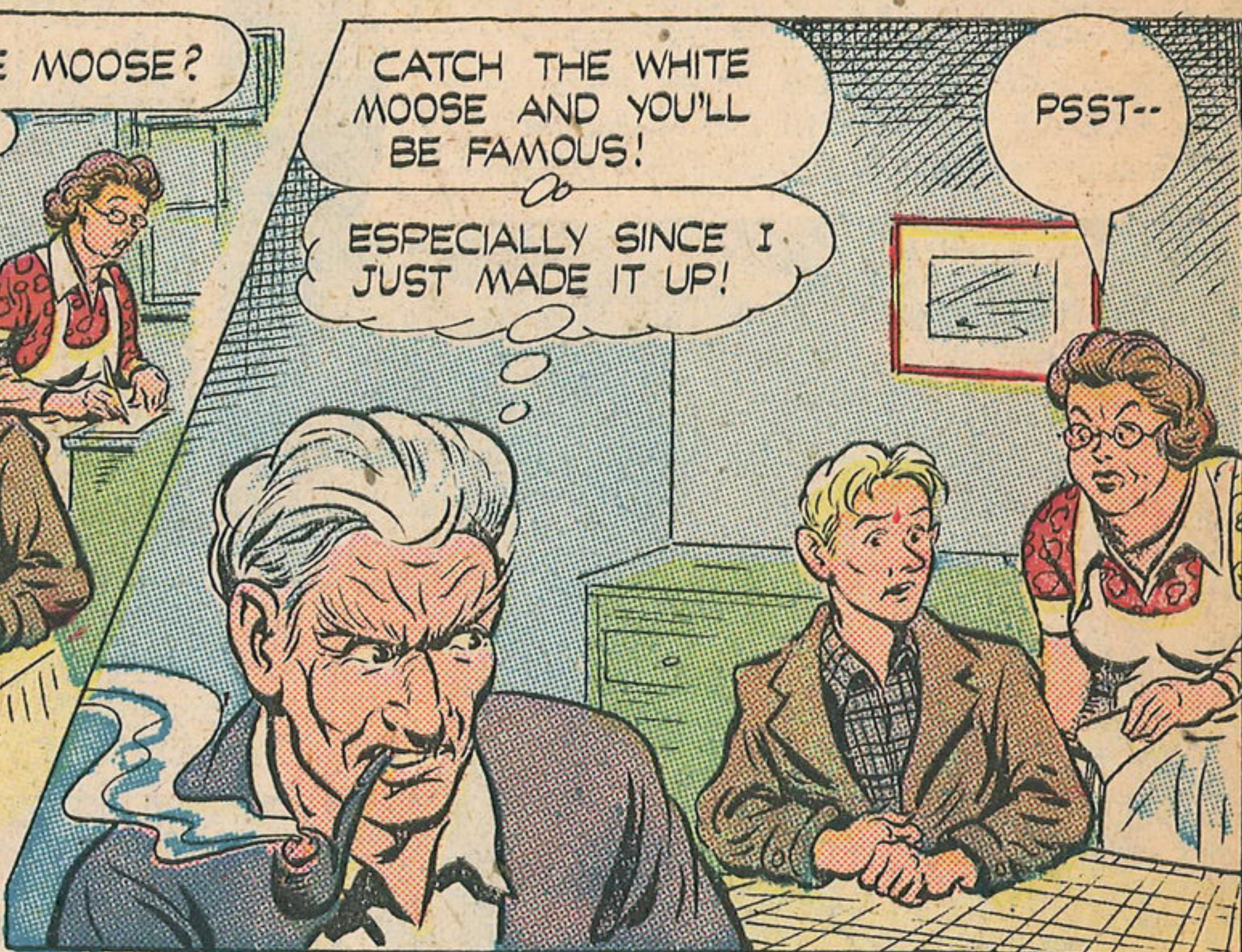
NO? BETCHA I COULD!

BARFOOT BEN? WHO'S HE?



ER-WHY NOT USE YOUR TALENTS ON THE -UH--WHITE MOOSE?

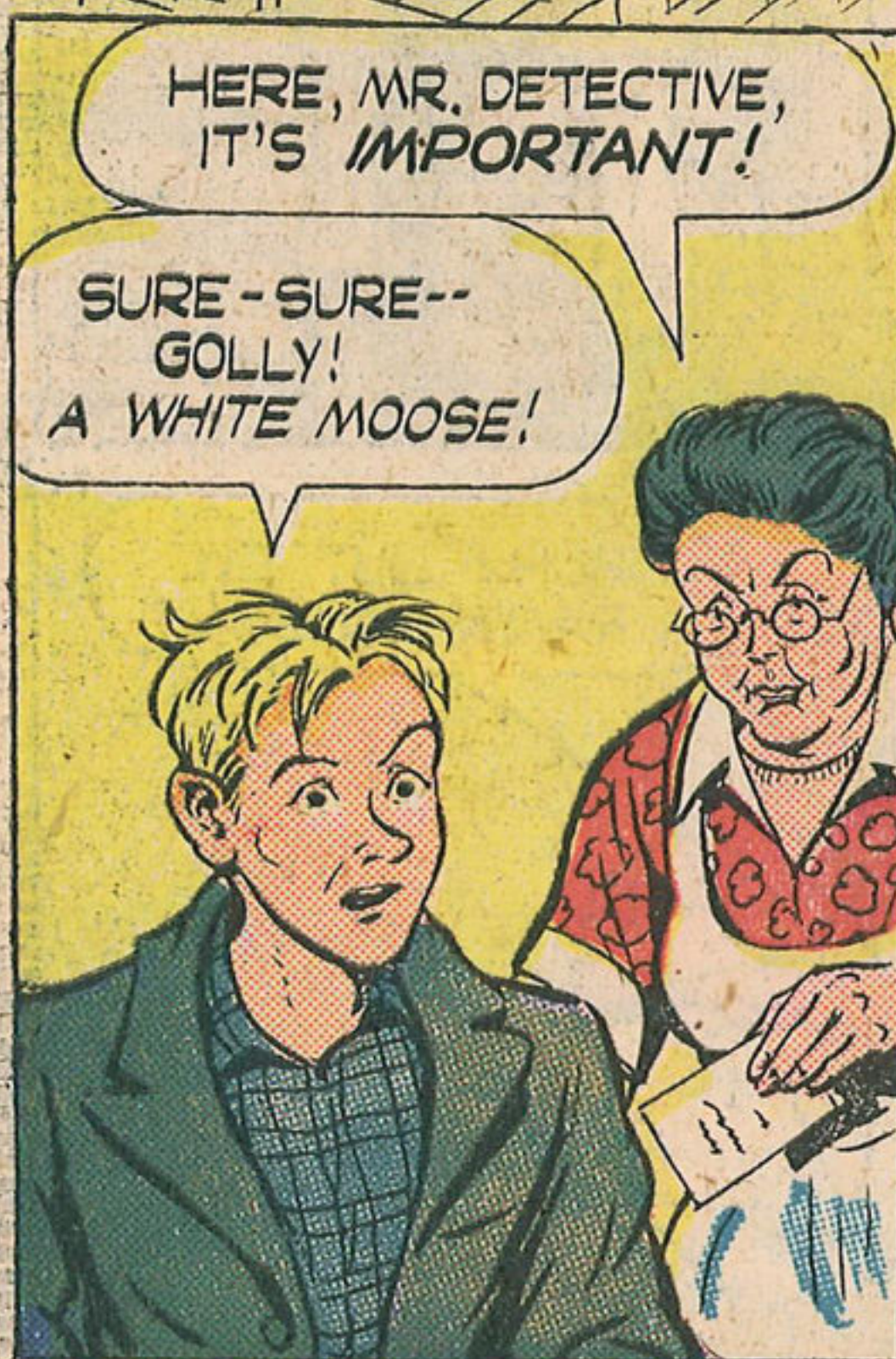
A WHITE MOOSE? GOSH!



CATCH THE WHITE MOOSE AND YOU'LL BE FAMOUS!

ESPECIALLY SINCE I JUST MADE IT UP!

PSST--



HERE, MR. DETECTIVE, IT'S IMPORTANT!

SURE-SURE--GOLLY! A WHITE MOOSE!



I'D HAVE MY PICTURE IN EVERY PAPER IN THE COUNTRY IF I BAGGED THAT MOOSE!

HEY YOU! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF ANNOYING OUR CUSTOMERS?



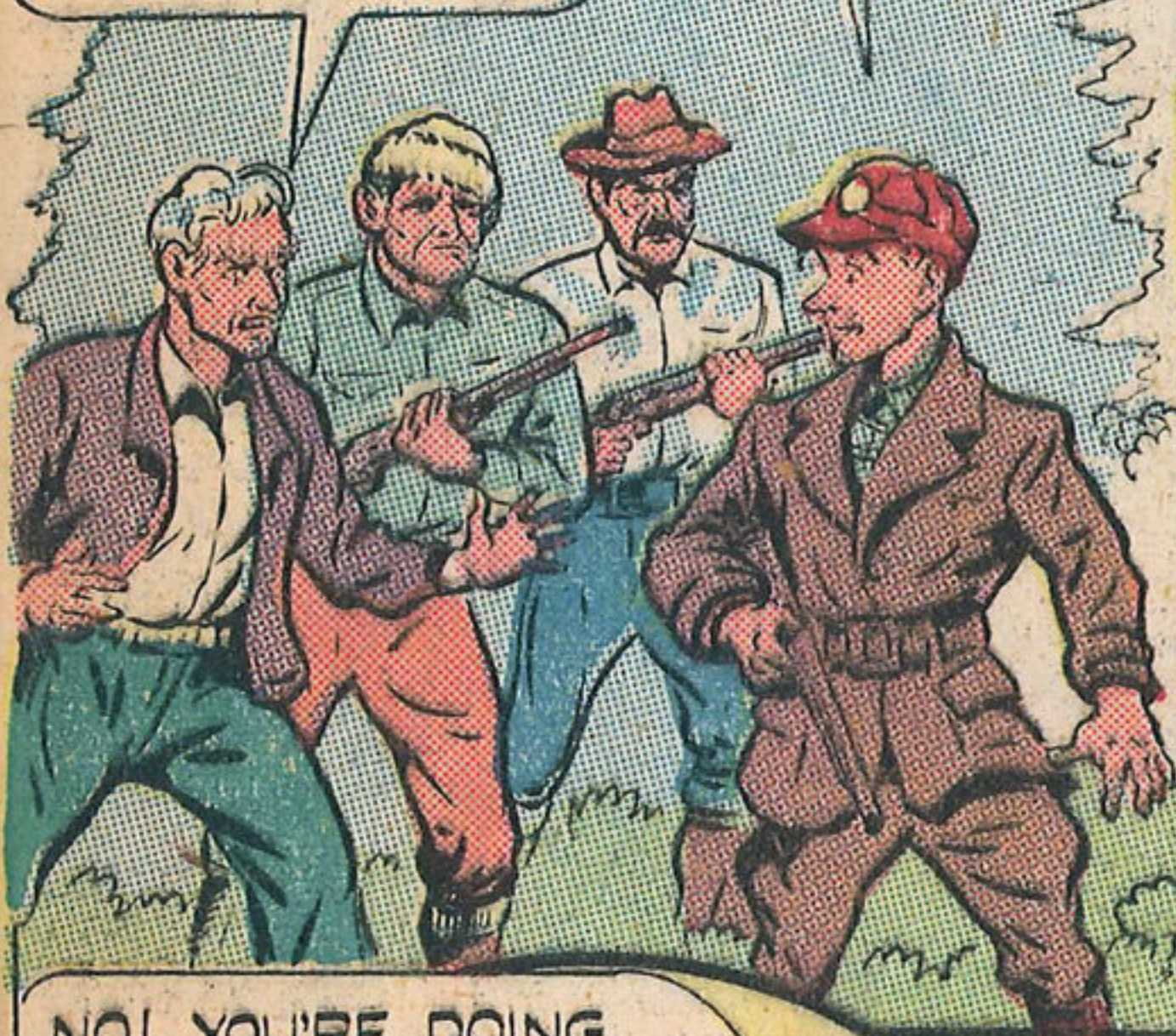
IT'S A PERSONAL AFFAIR, MR. NILBY!

BLAST IT ALL! I'LL GET THAT NOTE IF I HAVE TO BREAK THAT FOOL'S NECK!

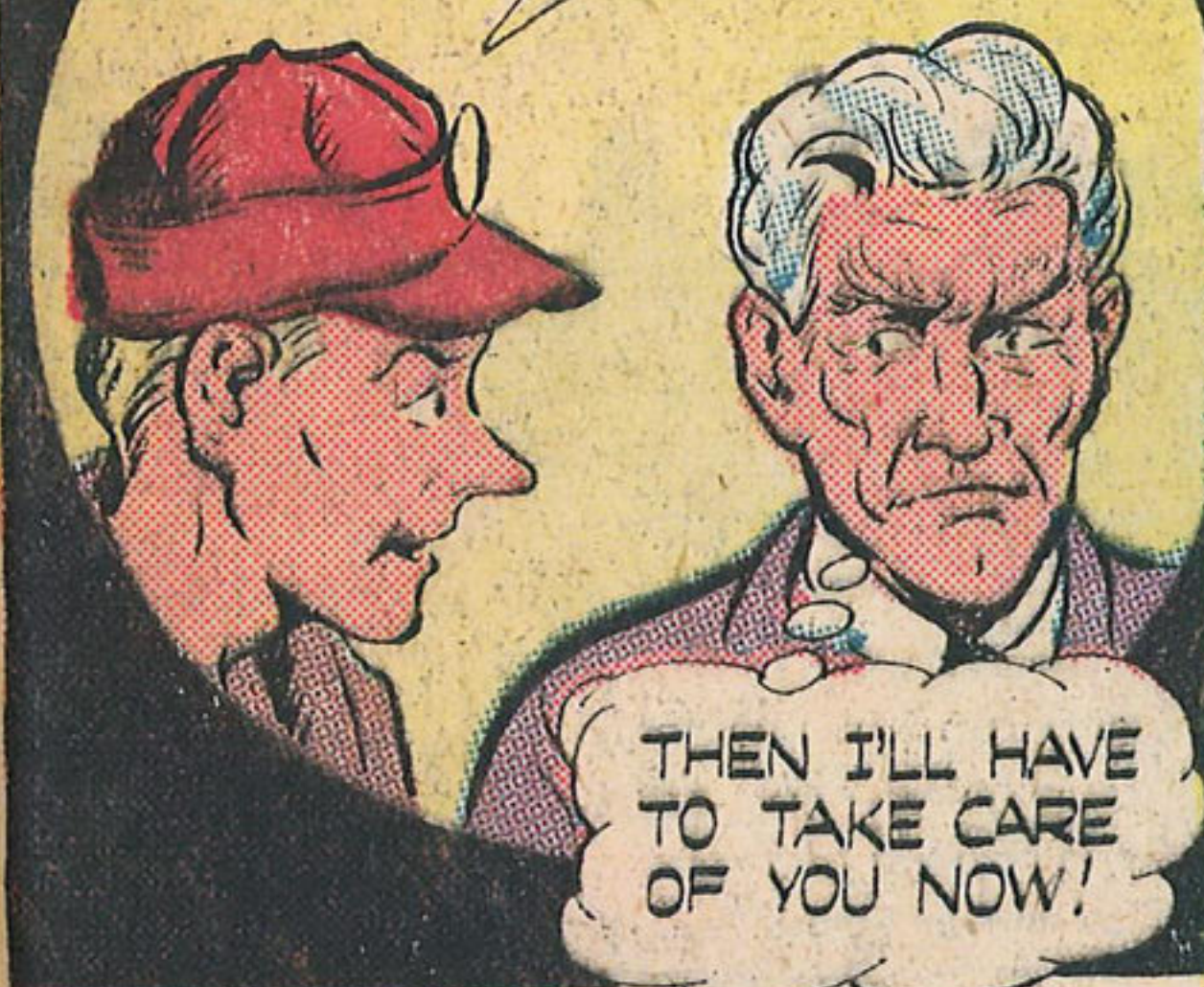
SOON--

WE'LL HELP
YOU BAG THE
WHITE MOOSE!

GEE--THAT'S
SURE NICE
OF YOU!



NO! YOU'RE DOING
TOO MUCH FOR ME
NOW! I'LL TAKE
CARE OF IT LATER!



THEN I'LL HAVE
TO TAKE CARE
OF YOU NOW!

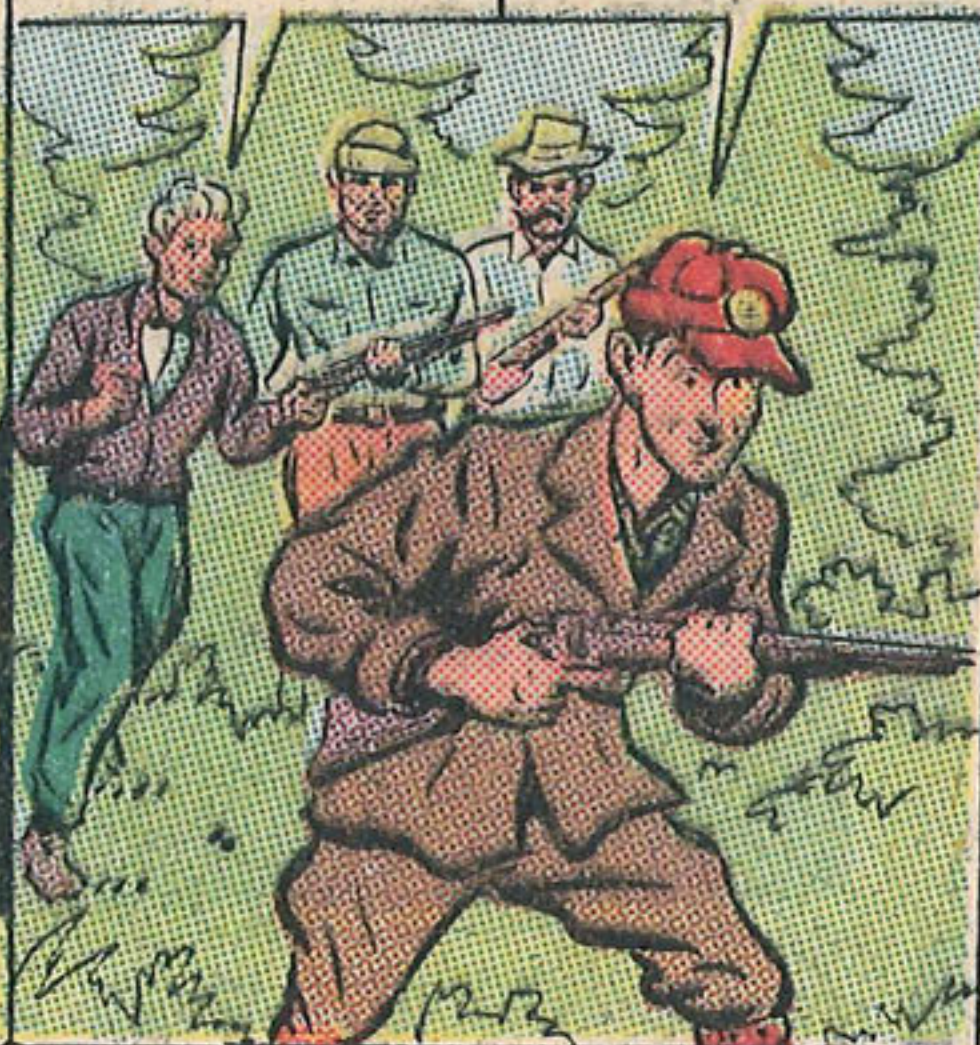
MAYBE I BETTER
READ THAT WOMAN'S
NOTE FIRST!



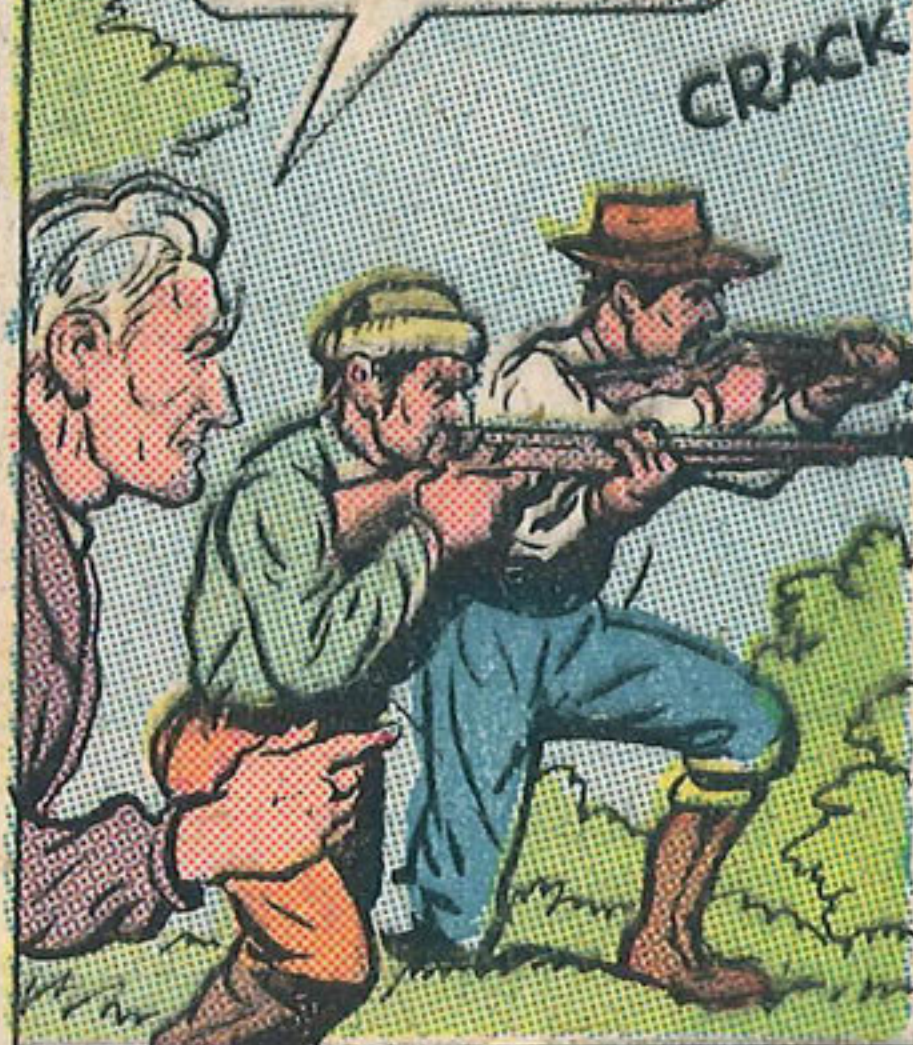
DON'T BOTHER!
SHE'S JUST
A CRACKPOT! GIVE
ME THE NOTE, AND
I'LL TAKE CARE OF
THE MATTER!

GO AHEAD.
WE'LL SCARE
UP GAME
TOWARD YOU!

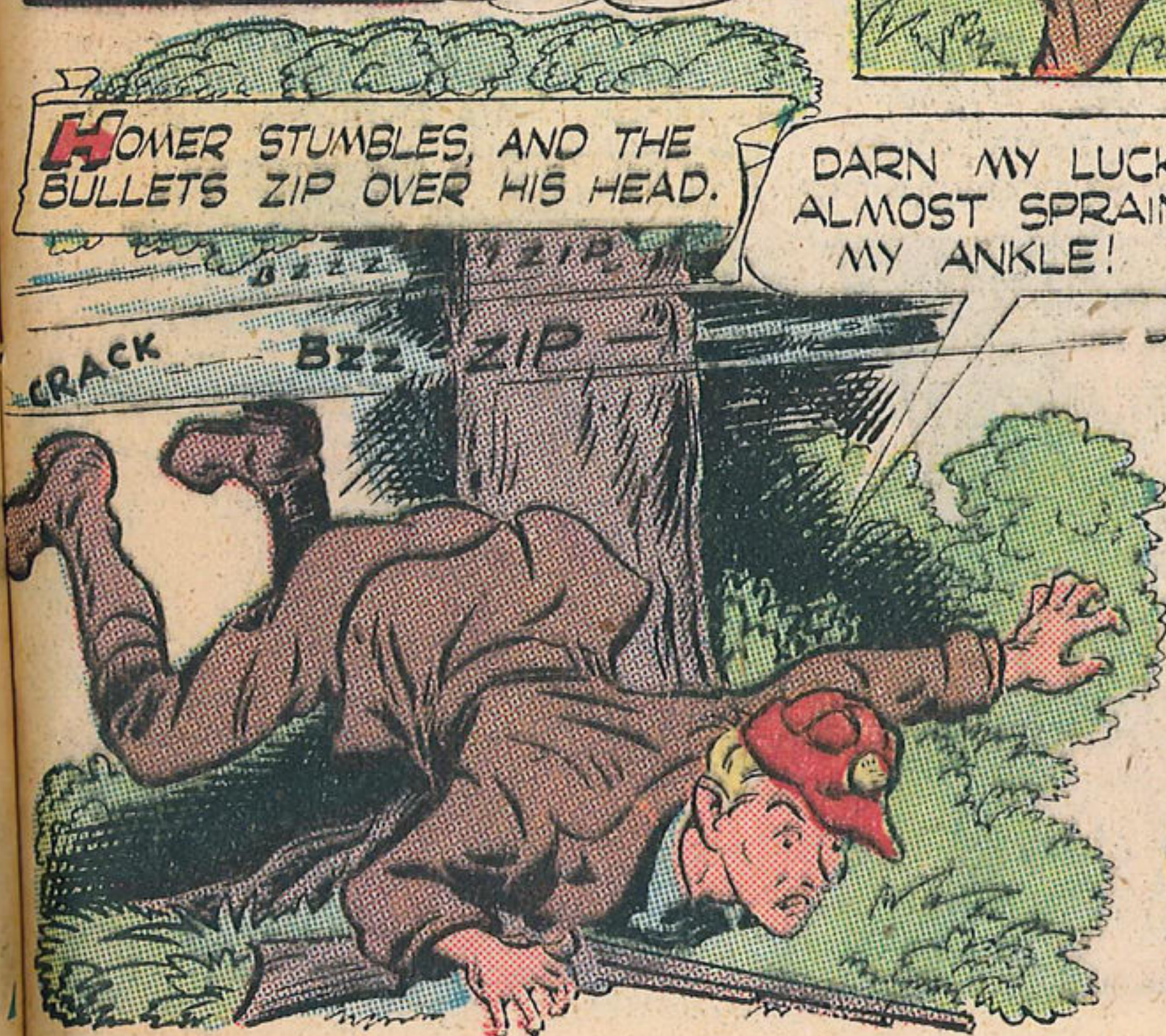
JUST GET ME
THE WHITE
MOOSE...THAT'S
ALL I WANT!



O.K., BOYS! LET HIM
HAVE IT! WE CAN
ALWAYS CALL IT AN
ACCIDENT!



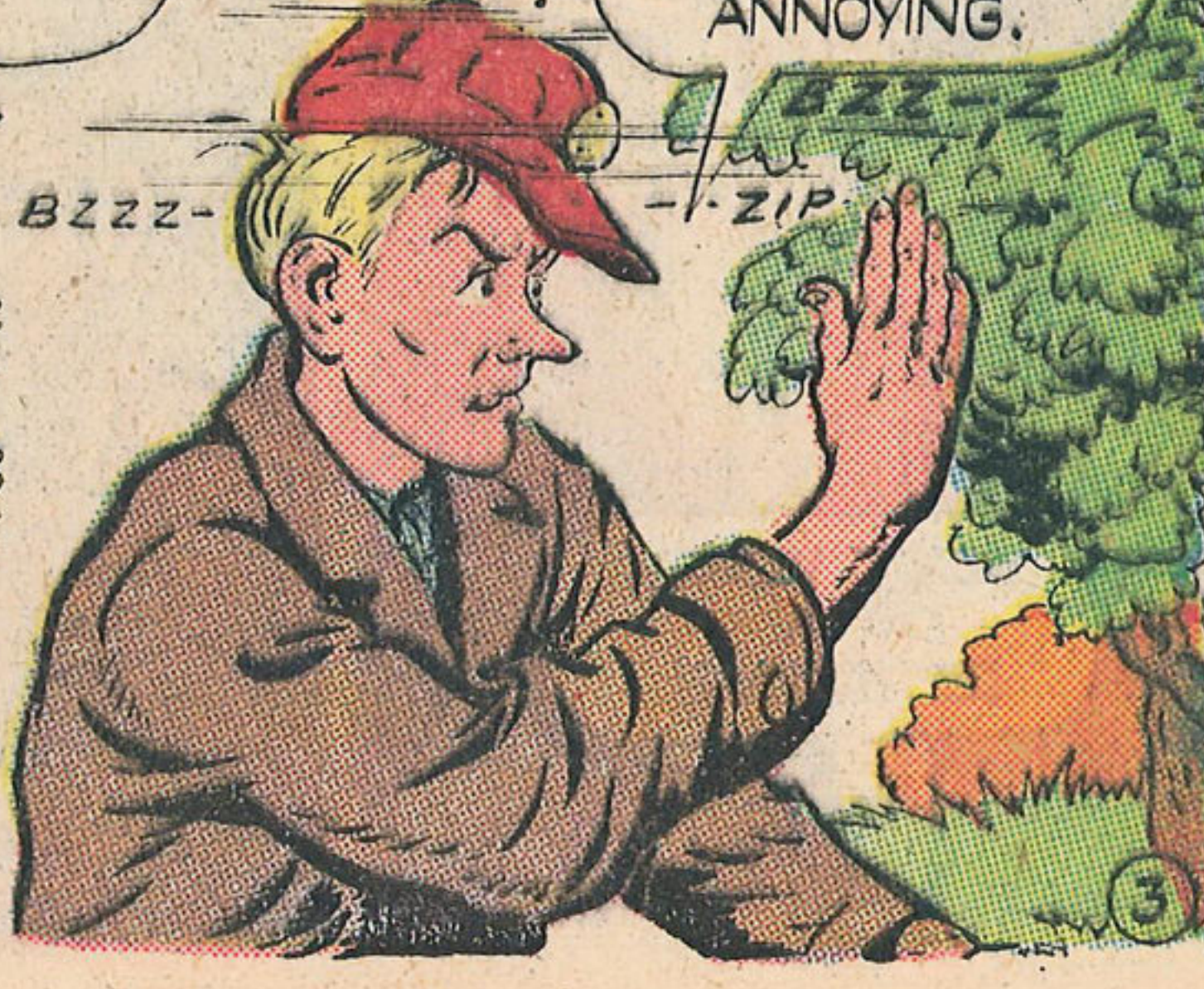
HOMER STUMBLES, AND THE
BULLETS ZIP OVER HIS HEAD.



DARN MY LUCK!
ALMOST SPRAINED
MY ANKLE!

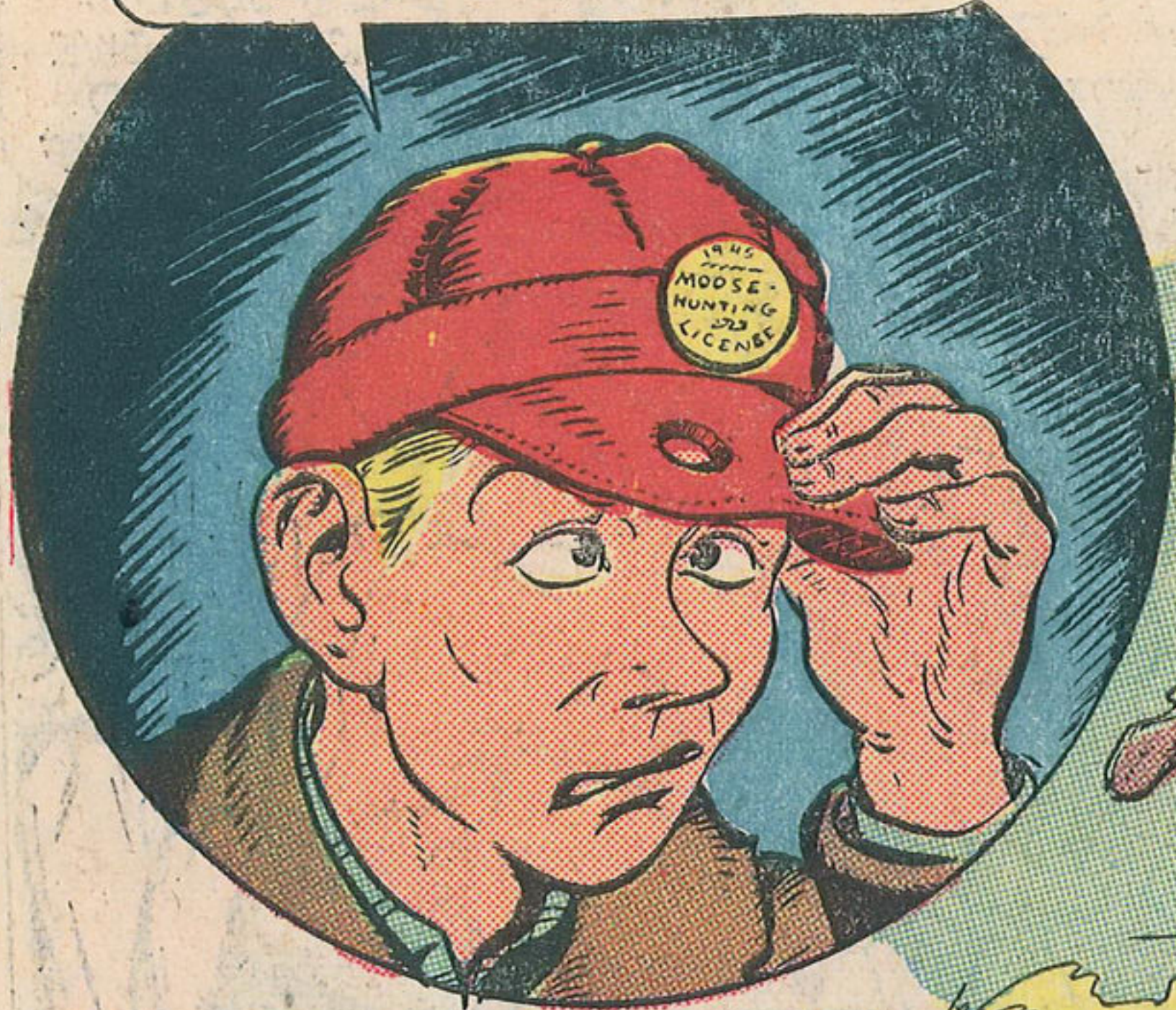
BUZ-
ZIP!

THESE GNATS
ARE AWFULLY
ANNOYING.

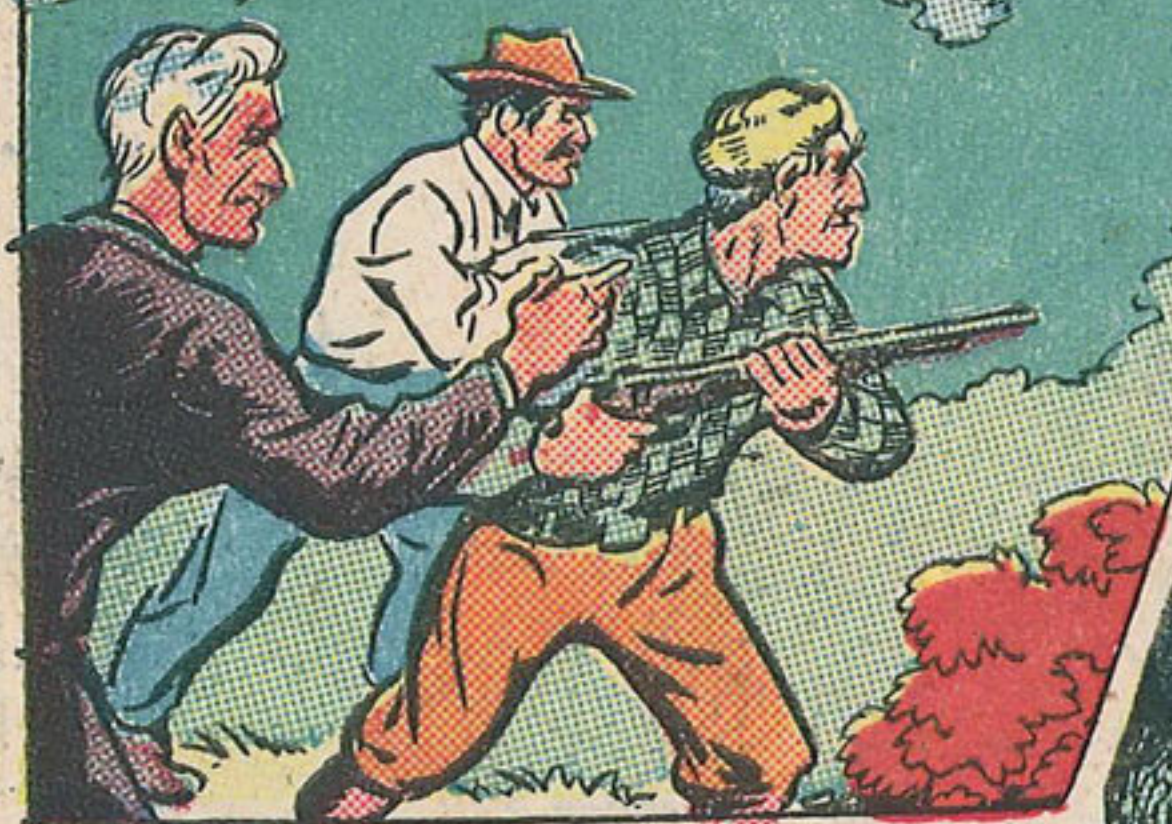


ULP! NO GNAT
EVER GETS THAT HUNGRY!

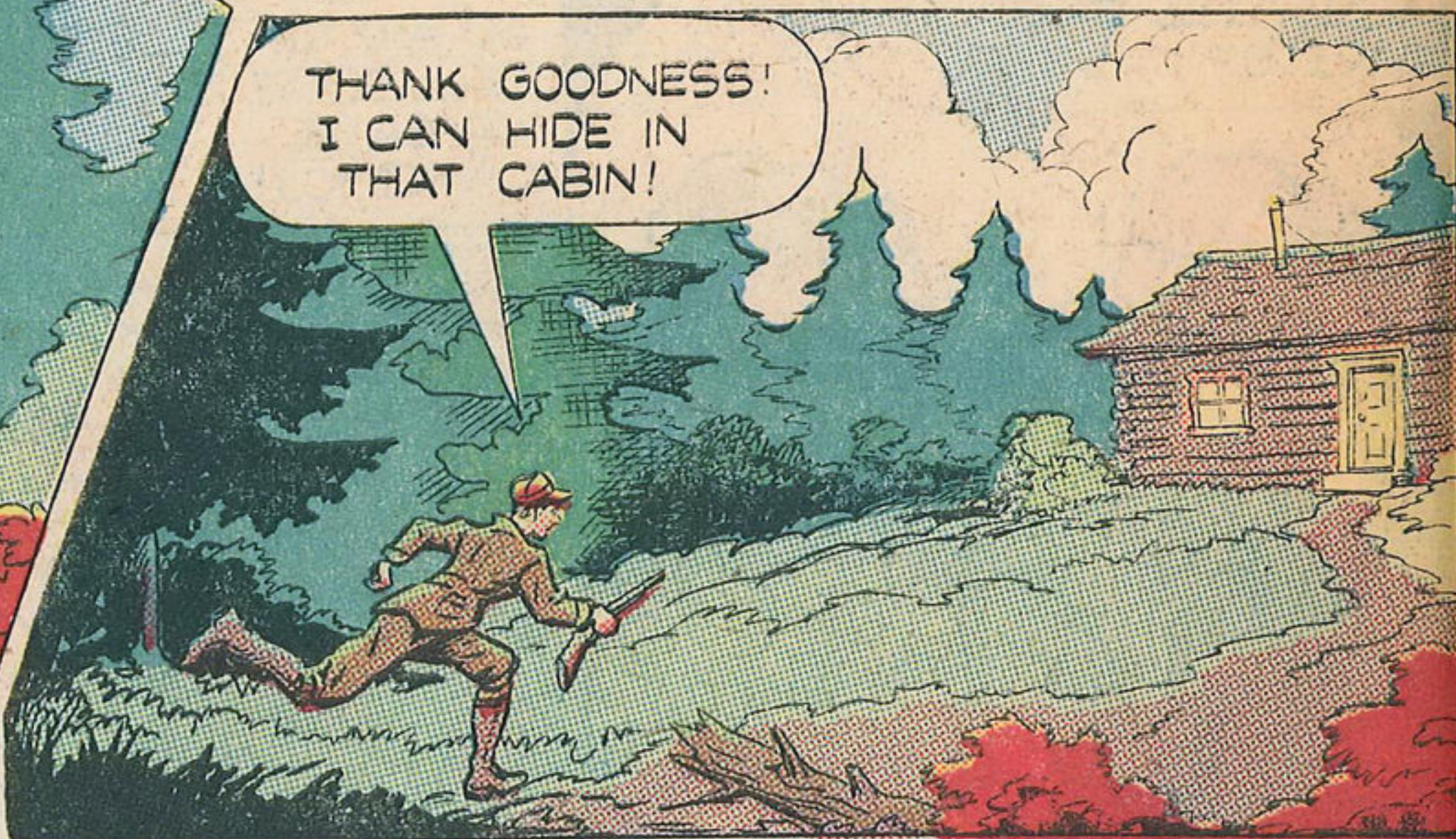
THE AIR MAY BE FRESH.
BUT IT AINT HEALTHY
AROUND HERE!



AFTER HIM! THAT
DICK CAN RUIN
OUR BUSINESS!



THANK GOODNESS!
I CAN HIDE IN
THAT CABIN!



WHAT'S THE IDEE
OF BREAKIN' IN LIKE
THAT?

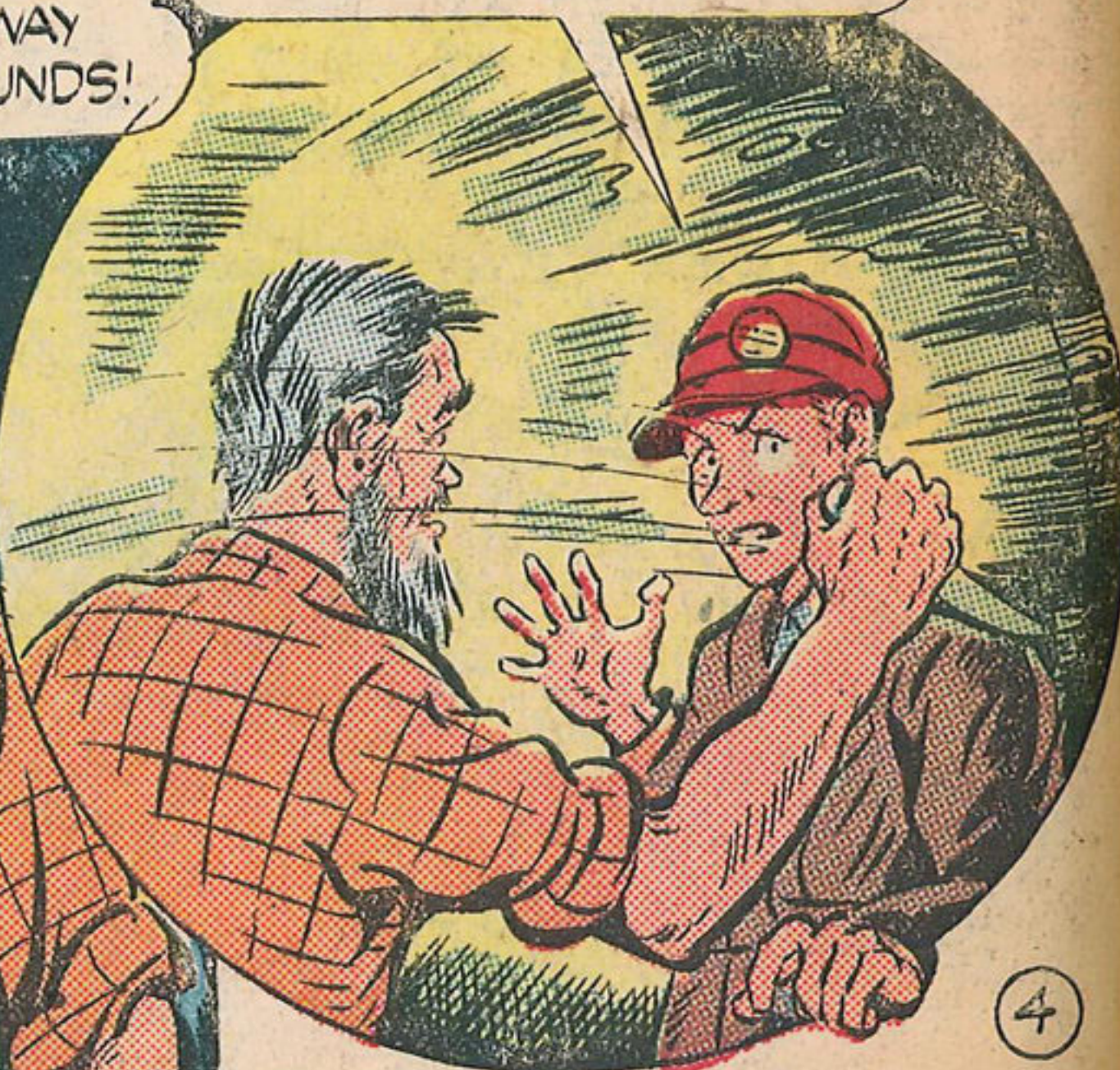


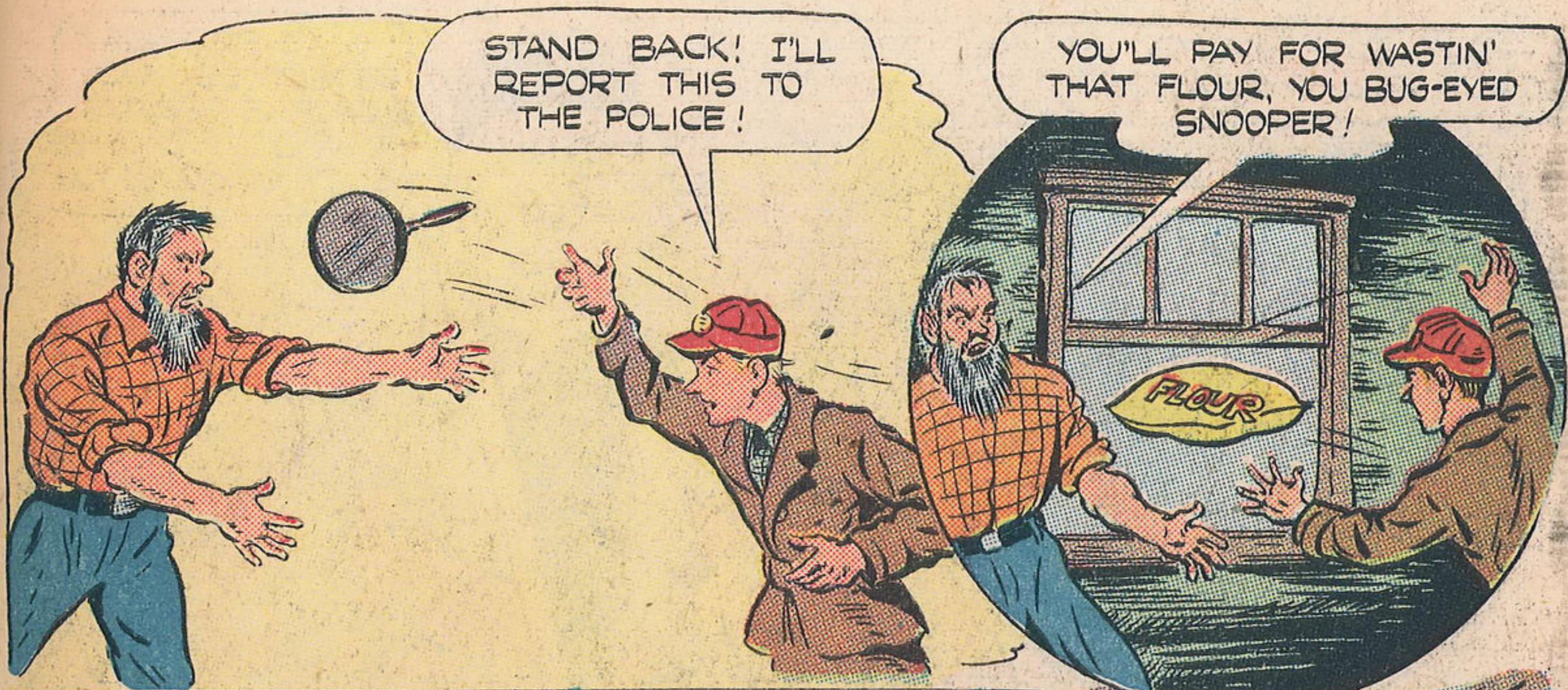
DON'T WORRY!
I'M A
DETECTIVE!

DOGGONE! NEVER A
MOMENT'S REST! I'M
TIRED OF RUNNIN' AWAY
FROM YOU BLOODHOUNDS!

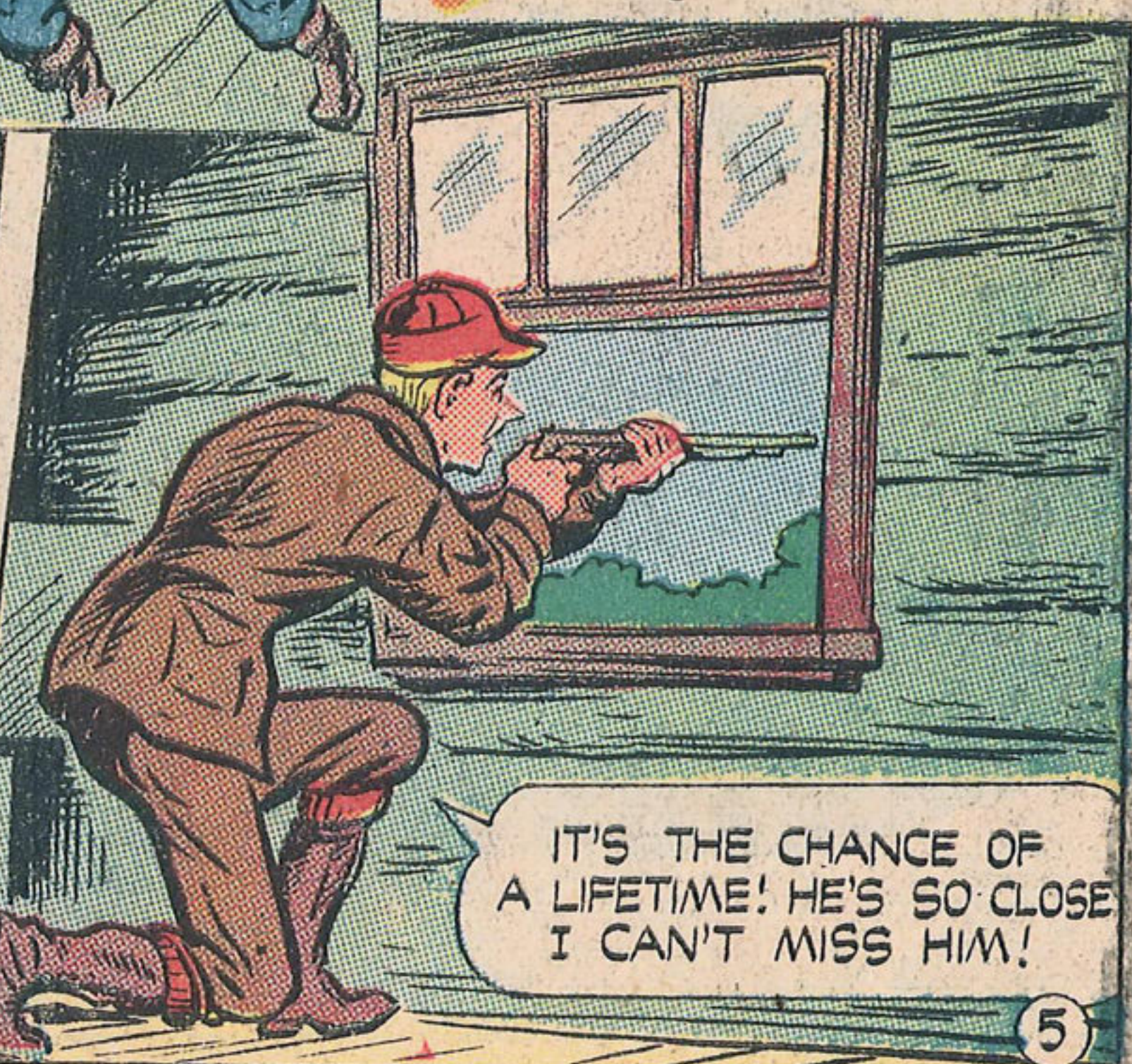
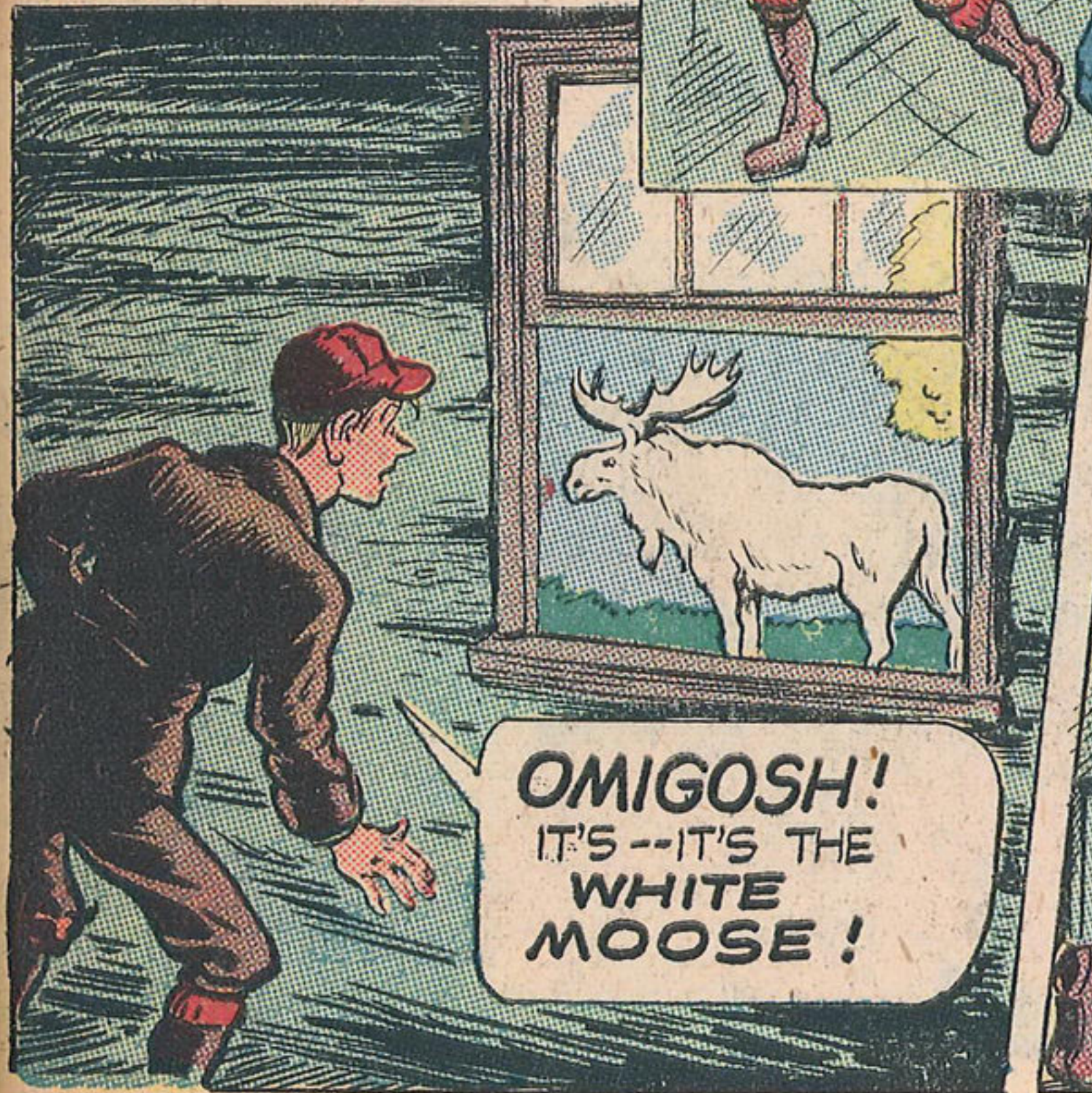
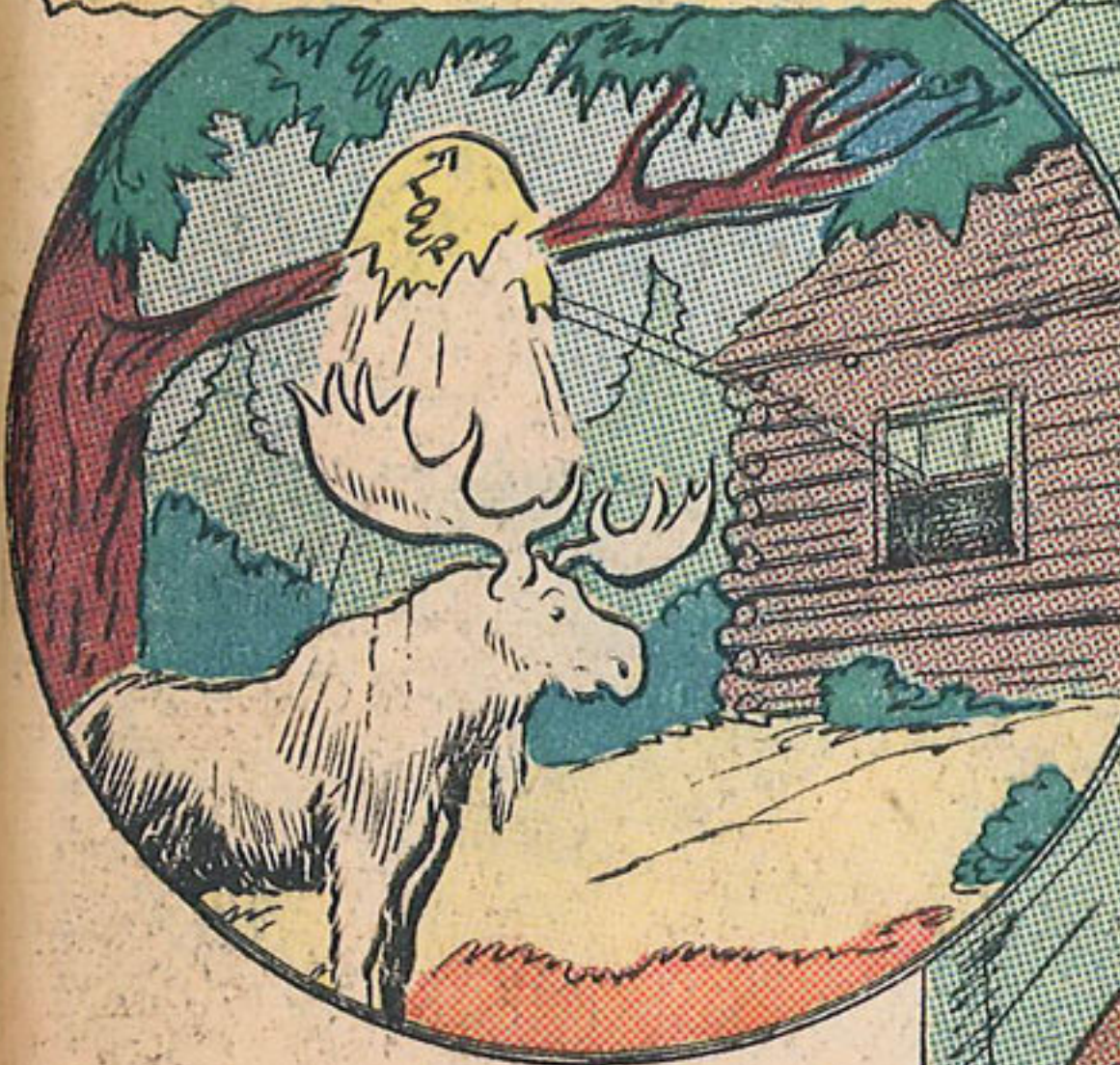


ULP! CAN'T WE
TALK THIS OVER?





LODGING IN A NEAR BY TREE, THE SACK OF FLOUR SPRINKLES A GRAZING MOOSE....



--BUT SOFT HEARTED HOMER
CAN'T PULL THE TRIGGER!

IT'S NO USE!
I CAN'T DO IT!

I NEVER KNEW
DETECTIVES HAD
SUCH FINE FEELIN'S.
IF ANYBODY CATCHES
ME, IT'S GONNA BE YOU!

BUT WHY
SHOULD I
CATCH
YOU??

GOSH! THOSE
BIG, SOFT BROWN
EYES GET ME!

STRANGER!
YOU'RE A
MAN AFTER
MY
OWN HEART!

I'M MIGHTY TIRED OF RUNNING
AWAY FROM COPS! AND MY
CONSCIENCE BOTHERS ME!
BARFOOT BEN IS READY TO
GIVE UP!

--YOU SEE, I WAS
IN LOVE WITH
LETITIA LUGER
YEARS AGO...

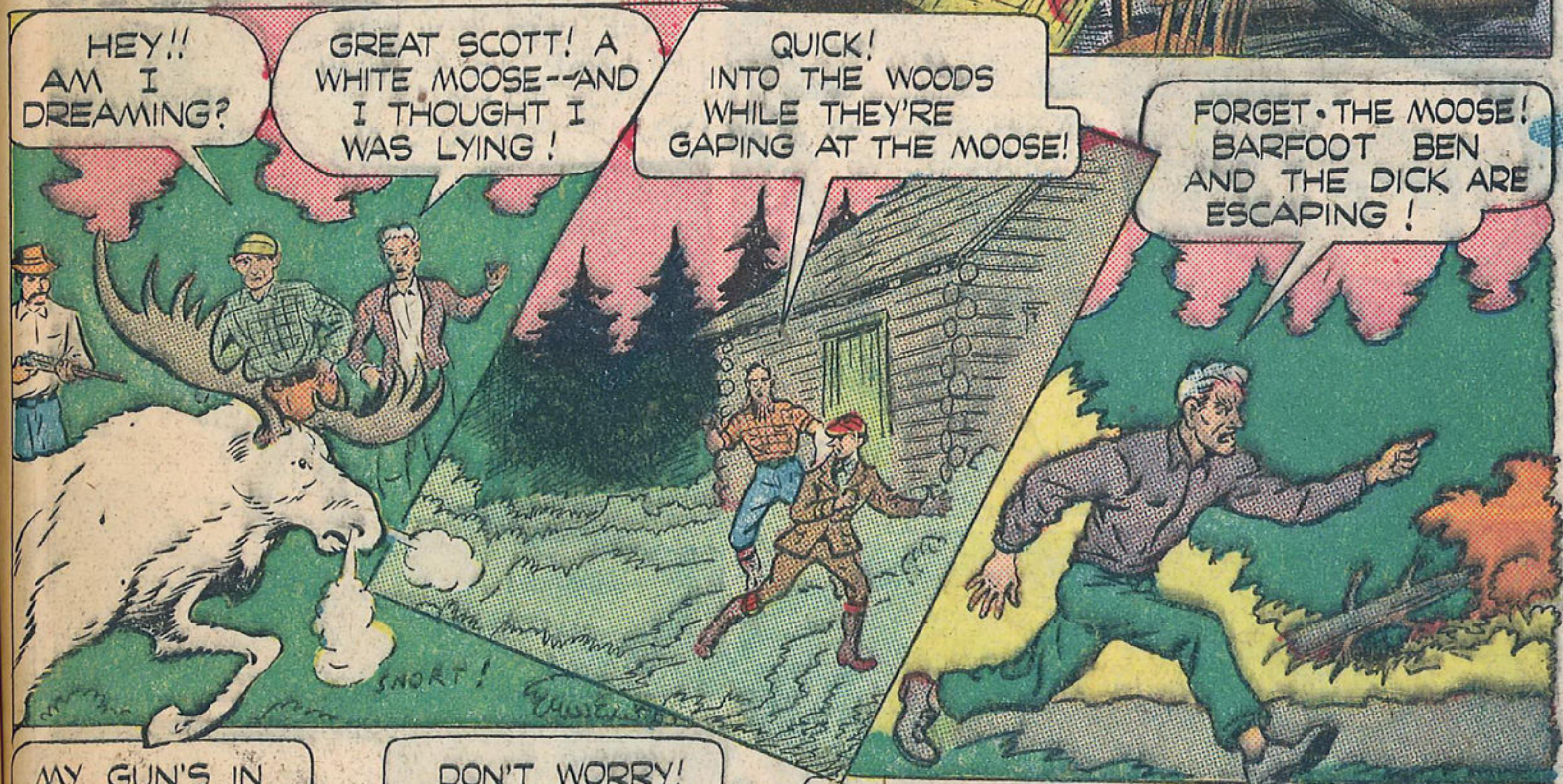
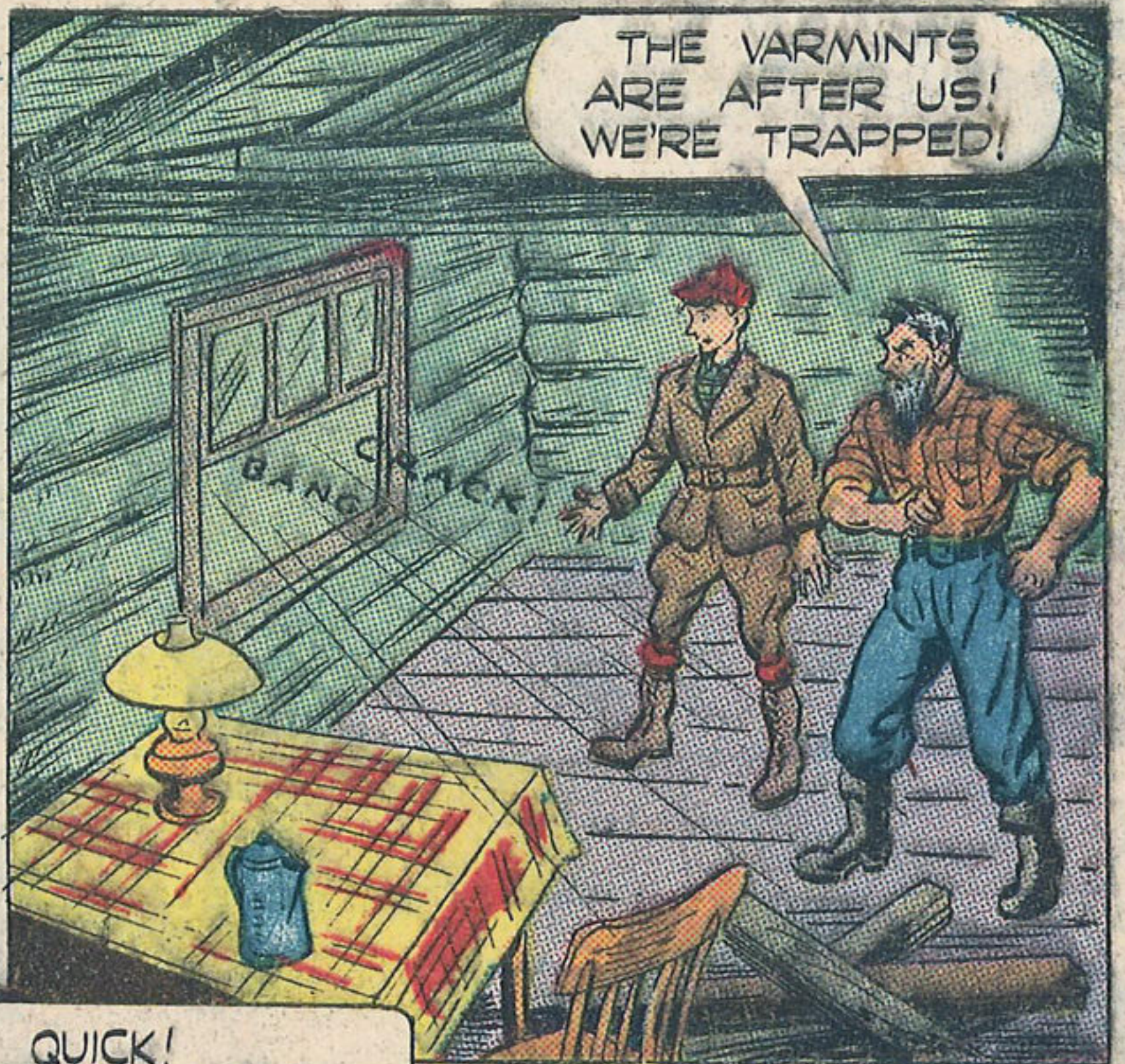
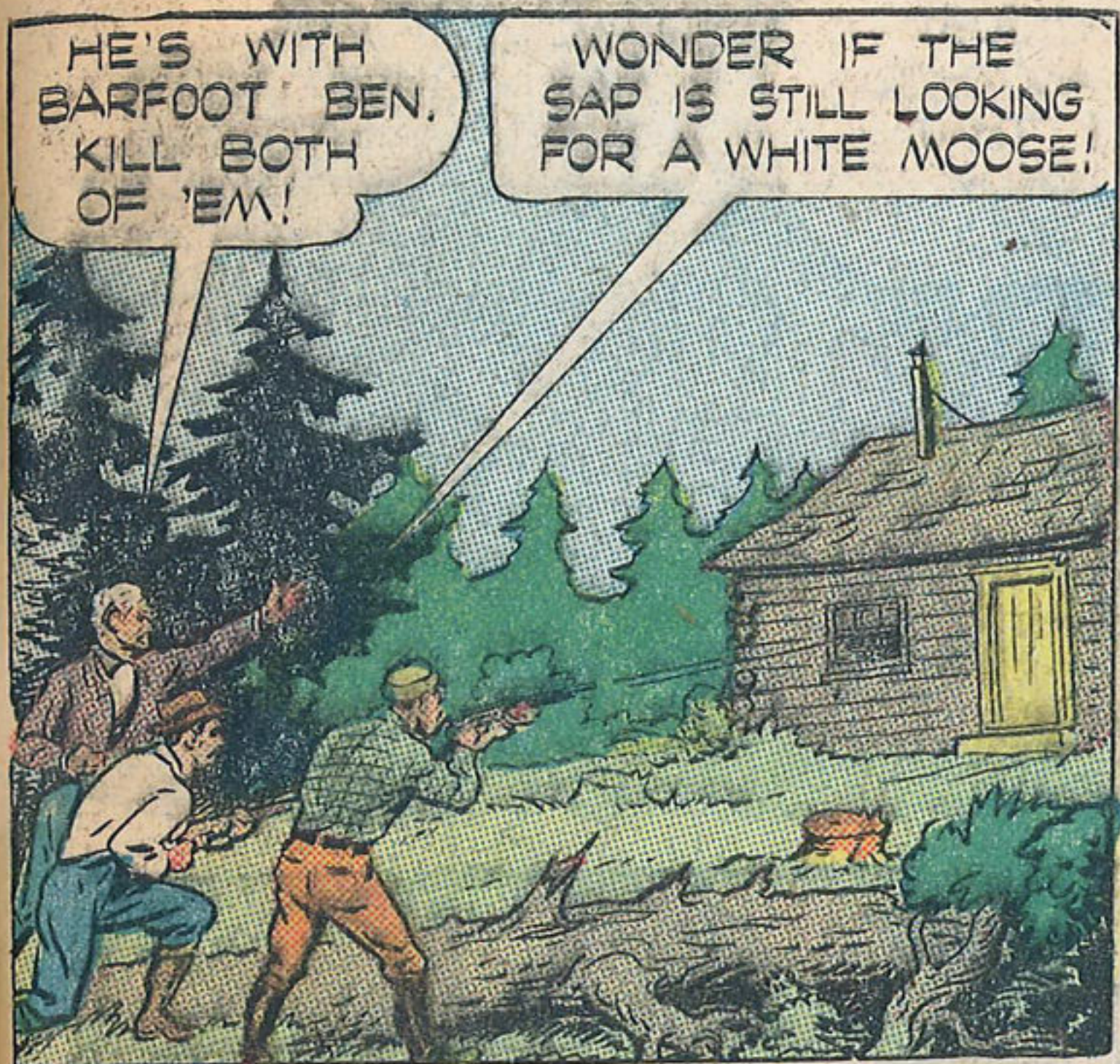
LETITIA, HONEY--
MARRY ME! I
OWN THOUSANDS
OF ACRES--
AND I....

MARRY
YOU?
HA! HA! HA!

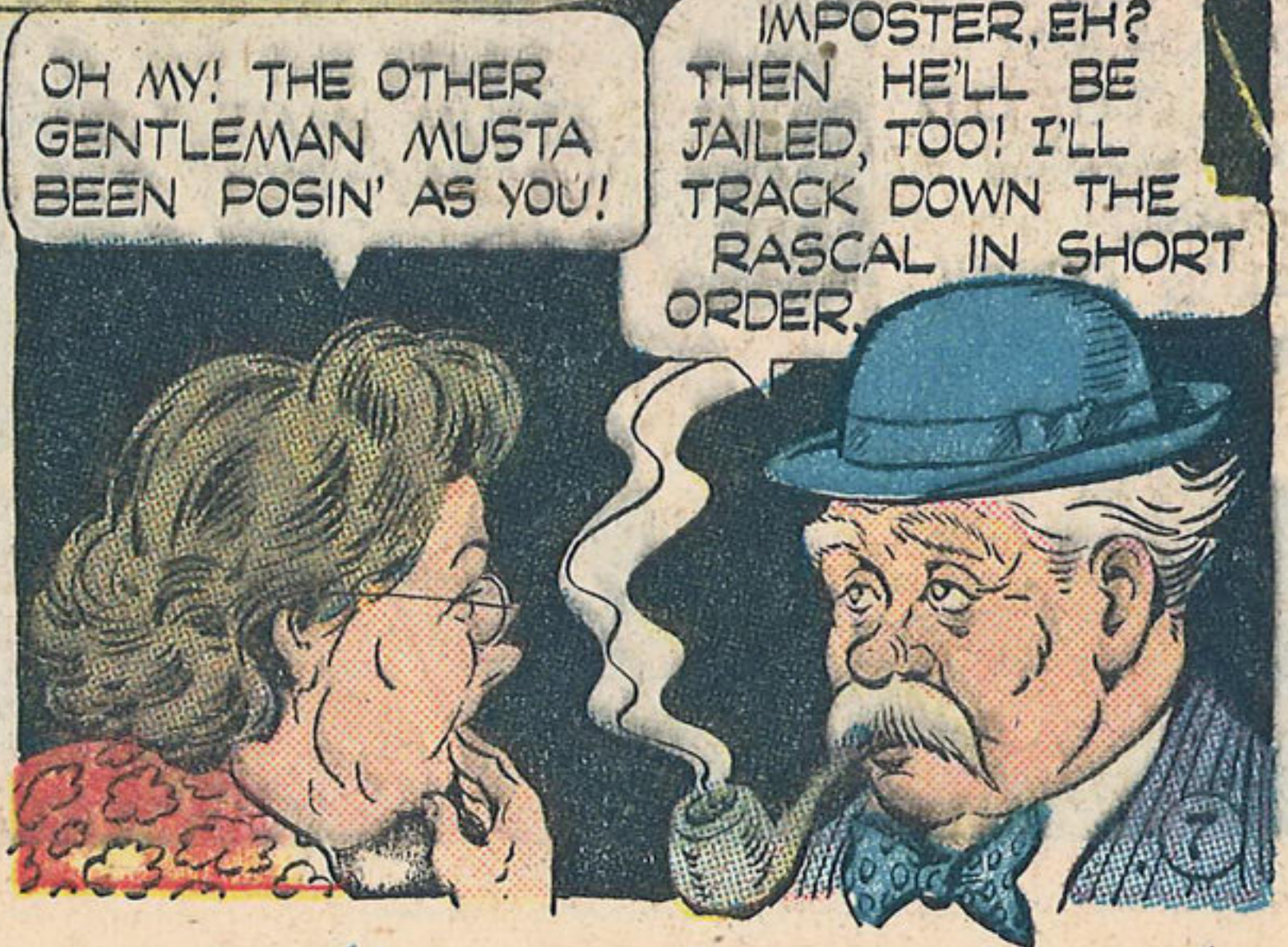
SPLASH!

I LEFT A NOTE CONFESSIN'
MY CRIME-- THEN GOT
SCAIRT AN' RUN AWAY.
BUT NOW I'M READY TO
TAKE MY PUNISHMENT.

--I WAS SO MAD AT HER FER
LAUGHIN' AT ME, I SHOVED HER INTO THE
RIVER. SHE SANK, AND I NEVER SEED HER AGAIN.



MEANWHILE -- JELLABY BEHAN, FAMOUS CITY DETECTIVE, ARRIVES TO CLEAR UP THE LONG UNSOLVED CASE OF BARFOOT BEN....



HALP!

HEH HEH! JUST
SNARED ANOTHER
ONE, BEN! THAT
LEAVES ONLY
ONE TO GO!

BEN'S SNARES WORK
VERY WELL!

YIPE!

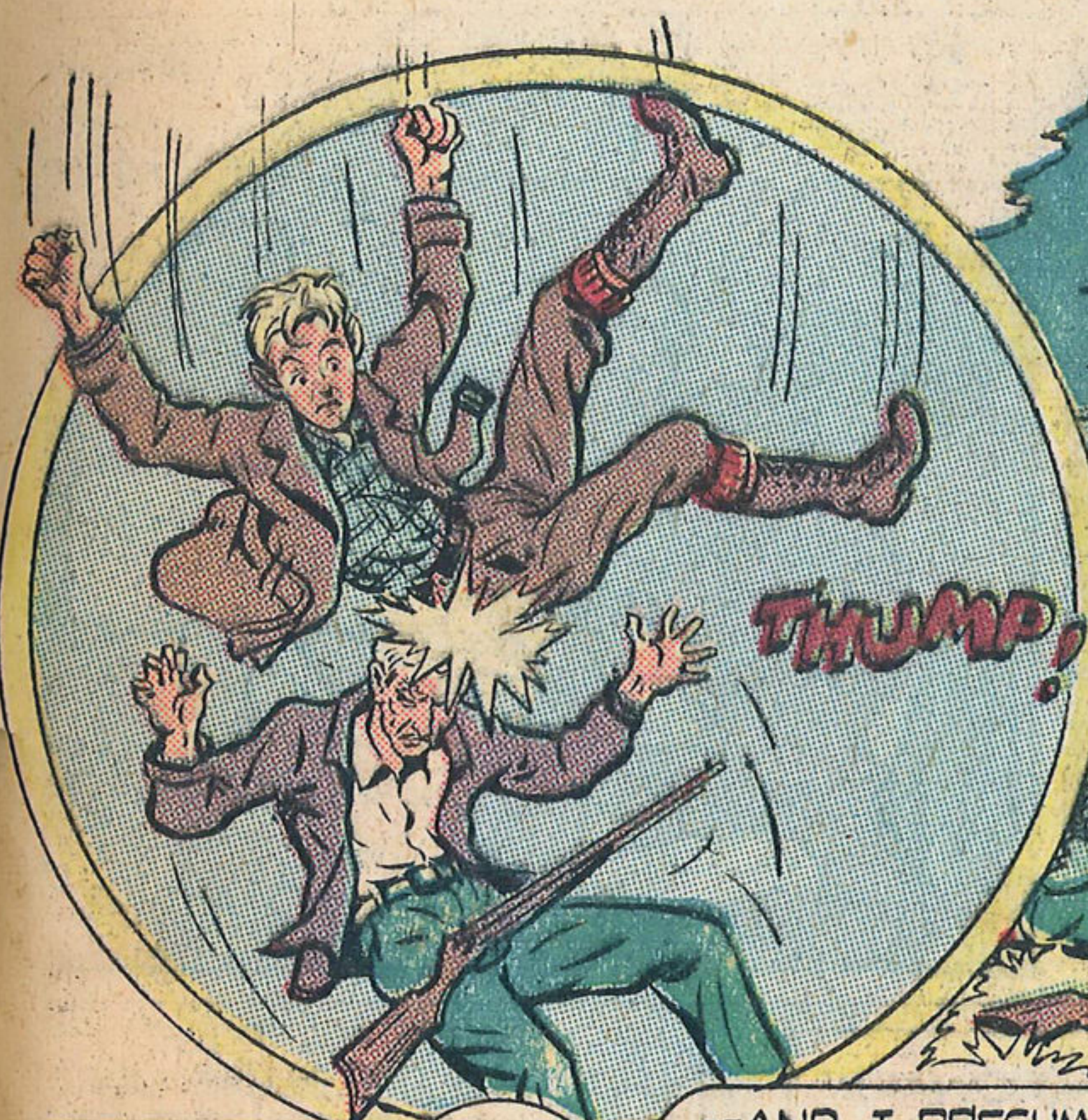
GOSH, WHAT AN
EMBARRASSING
POSITION FOR A
MAN OF MY
STANDING!

WHAT'D
YOU SAY?

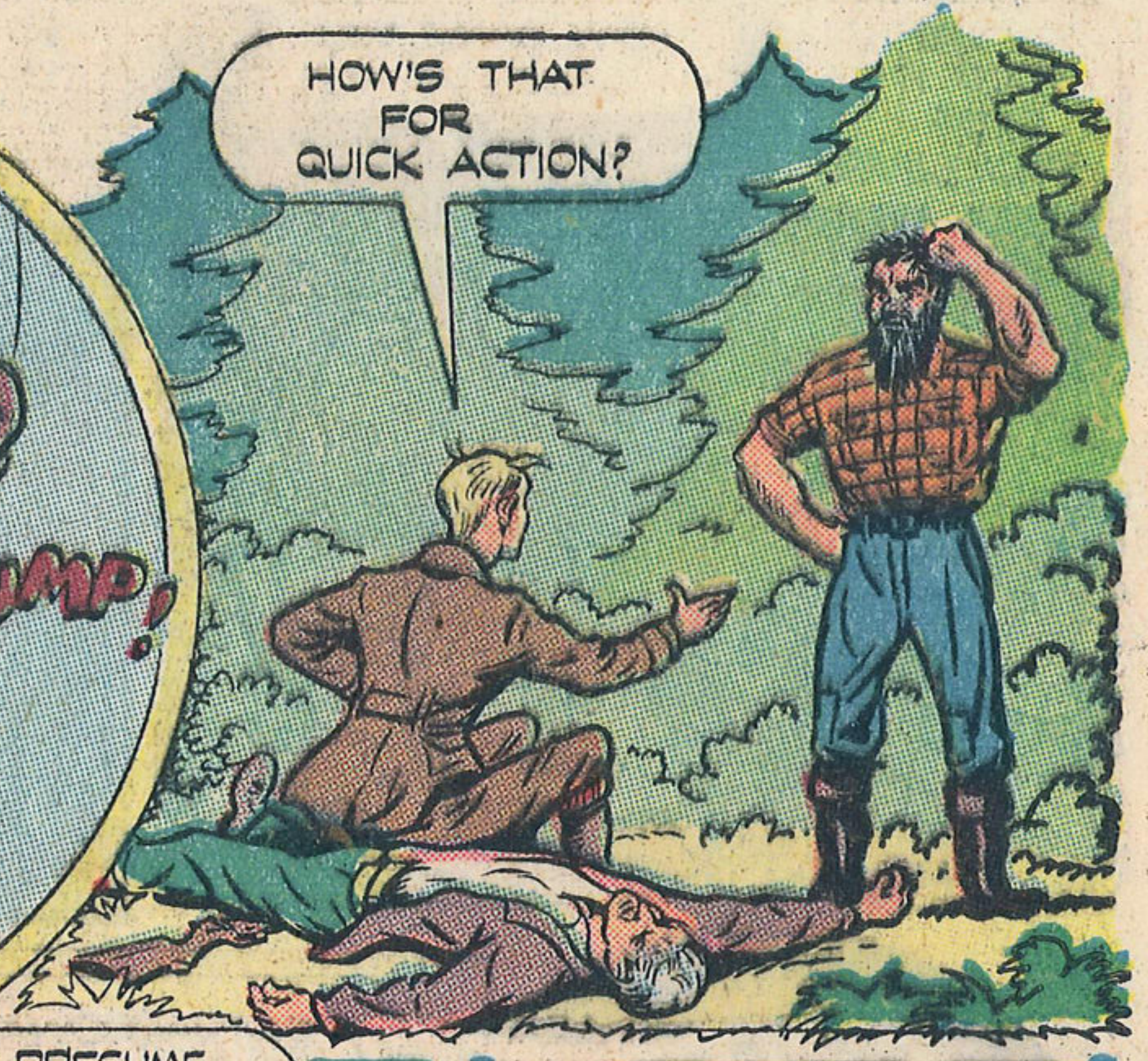
GREETINGS, BEN!
AT LAST I'VE A
CHANCE TO SHUT
YOU UP FOR GOOD!

THIS AIN'T
DIGNIFIED!
I'LL JUST CUT
THE SNARE
AND
CLIMB DOWN!

STILL AFRAID
I'LL THROW YOUR
CLUB OFF MY
LAND, EH, NILBY?



HOW'S THAT
FOR
QUICK ACTION?



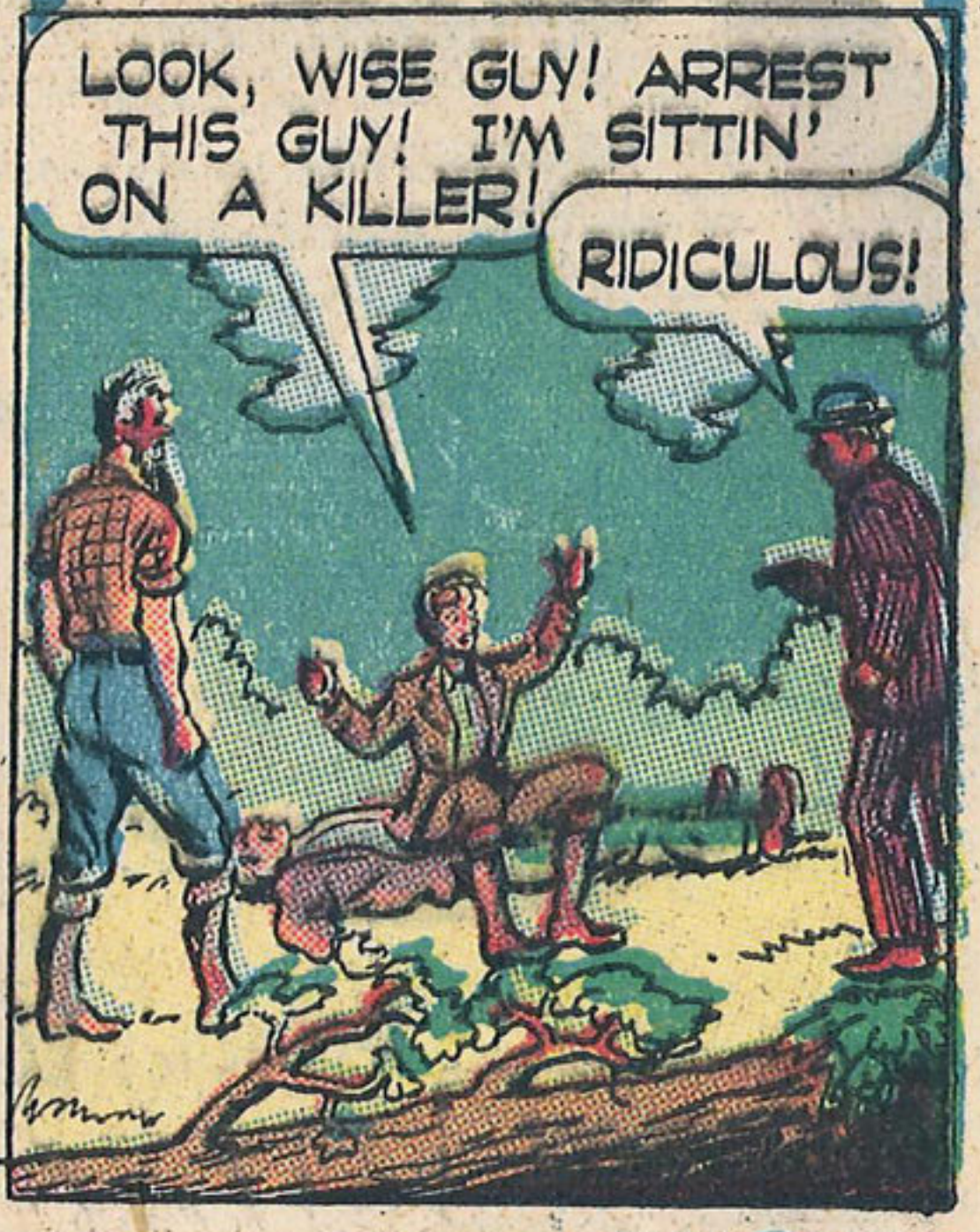
I OWE YOU
MY LIFE! I'LL
PROBABLY BE
HUNG SOON,
ANYWAY!

YOU'RE
RIGHT,
THERE!



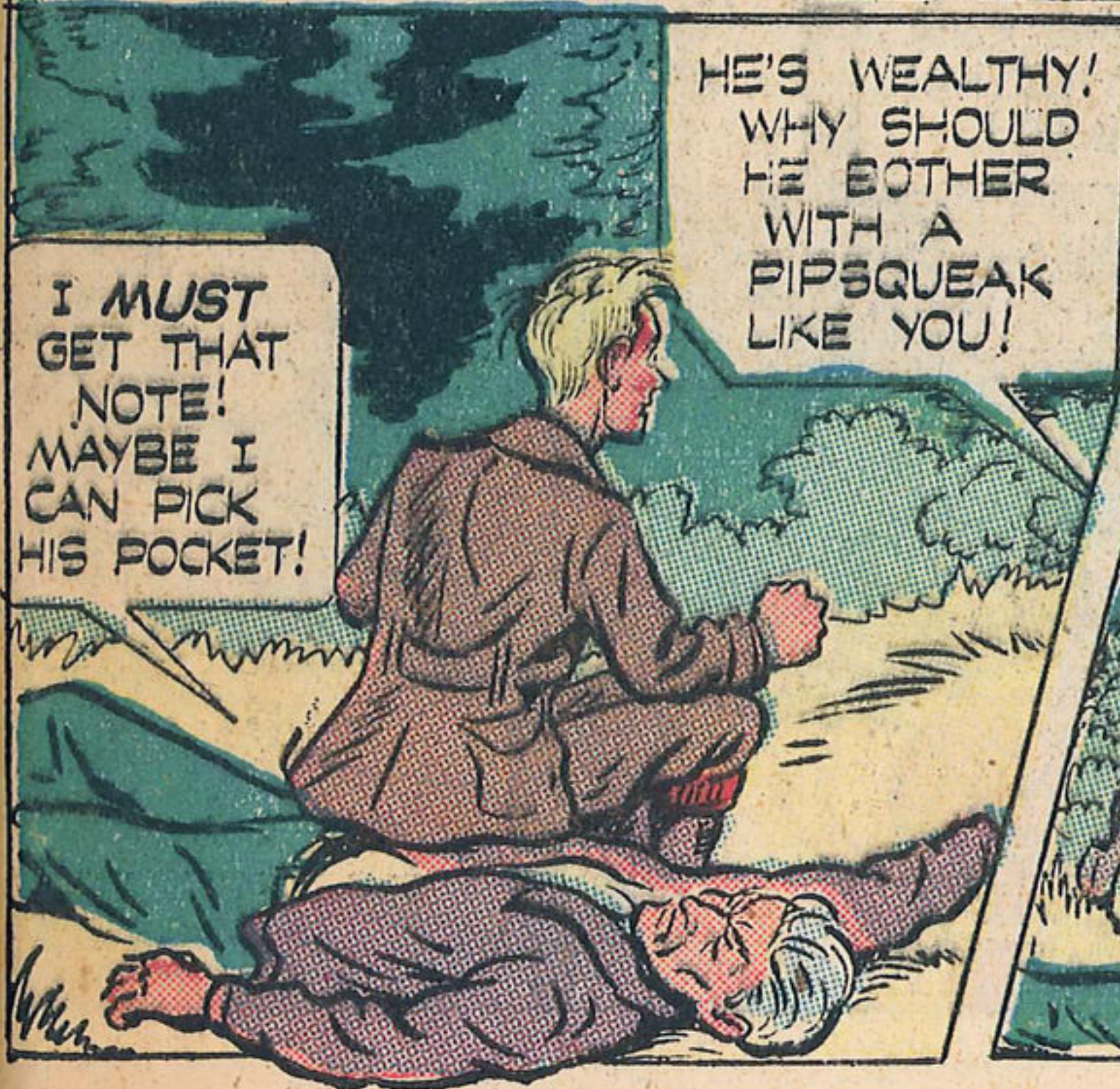
--AND I PRESUME
YOU'RE THE IMPOSTER!
HOW COULD ANYONE
MISTAKE YOU FOR
A DETECTIVE?

HUH?



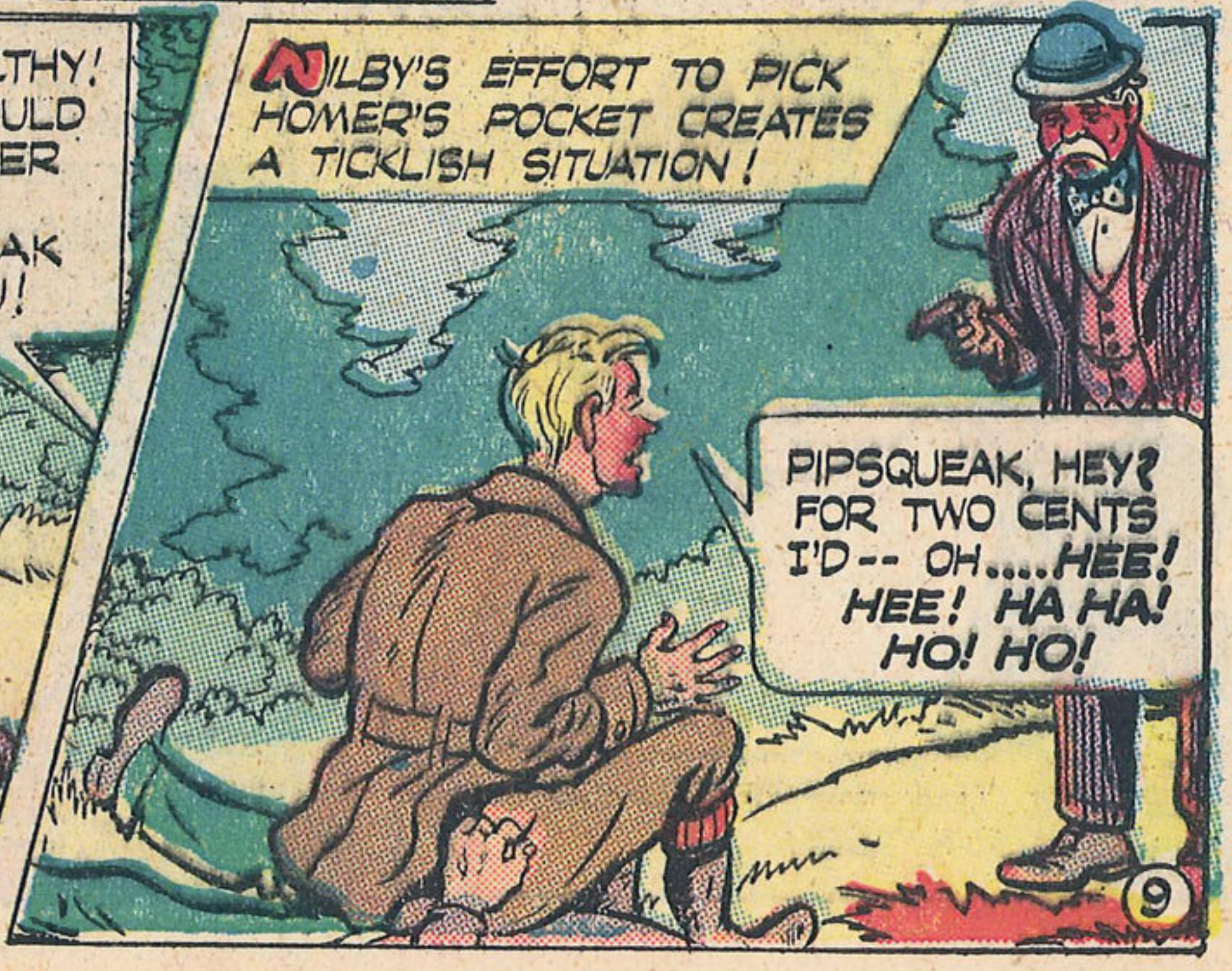
LOOK, WISE GUY! ARREST
THIS GUY! I'M SITTING
ON A KILLER!

RIDICULOUS!



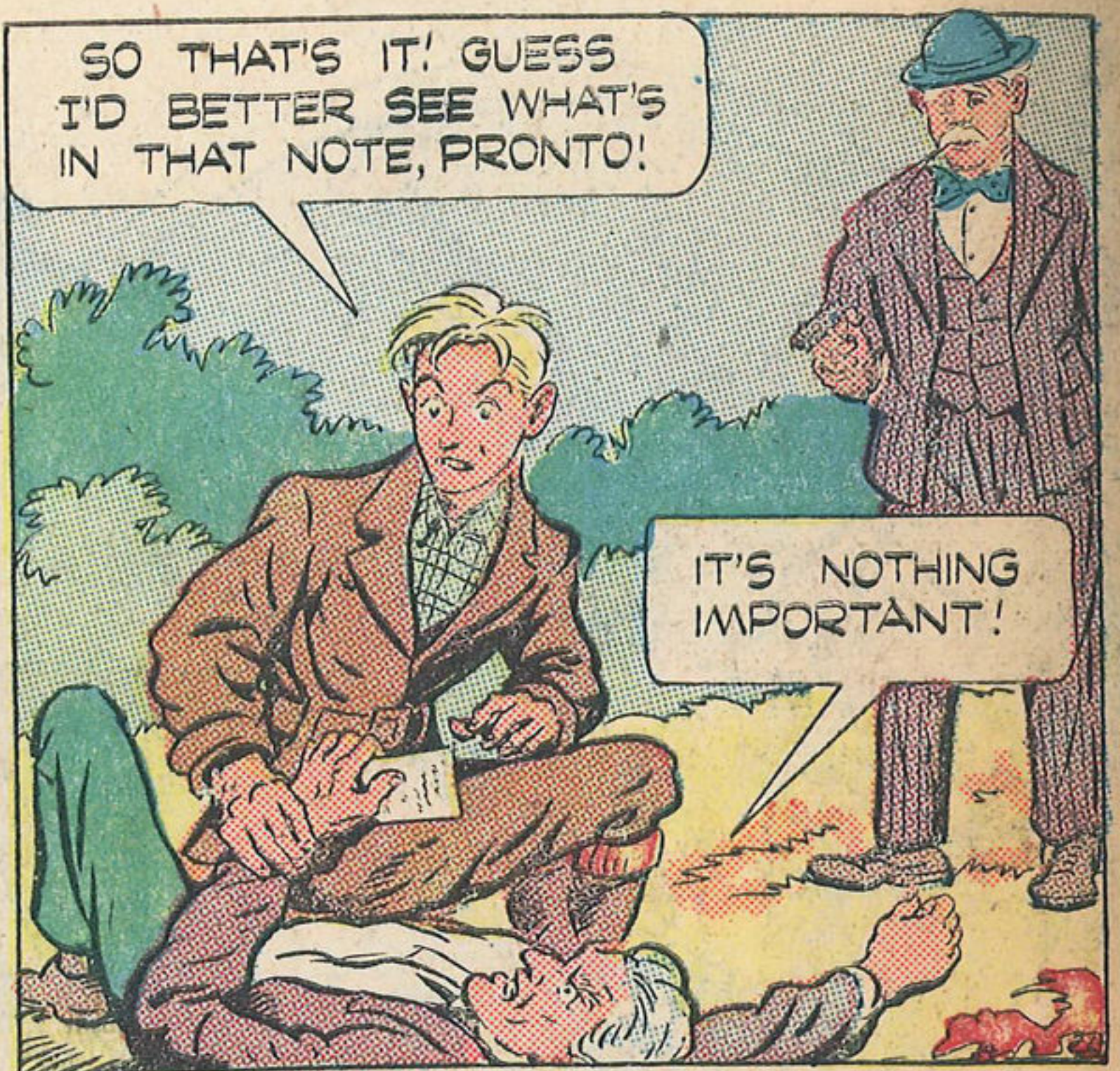
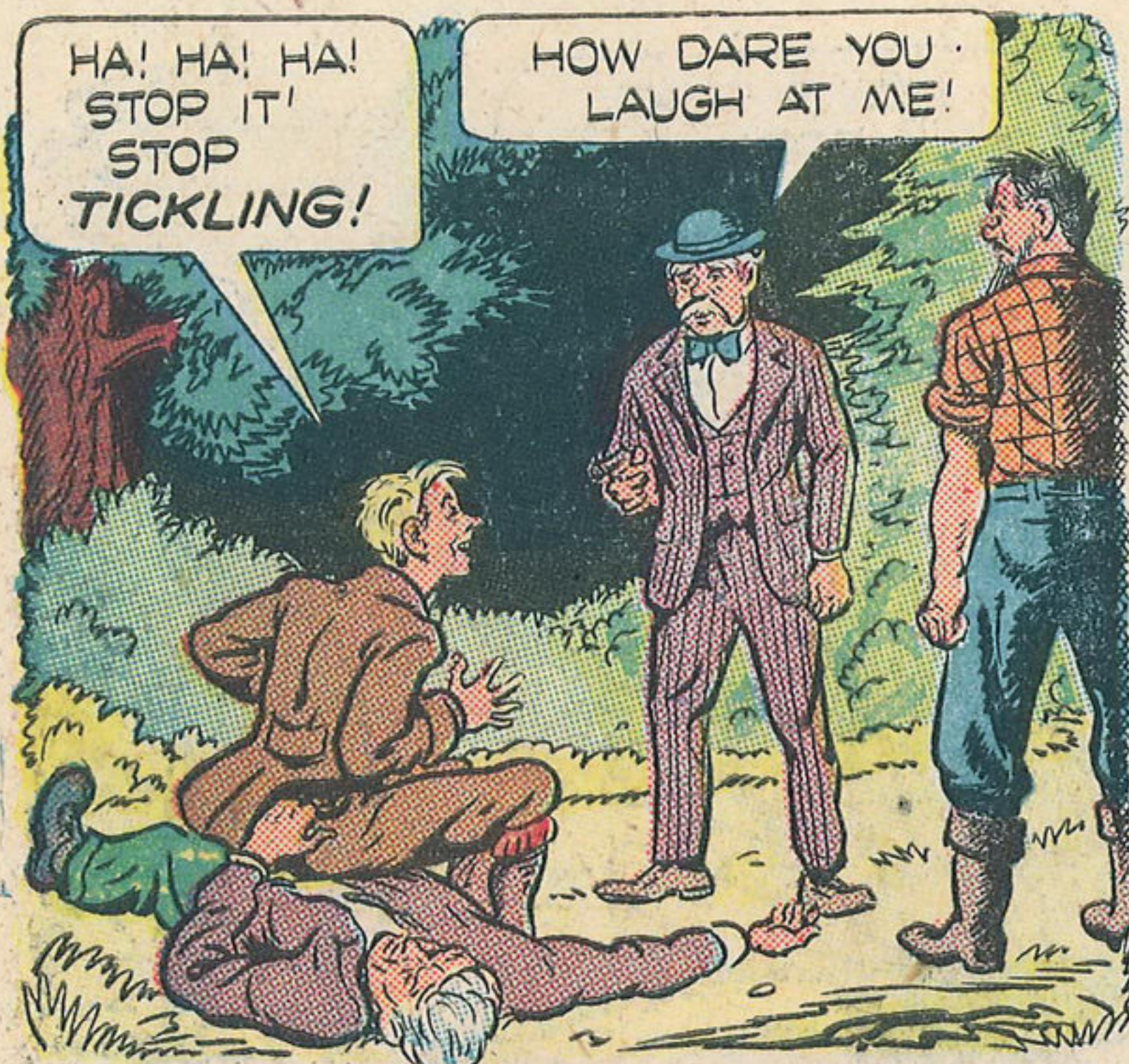
I MUST
GET THAT
NOTE!
MAYBE I
CAN PICK
HIS POCKET!

HE'S WEALTHY!
WHY SHOULD
HE BOTHER
WITH A
PIPSQUEAK
LIKE YOU!

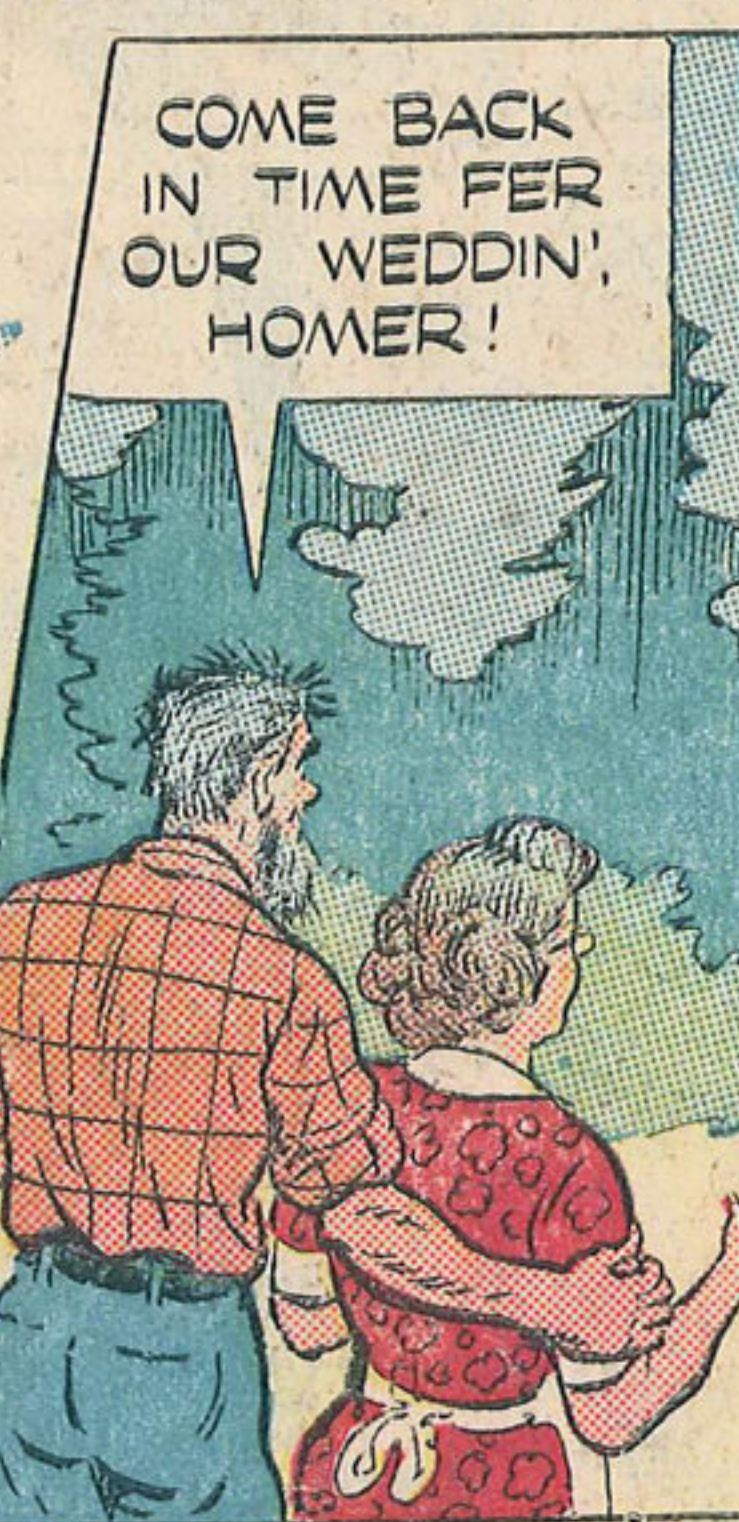
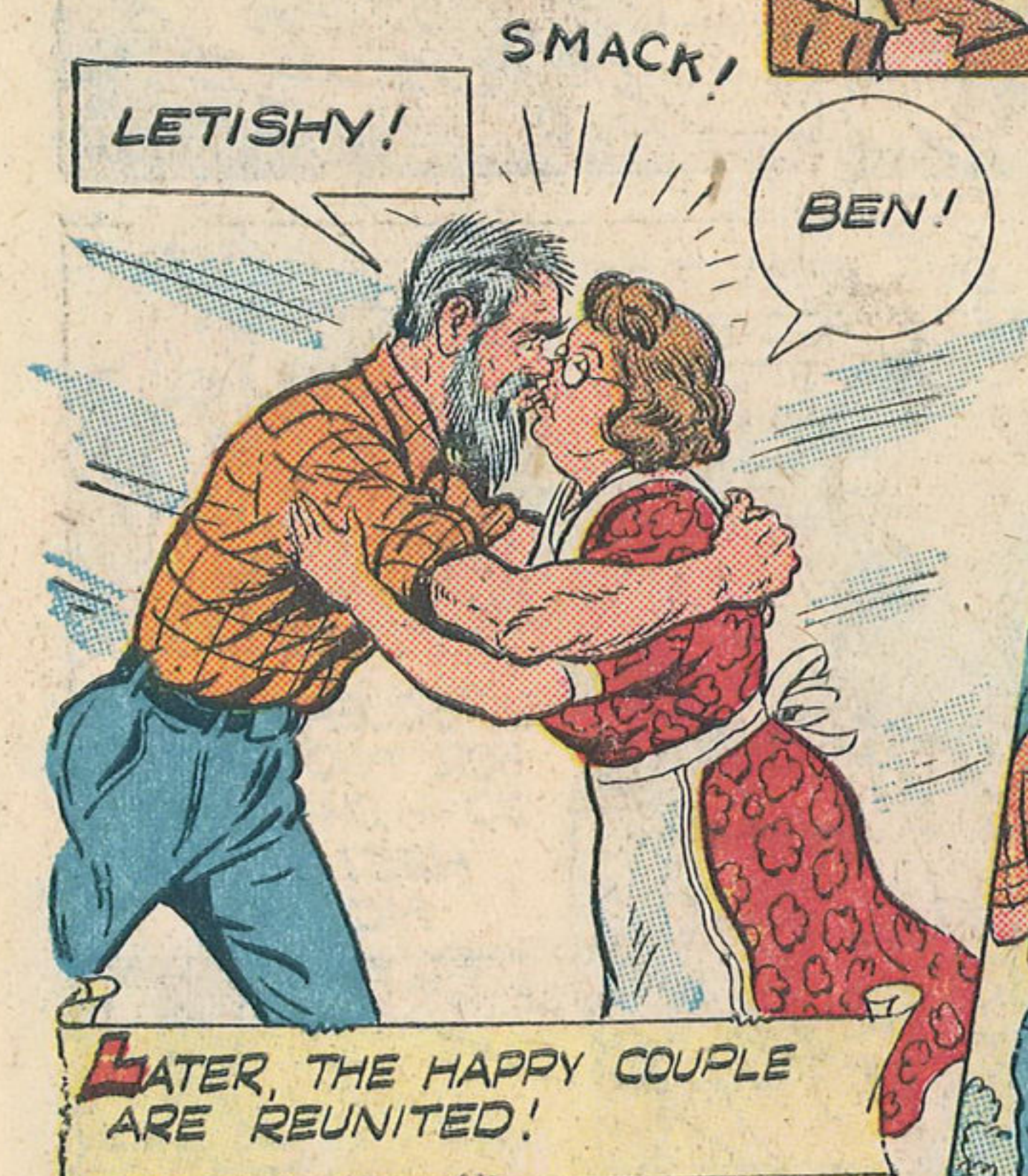
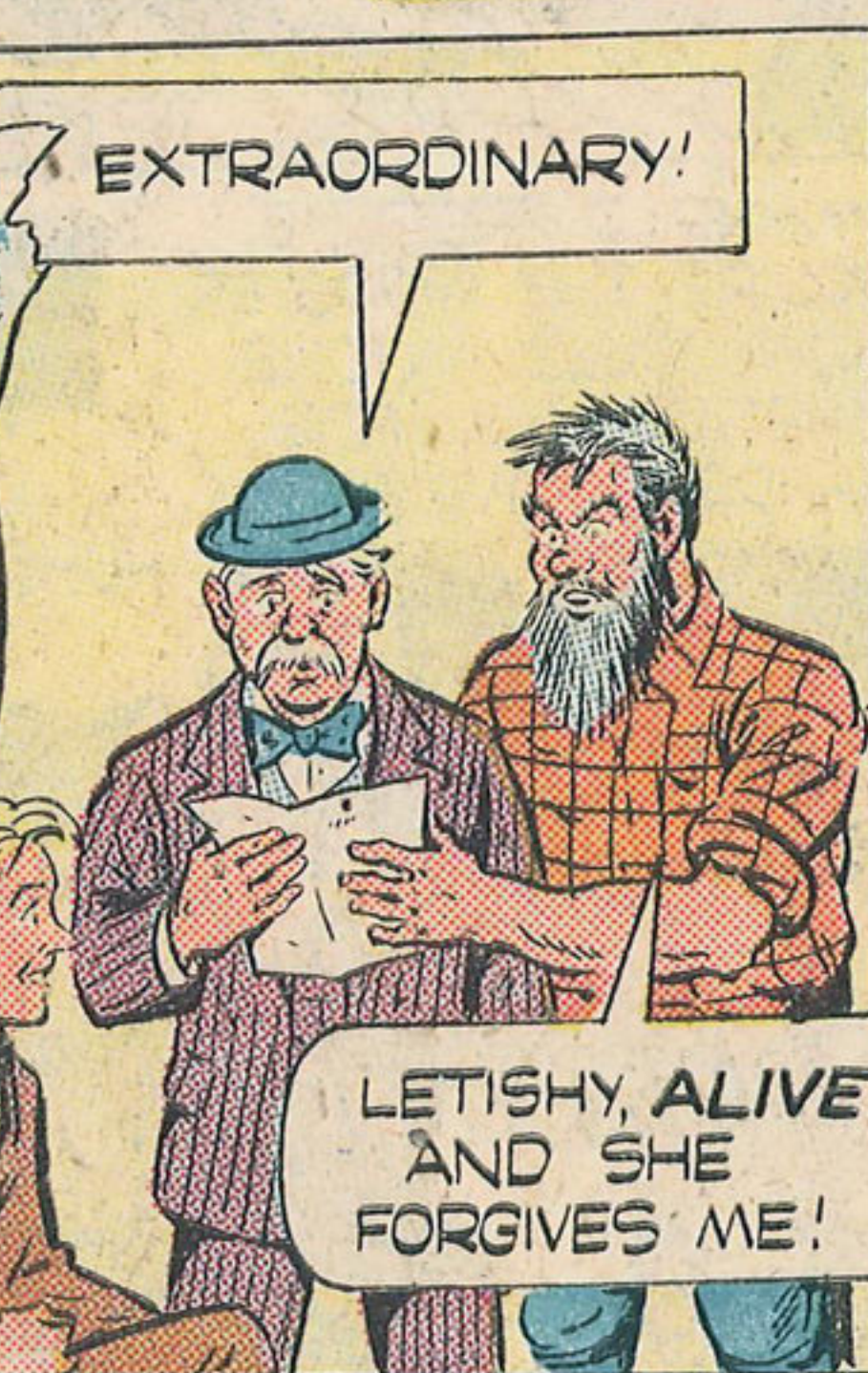


NILBY'S EFFORT TO PICK
HOMER'S POCKET CREATES
A TICKLISH SITUATION!

PIPSQUEAK, HEY?
FOR TWO CENTS
I'D -- OH....HEE!
HEE! HA HA!
HO! HO!



*Deer Detective -
Don't punish Barfoot Ben
for pushin me in the river
I swim underwater
downstream, and let him
think he killed me. Only
Mr. Nibby know I'm really
Letitia Luger. But Ben's
been punished enough, and
I forgive him. Please
bring him back.*



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Boys! Sportsman! Sensational New Wrist Type Luminous Dial COMPASS

Here Are The Features That Make This The
Greatest Compass "Buy" In All America!

- Airplane Type "Sealed In Liquid" Unbreakable Compass
- Shatterproof, Shockproof, Waterproof Construction
- Luminous "See In The Dark" Dial
- Withstands Heat, Will Not Freeze
- Latest Type Plastic Case
- Shows Degrees In All Directions
- Newest Wrist Watch Style Design
- Genuine Leather Strap



Only
\$1.98

Includes Genuine
Leather Wrist Strap

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That Everyone Has Been Waiting For!

Here's the compass all America has been waiting for. It's similar in construction to the liquid type Airplane and pocket compass used by the U. S. Air Corps. What a compass this is! It's shock-proof! Water-proof! Precision perfect! Made to give superior performance under any and all climatic conditions. Will not freeze at even 40° below zero. Works perfectly under a blazing sun. The ideal compass for everyone—Boy Scouts, hunters, fishermen, hikers, campers, motorists, and all sports lovers. This newest, wrist watch style, luminous, Plastic Compass, sealed air-tight in liquid, is ready to accurately direct your movements all hours of the day or night. Unfailing and unbreakable. Think of it! You can own this remarkable compass for the sensationally low price of only \$1.98, complete with smartly styled wristband.

Use It for 10 Full Days On Our Money Back Guarantee!

EXAMINE FOR 10 DAYS AT OUR RISK

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500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

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NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

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you are from home or familiar landmarks, this luminous dial compass will instantly direct you towards your destination. Never fails. As easy to read as a watch. Guides you accurately all hours of the day or night. In fact, you'll find this luminous dial, wrist-type compass to be just about the most useful article you've ever owned.

**LUMINOUS DIAL
MAKES COMPASS
READABLE BY
DAY OR NIGHT!**



FOR BOY SCOUTS



FOR CAMPING



FOR HUNTING

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The Yankee Clipper Super Telescope is by far the longest, most powerful and finest Telescope being sold at only \$1.98 including a Carrying Case. Most Telescopes of this size and power sell for considerably more. Yet, no matter how much you might expect to pay, we absolutely guarantee that you can't buy a better Telescope than this one for less money anywhere in the country today. Just imagine! It's over 3½ ft. long, yet so light in weight that you can hold it in one position for hours. It's so powerful, you can clearly see far away objects which are almost invisible to the naked eye. You can see people and wild life miles away and watch what they're doing when they can't see you. Sensational! Exciting! Fun and adventure such as you've never known before!

Makes Distant Objects Appear Many Times Closer!

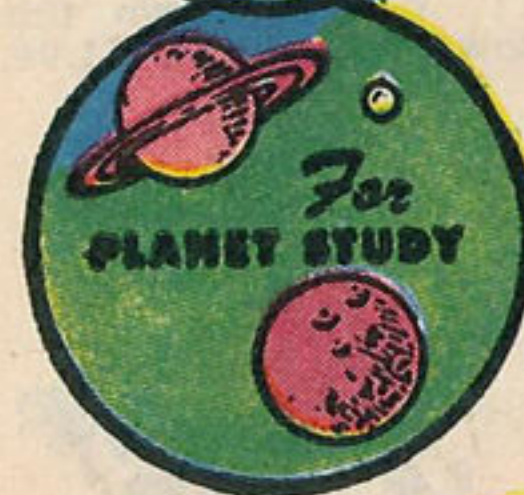
You'll get the thrill of a lifetime when you take your first look through the big powerful optically-ground lens of this 3½ ft long Yankee Clipper Telescope. It's positively amazing how far you can see. Brings almost invisible distant objects many times closer to you—clear, sharp, "BIG AS LIFE!" Never a dull moment when you have this powerful Telescope handy. Explore the moon, the stars and planets. Spot airplanes, boats, distant land marks. Take this Telescope with you to the beach, on hunting trips, on mountain climbs. Get a big clear "close-up" from a distance of all forms of life, without fear of being seen. Watch people at play—see birds in winged flight. Enjoy front row seats way back at ball games, fights and all sporting events. No limit to what you can do and see with this high powered Telescope. Order yours today while our supply lasts. Only \$1.98 complete with Carrying Case.

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Address _____

City & Zone _____ State _____

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